This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

THE POETS' NEW ENGLAND

HELEN·A·CLARKE

Hf. 10855.11

Harvard College Library

FROM THE

BRIGHT LEGACY

One half the income from this Legacy, which was received in 1880 under the will of

JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT

of Waltham, Massachusetts, is to be expended for books for the College Library. The other half of the income is devoted to scholarships in Harvard University for the benefit of descendants of

HENRY BRIGHT, JR.,

who died at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1686. In the absence of such descendants, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.

THE POETS' NEW ENGLAND

THE POETS' NEW ENGLAND

Other Books by the Same Author

"Hawthorne's Country"

"Longfellow's Country"

"Browning's Italy"

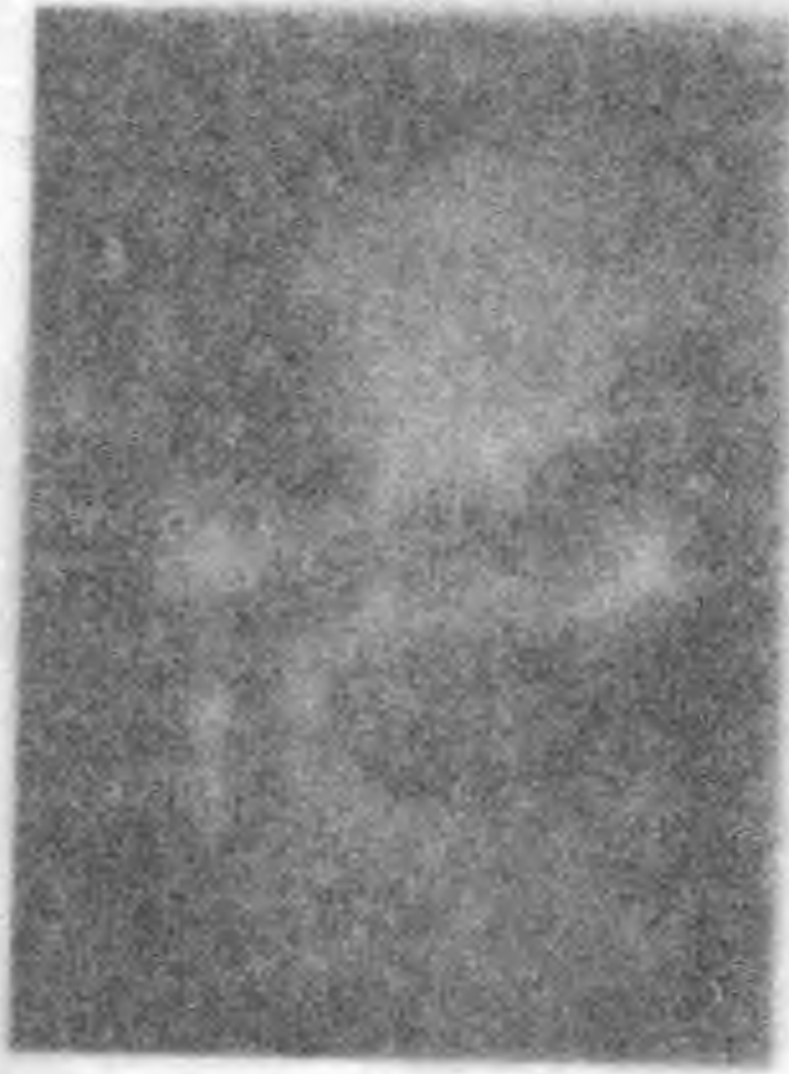
"Browning's England"

"Ancient Myths in Modern Poets"

"A Guide to Mythology"
FOR YOUNG READERS

THE BAKER & TAYLOR COMPANY
33 E. 17th Street, Union Square North New York

When The Shadows Are Long



THE POETS' NEW ENGLAND

BY

HELEN ARCHIBALD CLARKE

Author of

"Browning's Italy," "Browning's England,"
"Ancient Myths in Modern Poets," "Longfellow's Country,"
"Hawthorne's Country," etc., etc.

NEW YORK

THE BAKER & TAYLOR COMPANY

1911

US 10855.11

Copyright, 1911, by

THE BAKER AND TAYLOR COMPANY

Published October, 1911

HARVARD COLLEGE
JUN 19 1912
LIBRARY
Bright fund

William G. Hewitt, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PREFATORY NOTE

The author begs to acknowledge her thanks to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for permission to make illustrative quotations from their Cambridge editions of Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes and Lowell; and to D. Appleton & Co. for permission to make illustrative quotations from their Roslyn edition of Bryant.

CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
I.	Nature: From the Hills to the Sea -	1
II.	Romance: Legendary and Historical -	73
III.	History: From the Birth of the Nation to its Majority - - - -	143
IV.	Friendship: Personal and Literary -	225
V.	Thought: Emotional and Intellectual -	291

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

"When the Shadows are Long"—*Frontispiece* in color by G. H. Hood.

Merrimac at Newburyport, from a photograph by Ethel C. Brown 10

Mount Washington from Lake Winnipesaukee . . 16

Tulips in the Public Garden, Boston 38

The Longfellow House, Portland 54

Surf at Nahant: Longfellow's Summer Home . . . 56

Salt Marshes: Hampton, from a photograph by Ethel C. Brown 58

Off the Coast of Rockport, Cape Ann 60

Monadnock, from a photograph by E. D. Putnam, Antrim, N. H. 66

Off the Coast of New England 70

Cotton Mather 76

Among the "White Hills" 88

Nantucket 118

Old South Church 120

Portsmouth 124

Marblehead 130

Pemaquid Point 136

The Saco River 138

The Minute Man 146

Old Boston 150

The Tea-Party House on Hollis Street, Boston . . 156

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

The Washington Elm, Cambridge 162
Concord Bridge and Soldiers' Monument 168
Statue of William Lloyd Garrison, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston 172
Lincoln 190
Bunker Hill Monument 206
Peace Jubilee 224
Bryant, 1794-1878 228
Emerson, 1803-1882, from a photograph by Ethel C. Brown 238
Whittier, 1807-1892 254
Longfellow, 1807-1882 262
Beaver Brook 268
Holmes, 1809-1894 272
Lowell, 1819-1891 282
Harvard in Earlier Days 288
The Whittier Homestead at Haverhill, from a photograph by Ethel C. Brown 302
Whittier Memorial, Haverhill, from a photograph by Ethel C. Brown 310
Longfellow's Study at Craigie House 316
Beacon Street House of Holmes, from a photograph by Ethel C. Brown 322
"Elmwood," Lowell's Home 330
Emerson's Home 336

NATURE:

FROM THE HILLS TO THE SEA

"The tremulous shadow of the Sea! Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around."

—WHITTIER.

I

Nature: From the Hills to the Sea

THE poet who could not find constant inspiration in the beautiful and varied scenery of New England would be as dull to beauty as the individual made proverbial by Shakespeare who has no music in his soul. Other portions of the country have grander and more awe-inspiring scenes to offer, but about nature in New England there is at once a strength and a reticence which make it peculiarly dear both to those who have been born within her borders and to those coming from afar who have adopted into their hearts "the stern and rock-bound coast" of the Pilgrims, its stony fields and its fir-clad hills. These are the things which give accent to the New England landscape, yet how much more there is! Often the "stern and rock-bound coast" loses itself in fair reaches of marsh-land or sandy beaches, perhaps a mile wide, from the heart of which one seems to look up to the dark blue of the far-away ocean. Interspersed with the stony fields, there is many a thriving farm sunning itself upon the verdant slopes of low-lying hills; and while in the more northern portions evergreens—firs, and pines and cedars—are in the ascendant, the sturdiness of their outlines is in many regions relieved by trees of temperaments

less stern, especially the nervous birch,—"Quivering to tell her woe, but ah! dumb, dumb forever!" Even on the coast, maples, beeches and oaks are not infrequent, not to speak of an occasional tree of some other variety, while inland these and many other trees diversify the open lands or cluster together in the woods. In her most umbrageous neighborhoods, however, the trees do not run riot in their leaves. The foliage of New England is reticent, too; the other trees seem to have borrowed something of the quiet dignity of the pines and firs among which they live.

Moreover, to speak merely of a "rock-bound coast" is to give but a meager idea of the scenery of a shore whose rocks have been fashioned by the forces of nature, now into lofty cliffs rent by chasms, within whose depths the ocean lets loose its loudest thunders; now into a chaos of jagged bowlders, or again into huge, symmetrical blocks over which one may walk, provided an alert eye be kept for an occasional colossal step up or down, as easily as upon a floor.

The farther up the coast or "down east," as the phrase is, one goes, the higher become the shores, until at last are reached the fir-clad hills that dabble their feet in the ocean spray. Striking inland, rock and cliff become wonderful groups of mountains, from whose highest peaks might be flashed signal lights, starting with Graylock, at the extreme west of Massachusetts, and ending with the lonely giant Katahdin in the north of Maine.

Lakes of many shapes, sometimes in chains, sometimes single, adorn its hillsides and valleys. Frolicking streams tumble down its mountain sides to become either impetuous or torpid rivers, which, more often

than not, find their way to the sea in broad estuaries, where tide and current fight daily for mastery.

Few of the beauties of New England scenery have been left unsung by her master poets. It is true that all have not displayed an equal intensity of vision, but all show in their work the influence of their motherland upon them—not merely in their descriptions direct, of nature, but in more subtle ways. Doubtless, the future scientific student of literature will classify his New England poets with the same glibness that he now does the Elizabethans or the Lake school among English poets, placing them in their proper anthropological niche according to their geography.

Among the group of poets which has caused New England to glow with a steady and gentle radiance in the great world of English letters, John Greenleaf Whittier must be accorded the first rank as a painter of landscapes. Not only in those poems classified by himself as nature poems, but also in his poems of romance and legend there is always a nature setting to lend its charm to the living beings upon whom the chief interest centers. Sometimes the vista includes nature modified by the ruthless hand of man in mills and factories; again nature may be compressed into an old-fashioned New England interior, but always the reader will see pictures, as if to the poet's pen had been added the magic of the artist's brush.

Whittier's, however, was no impressionistic or symbolistic touch. He observed minutely and painted his poetic pictures with a conscientious fidelity to detail, reminding one of the early school of English landscape painters.

One would hardly be likely to regard the town of

Haverhill, where Whittier was born, nor that of the not far-distant Amesbury, his home for the major part of his life, as the key to New England scenery. Yet Whittier seems to make it so. From what point of vantage does he see all that he describes? Did he go forth upon his housetop as upon a pinnacle of magic vision from which he could descry every mountain splendor from Chocorua to Agamenticus, every shimmering lake stretching northwards to Winnepesaukee, every ocean sentinel from the bold headlands of Cape Ann to the terraced rocks of Pemaquid!

Closest at hand would be the low-lying hills, the sandy beaches flanked by glistening sand dunes and the salt marshes which give so rare an idyllic beauty to the New England coast in the neighborhood of Ipswich, Newburyport and Hampton. To sail in and out among the islands of this marshland upon the blue reaches of placid water, prosaically called inlets but better deserving the name of giant sapphires, encircling lowlands and hills in jeweled girdles, is an experience not easily to be forgotten. The delicate coloring of the marsh grass, the gracious outlines of the bare hills, the snowy gleams of the sand dunes, the soft radiancy of the atmosphere seem to lift one into a world of mirage. Nothing is real; but who would leave this mystical world of unreality! We murmur, like the lotos-eaters: We have come "unto a land" where it is "always afternoon"; let us "return no more."

The wonderful glamor of this shore, with its accompanying inland scenes, our poet-magician preserves in one of his sweeping views from his pinnacle of magic vision, thus:

"I see, far southward, this quiet day,
The hills of Newbury rolling away,
With the many tints of the season gay,
Dreamily blending in autumn mist
Crimson and gold and amethyst.
Long and low, with dwarf trees crowned,
Plum Island lies, like a whale aground,
A stone's toss over the narrow sound.
Inland as far as the eye can go,
The hills curve round like a bended bow;
A silver arrow from out them sprung,
I see the shine of the Quasycung;
And, round and round, over valley and hill,
Old roads winding as old roads will,
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill;
And glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves,
Through green elm arches and maple leaves—
Old homesteads sacred to all that can
Gladden or sadden the heart of a man
Over whose thresholds of oak and stone
Life and death have come and gone!
There pictured tiles in the fireplace show,
Great beams sag from the ceiling low,
The dresser glitters with polished wares,
The long clock ticks on the polished stairs,
And the low, broad chimney shows the crack
By the earthquake made a century back.
Up from their midst springs the village spire,
With the crest of its cock in the sun afire;
Beyond are orchards and planting lands,
And great salt marshes and glimmering sands;
And, where north and south the coast-lines run,
The blink of the sea in breeze and sun."

Of course, there are hilltops, both at Haverhill and Amesbury, where wonderful views are to be had, and we may climb them and behold the views and humbly wish we might see all the poet sees.

But even Whittier could not see the whole of New England to his entire satisfaction from his pinnacle of magic vision. Like any ordinary mortal, he descends, perhaps to wander along the river path—a lovely walk, sometimes past banks so steep there is hardly room for it to hold its own between the bluff and the water, and again past little vales nestling between the ridges. At every turn he sees a fresh picture. "On the river's farther side," he beholds "the hilltops glorified," and now the river rolling dark "through willowy vistas," or again the hills swing open to the light. "Through their green gates the sunshine showed, a long slant splendor downward flowed." At another time he follows the river path in his last autumn walk, when "The silver birch its buds of purple shows, and scarlet berries tell where blossomed the sweet wild-rose."

Whittier loved the Merrimac as Longfellow loved the Charles or Emerson the Musketaquid; and in his care-taking manner he has left no aspect untouched of this typical New England river, with its arms resting upon the shoulders of the sea.

The Merrimac rises in the hills of New Hampshire and finally winds its way to the sea through northeastern Massachusetts. Before civilization had set its fat, pursy finger upon it, it flowed by forests and wooded hills, where giant oaks and pines communed together in solemn conclave. So many plunges did the river make in its course that the Indians of the

north called it the Merrimack, or place of strong currents. In those far-distant times it was the haunt of several varieties of fish. Even after Haverhill was a settled fact, East Haverhill was known as Shad Parish, and shad was actually used for manure. Sturgeon were so abundant that the southern Indians called the river Monomack, or the river of sturgeons; and to the salmon and alewives Haverhill owed one of her most important early industries. Salmon were so much a glut in the market that it was often stipulated in the indentures of apprentices that they should not be forced to eat salmon more than six times a week. Where are they now? Mostly fled before the march of improvement, for the Merrimac has become one of the most noted water-powers in the world. Her falls have been dammed to turn countless mill-wheels, and only flying fish could now get up the stream from the sea to feed and breed. Efforts were made for some time to keep a fishway open, but I believe the fish are now few and of a very poor quality.

The part of the Merrimac most familiar to Whittier flowed through the county of Essex from Haverhill to the sea. It probably had much the same aspect in his day that it has now, for the march of improvement was well under way, as we may know by his own frequent references to the disturbing machinery of the mills. The border line of Massachusetts is only three miles north of the river, and along this part of its course the boundary line follows all the river's turnings. Haverhill and Amesbury are both on the north bank of the river, separated by Merrimac, formerly a part of Amesbury.

The house in which Whittier was born is in East

Haverhill, and is just nine miles from his home in Amesbury. One more township beyond Amesbury—Salisbury—and the sea is reached. On these banks Whittier dwelt during the whole of his life, in a region of such loveliness that more than one celebrated voice has been raised in its praise. Even the pursy finger of civilization could not spoil it. It might blot out the forests and dam the river, but it could not drain the lakes; and where there once were forests, there are now the scarcely less beautiful tinted fields of cultivation, or rolling green pastures. A prose description of the scenery written by Whittier in a review of a book by the Rev. P. S. Boyd, "Up and Down the Merrimac," and reprinted for the first time by Mr. Samuel T. Pickard in his little book, "Whittier-Land," would serve almost as well to-day as it did when it was written.

"The scenery of the lower valley of the Merrimac is not bold nor remarkably picturesque, but there is a great charm in the panorama of its soft green intervales: its white steeples rising over thick clusters of elms and maples, its neat villages on the slopes of gracefully rounded hills, dark belts of woodland and blossoming or fruited orchards, which would almost justify the words of one who formerly sojourned on its banks, that the Merrimac is the fairest river this side of Paradise."

We must turn to Whittier's poetry, however, if we would be thoroughly initiated into the charm which attaches itself to this river. In "The Bridal of Pennacook," we see the wild and free Merrimac of pre-civilized days, before the dull jar of the loom and the wheel, the gliding of shuttles, the ringing of

MERRIMAC AT NEWBURYPORT
From a photograph by Ethel C. Brown

steel had made its banks more or less hideous with noise.

"O child of that white-crested mountain whose springs
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild waters shine,
Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing through the dwarf
pine;

"From that cloud-contained cradle so cold and so lone,
From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of stone,
By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and free,
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to the sea!

"No bridge arched thy waters save that where the trees
Stretched their long arms above thee and kissed in the breeze;
No sound save the lapse of the waves on the shores,
The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars."

A view of the Merrimac of a later day, as well as one of Haverhill when it was called Pentucket, is given in the poet's narrative of the attack upon the town in 1708. Then it was a frontier village, with but thirty houses. At the dead of night it was surprised by a combined force of French and Indians under the command of two Frenchmen, De Chaillons and Hertel de Rouville. The sunset picture of the town and its surroundings upon this fatal night is charming.

"How sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still
Mirror the forest and the hill,
Reflected from its waveless breast

The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of heaven,
Left by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour ajar!

"Beside the river's tranquil flood
The dark and low-walled dwellings stood,
Where many a rood of open land
Stretched up and down on either hand,
With corn-leaves waving freshly green
The thick and blackened stumps between.
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untraveled forest spread,
Back to those mountains white and cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set."

The poem affords another glimpse of the Merrimac by moonlight.

"Hours passed away. By moonlight sped
The Merrimac along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hushed grouping of a dream."

There are many other lovely sketches of the Merrimac like this, for example, from "Mabel Martin":

"And through the shadow looking west,
You see the wavering river flow
Along a vale, that far below,

"Holds to the sun, the sheltering hills
And glimmering water-line between,
Broad fields of corn and meadows green,

"And fruit-bent orchards grouped around
The low brown roofs and painted eaves,
And chimney-tops half hid in leaves.

"No warmer valley hides behind
Yon wind-scourged sand dunes cold and bleak;
No fairer river comes to seek

"The wave-sung welcome of the sea,
'Or mark the northmost border line
Of sun-loved growths of nut and vine."

The Merrimac, winding its way through Whittier's narrative or legendary poems, much as it does through its own hills and forests and towns, finally emerges in the full light of its importance in a poem all to itself, in which the poet does not hesitate to place it in the top-notch of his estimation among rivers.

"I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood;
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade;
Looked down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
The level light of sunset shine
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;

Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child looked back to thee!
Heard in his dream thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore."

Occasionally Whittier goes off on a summer outing. The beloved valley of the Merrimac is left behind. He climbs the hills and hears through Sandwich notch the west wind sing:

"Good morrow to the cotter;
And once again Chocorua's horn
Of shadow pierced the water.

"Above his broad lake Ossipee,
Once more the sunshine wearing,
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
His grim armorial bearing."

Or he pushes his way northwards into the very heart of the White Hills:

"Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall
Is piled to heaven; and, through the narrow rift
Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet
Beats the head torrent with perpetual roar,
Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind
Comes burdened with the everlasting moan
Of forests and of far-off waterfalls,
We had looked upward where the summer sky,
Tasselled with clouds light-woven by the sun,
Sprung its blue arch above the abutting crags

O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land
Beyond the wall of mountains. We had passed
The high source of the Saco; and bewildered
In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills
Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,
The horn of Fabyan sounding; and atop
Of old Agioochook had seen the mountains
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and thick
As meadow mole-hills,—the far sea of Casco,
A white gleam on the horizon of the east;
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills;
Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kearsarge
Lifting his granite forehead to the sun."

Or he journeys down to the sea, which he has beheld from afar:

"The sunlight glitters keen and bright
  Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
  Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.

"The tremulous shadow of the Sea!
  Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
  With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

"On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein
  Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
  And bends above our heads the flowering locust spray.

"Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
  Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
  The breath of a new life, the healing of the seas!"

The closer Whittier approaches to nature, the more personal becomes his attitude toward it. To the picture is added spiritual content. It means something more to him than simple beauty; but this meaning has not the pantheistic touch such as Bryant would give. Still less is there any hint of a dynamic evolutionary force in nature such as Emerson puts there. Nature is beautiful and a balm to the tired spirit of man; but, though a creation of God, Whittier does not in any sense identify it with the divine. Its beauty is to Whittier no more than an assurance that—

"He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills
No evil to His creatures wills,

"The simple faith remains, that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree."

These lines are from a poem in which Whittier expresses with his utmost felicity this personal touch with nature, "Summer by the Lakeside." He has roamed far afield for him, this time to the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee and is well-nigh intoxicated with the charm of this beautiful region.

Mount Washington from Lake Winnipesaukee

"White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

"O isles of calm! O dark, still wood!
And stiller skies that overbrood
Your rest with deeper quietude!

"O shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue.

"To stiller sea and greener land,
And softer lights and airs more bland,
And skies,—the hollow of God's hand!

"Transfused through you, O mountain friends!
With mine your solemn spirit blends
And life no more hath separate ends.

"I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours and ye are mine.

"Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

"O welcome calm of heart and mind!
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

"So fall the weary years away;
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day."

It has been said that Whittier was color-blind, and a tale is told of how he went to town to buy a nice, quiet grey carpet, and when the carpet he had chosen came home it was a bright scarlet. If he had any such defect it does not prevent him from showing a constant sense of light and shadow and of color in his poems. Open almost any page in Whittier and on it will be found many a keen observation upon the colors to be seen in nature. Take a few at random! On one page I find "golden-sandaled" for the sunlight, "silvering bay," "purple mountains," "purple stains," "golden lines," "old-time green," "bridal blush of rose," "brown leaves," "azure bells," "amber violet's leaves," "purple aster," "greening slopes." Upon another page I find such happy phrases as "The hoar plume of the golden rod," "azure-studded juniper," referring to the blue berries which cluster on the juniper in late summer and autumn; "white pagodas of the snow." His strong consciousness of color often comes out in direct allusion to his enjoyment of it, as in these lines:

"Rich gift of God! A year of time!
  What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our Northern clime
  Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay!

"I know not how, in other lands,
  The changing seasons come and go;
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
  What purple lights on Alpine snow!
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates.
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale.
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale."

After browsing in Whittier for a while one feels that he may be counted upon to see and appreciate every beautiful aspect of nature. We find reflected in him all our own especial loves. If we grow sentimental over trailing arbutus, as most of us do, we find him ready to speak our speech better for us. If sunsets arouse in us distracting ecstasy, let us learn of him what ecstasy may be. Or, say we are entranced with the beauty of an early frost which adds its last touch of radiance to the fairyland of a New England autumn—a fairyland within whose realm the sombre firs and cedars are quite taken out of themselves by the levity of the crimson maples, with whom they seem to dance on flaming heaths of huckleberries in an atmosphere made radiant by golden showers from the sky, or so the yellow leaves of the birches seem to be. One touch is to be added. King Frost comes along some night and crowns everything in sight with delicate silver fretwork or clustering diamonds.

Whittier has seen this, too! And not only seen it, but he knows it is as wonderful a sight as nature has to offer in her picture gallery.

"This foregleam of the Holy City
Like that to him of Patmos given,
The white bride coming down from heaven!

"How flash the ranked and mail-clad alders
Through what sharp-glancing spears of reeds
The brook its muffled water leads!

"Yon maple, like the bush of Horeb,
Burns unconsumed: a white cold fire
Rays out from every grassy spire.

"Each slender rush and spike of mullein
Low laurel shrub and drooping fern,
Transfigured, blaze where'er I turn.

"How yonder Ethiopian hemlock
Crowned with his glistening circlet stands!
What jewels light his swarthy hands!"

A comparison of Whittier and Bryant naturally suggests itself in connection with Whittier's nature-poetry. Bryant was more exclusively a nature-poet than Whittier, yet he is not nearly so keen an observer of nature. His pantheistic conception of nature made his perception of pictorial values oftentimes vague, especially in his earlier poetry. Unless the poem is tagged in some way it is difficult to determine whether it was inspired by New England scenes or by those of New York State.

There seems no very good reason why this should be the case, for he was born and spent much of his time later in life in a region lovely enough and individual enough to have inspired pictures as specific in detail as those given us by Whittier.

Cummington is a tiny town among the hills of western Massachusetts, not much bigger now than it was over a hundred years ago, when Bryant made it illustrious by being born there, and still unadorned by a railroad station. How little things have progressed with the town of Cummington is rather pathetically summed up in the address of welcome given by one of its citizens at the time of the Bryant Centennial in 1894:

"The welcome that Cummington extends to you today is substantially the same as greeted the embryo

poet one hundred years ago. That the people are the same in kind is proven by the fact that of the two hundred voters in town but three are of foreign birth; the quality may have deteriorated, as the flower of our sons and daughters have gone forth to enrich other communities, nearly every home having furnished its full quota. There are but few of us left, but these few are ready to stand up and be counted. Many homes have been abandoned, and their location is marked by a hollow in the ground where once was a cellar.

"The Westfield flows through its narrow valley; the little villages nestle by its side as in the past; the amphitheatre of hills and valleys that girt the eastern horizon are the same that Bryant's first conscious vision looked upon; the little brooks still murmur through their narrow glens; the groves, the darker woods, the sunny slopes where wildflowers bloom, all are here still to inspire other poets. The home that sheltered our poet from early infancy to manhood, the home to which he turned when fortune had smiled and the frost of age was upon hair and beard, making of it a fit place to spend a short season each year to renew his acquaintance with nature 'through her visible forms,' free from the cares of an exacting profession—to all of these we welcome you. Without these nothing we could say or do would be worthy of a moment's consideration by you."

The charm of western Massachusetts—Berkshire County and Hampshire County lying next toward the east—in which is situated Cummington, has often been sung in verse and described in prose. It is a land of hill-ranges stretching in every direction in sweeping, wavelike masses that go on and on into

mysterious purple distances. Here and there an imposing peak stands out in isolated splendor, such as Graylock, immortalized by Hawthorne in "Ethan Brand," and by his fine descriptions of it in his diary. Other peaks which tower aloft in imposing grandeur are Tom, Holyoke, Metawampe, Everett. The valleys are not less fascinating than the heights. One may rest his eyes upon a broad and level sweep of meadow-land adorned by graceful groups of trees, or, like the poet, he may pick out "a single tree, of many a one" that lonely stands from year to year watching its shadow turn round at its feet. He may look in another direction and lose himself in the depths of an impenetrable forest; and how shall he count the lakes and ponds that sleep and dream within these hilly cradles, or the rivulets which meander through the glens, or, most bewitching of all, the obstreperous brooks that tumble down their pebbly paths with intoxicating wildness and freedom!

We are told by Bryant's biographer that he and his brother as boys explored every corner of this region, and the poet himself tells us how great was his fondness for nature, and of his delight in "the splendors of a winter daybreak over the wide wastes of snow seen from our windows, the glories of the autumnal woods, the gloomy approaches of the thunder-storm and its departure amid sunshine and rainbows, the return of spring with its flowers and the first snowfall of winter."

In spite of this fondness, even reverence for nature, which comes out in almost every line of his poetry, he has written only two poems which describe with any attention to details the scenery peculiar to the region,

"Green River" and "Monument Mountain," in the Berkshire Hills.

The thickets of Green River were among his favorite haunts, and of this river he has given one charming picture, which was written during his residence at Great Barrington.

"Pure its waters—its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond-stone.
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild-bee's hum;
And flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away."

"Monument Mountain" opens with one of the poet's usual generalizing descriptions, but his vision becomes centered upon the mountain.

"That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
To separate its nations, and throw down
When the flood drowned them. To the north a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,

And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs—
Huge pillars that in the middle heaven upbear
Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
With moss, the growth of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge and see
Where storm and lightning from that huge grey wall
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance rise
The mountain-columns with which earth props heaven."

This is a graphic description of the scene, but is not a picture in the same sense as a description by Whittier is. Whittier saw with the eyes of a genuine painter. Bryant's were the eyes of a literary man always subject to interferences from his ears and his thinking powers.

The river-love of his childhood was the "Rivulet," which in prose he describes as the "North fork of the Westfield River—a shallow stream brawling over a bed of loose stones in a very narrow valley."

In his poetry, the rivulet is described in such general terms that it could easily be mistaken for any-

body's brook in almost any part of the world. Upon revisiting his childhood's haunts, the descriptions of the scene are hardly more definite. Except that he speaks of his "native hills," they might be the native hills of one born in New York or Pennsylvania. It may be objected that the landscapes of the Middle States and New England actually do bear striking resemblances to each other. But no one of attentive eye can pass from Pennsylvania and New York to Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine without perceiving how distinctive is the charm of each of these localities. Bryant did not have in a marked degree the faculty of picking out just those features in a landscape which give individuality.

"I stand upon my native hills again,*
  Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
  Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie,
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

"A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near
  And ever-restless feet of one who, now,
Fathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year;
  There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light.

"For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
  To gaze upon the mountains,—to behold,

*By permission of D. Appleton & Co.

With deep affection, the pure, ample sky
  And clouds along its blue abysses rolled,
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmèd ear.

"There, have I 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
  And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of bird and sound of running stream,
Am come awhile to wander and to dream.

"Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun! thou canst not wake,
  In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen.
The maize-leaf and the maple-bough but take,
  From thy strong heats, a deeper, glossier green.
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy way,
Sweeps the blue streams of pestilence away.

"The mountain wind! Most spiritual thing of all
  The wide earth knows; when, in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
  He seems the breath of a celestial clime!
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below."

Besides illustrating how much less individual a description of New England nature this is than anything in Whittier, it also indicates the directions in which Bryant was far more sensitive than Whittier. To Bryant nature was more constantly sentient than it was to Whittier. He frequently attributes feelings and thoughts to the various objects in nature, as in the following dainty little poem:

"Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

"There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of the swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

"The clouds are at play in the azure space
And their shadows at play on the bright-green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale."

This feeling of the sentiency of nature gives to Bryant an especial consciousness of the atmosphere and its effects. Among these western hills the winds often hold high carnival, and to their movements, from the gentle breeze to the hurricane, he was ever attentive. Perhaps allied to this is a keen sense of the aspects of the different seasons shown in his many poems on autumn, spring and the various months. Certainly, it led to constant observation of the clouds, and thus from the sky of day to the night sky with its infinite stars. Naturally, the sense of an indwelling life in nature is akin to the pantheistic conception of the divine in nature expressed in such a passage as this from "A Forest Hymn":

"That delicate flower,
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems as it issues from the shapeless mould
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe."

In reading Bryant one gains a constantly increasing perception of his attitude of reverence toward nature, reaching often its loftiest expression in his songs of the heavens rather than in his songs of earth. With earth he frequently connects the idea of the ephemeralness of life, so much so, indeed, that one critic of Bryant—Barrett Wendell—declares that the title for his whole volume might be "Glimpses of the Grave." A more careful examination of Bryant, however, will show that his glimpses as he goes on in life are more frequently of heaven than of the grave. Could there be a more joyous song than "The Song of the Stars"!

"When the radiant morn of creation broke,*
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
From the void abyss by myriads came—
In the joy of youth as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rang,
And this was the song the bright ones sang:

" 'Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie—
Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole;
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

" 'For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space,

*By permission of D. Appleton & Co.

And we drink as we go to the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides:
Lo, yonder the living splendors play;
Away, on our joyous path, away!

"'Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

"'And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews;
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone the night goes round!

"'Away, away! in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft airs wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn
See, Love is brooding, and Life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.'

"Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years;
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the furthest wall of the firmament—
The boundless visible smile of Him
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim."

Bryant's vagueness is equally noticeable in regard to flowers. His biographer tells us he was a passion-

ate botanist, and he says himself in one of his poems, "The Mystery of the Flowers":

"Not idly do I stray
At prime where far the mountain ridges run,
And note along my way,
Each flower that opens in the early sun;
Or gather blossoms by the valley's spring,
When the sun sets and dancing insects sing.

"Each has her moral rede,
Each of the gentle family of flowers,
And I with patient heed
Oft spell their lessons in my graver hours;
The faintest streak that on a petal lies
May speak instruction to initiate eyes."

Among all the flowers he loves he has dedicated but two poems to individual flowers, "The Yellow Violet" and "The Fringed Gentian."

In "The Death of the Flowers" there is a short list of flowers, only one of which has even an adjective to its name, "the yellow sunflower." They are all grouped together in his mind, and of them in mass he writes most tenderly and beautifully:

"The flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood."

It is nature in the abstract rather than nature in the particular which appeals to Bryant. Between his and Whittier's perception of it there is a difference

much like that which exists between the philosopher's love of humanity and the dramatist's love of it.

The attraction the sky had, with its clouds by day and its stars by night, for Bryant would naturally lead him to the observation of birds. His celebrated "Lines to a Waterfowl" will occur to every reader as an illustration of this. The story of how it came to be written is familiar, but it will bear repeating because it is so apt an illustration of the early sky-gazing habits of the young poet. On December fifteenth, 1817, he had walked from Cummington to Plainfield, a town seven miles off, on the opposite hillside. "As he walked up the hills," says Godwin, in his Life, "very forlorn and desolate indeed, not knowing what was to become of him in the big world, which grew bigger as he ascended, and yet darker with the coming on of night. The sun had already set, leaving behind it one of those brilliant seas of chrysolite and opal which often flood the New England skies. While he was looking upon the rosy splendor with rapt admiration, a solitary bird made wing along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lone wanderer until it was lost in the distance, asking himself whither it had come and to what far home it was flying. When he went to the house where he was to stop for the night, his mind was still full of what he had seen and felt, and he wrote those lines, as imperishable as our language, 'To a Waterfowl.' "

These same lines written to-day would cause little comment, but they came at a time when the editor of a monthly sincerely expressed the doubt as to whether such a poem as "Thanatopsis" could be written on this side of the Atlantic. From their early fame as the

first original blossoms of American poetic genius these first important poems of Bryant can no more escape than could "In Memoriam" escape its fame as the great dirge of the Victorian era. Give a poem a good name and it will stick to it, is just as true as the reverse is true of a dog,—and there is eternal justice in this, for surely in whatever arouses critical enthusiasm lurks an element of permanency. After this early beginning, the peaceful fowler hunting birds in Bryant will be disappointed not to find more of them. "The Return of the Birds" and "The Song Sparrow" were both written at the time of the civil war, and reflect the tenor of that struggle. The birds return North early, because they have been driven by fear from the field of war. The poem shows great tenderness toward these feathered wanderers, but mentions only two of them by name:

"I hear, from many a little throat,
A warble interrupted long;
I hear the robin's flute-like note,
The bluebird's slenderer song

"Brown meadows and the russet hill,
Not yet the haunt of grazing herds,
And thickets by the glimmering rill,
Are all alive with birds."

And "birds" they continue to be through all the remaining stanzas, for whose benefit he hopes—

"Our generals and their strong-armed men
May lay their weapons by.

"Then may ye warble, unafraid."

More birds are named in "The Song Sparrow." This familiar little bird's cheery ways are described with an amount of detail rarely bestowed by Bryant upon any single object. The poem appeared in *Williams' Magazine* of 1861, and has not been reprinted until lately (1908) in the "Roslyn" edition of his poems. It is a graceful poem, well worthy of recollection among Bryant's best pieces.

"Bird of the door-side, warbling clear,*
In the sprouting or fading year!
Well art thou named from thy own sweet lay,
Piped from paling or naked spray,
As the smile of the sun breaks through
Chill gray clouds that curtain the blue.

"Even when February bleak
Smites with his sleet the traveller's cheek,
While the air has no touch of spring,
Bird of promise! we hear thee sing.
Long ere the first blossom wakes,
Long ere the earliest leaf-bud breaks.

"April passes and May steals by;
June leads in the sultry July;
Sweet are the wood-notes, loud and sweet,
Poured from the robin's and hang-bird's seat;
Thou, as the green months glide away,
Singest with them as gayly as they.

"August comes, and the melon and maize
Bask and swell in a fiery blaze;
Swallows gather, and, southward-bound,
Wheel, like a whirl-blast, round and round;

*By permission of D. Appleton & Co.

Thrush and robin their songs forget;
Thou art cheerfully warbling yet.

"Later still, when the sumach spray
Reddens to crimson, day by day;
When in the orchard, one by one,
Apples drop in the ripening sun.
They who pile them beneath the trees
Hear thy lay in the autumn breeze.

"Comes November, sullen and grim,
Spangling with frost the rivulet's brim,
Harsh, hoarse winds from the woodlands tear
Each brown leaf that is clinging there.
Still thou singest, amid the blast,
'Soon is the dreariest season past.'

"Only when Christmas snow-storms make
Smooth white levels of river and lake,
Sifting the light flakes all day long,
Only then do we miss thy song;
Sure to hear it again when soon
Climbs the sun to a higher noon.

"Now, when tidings that make men pale—
Tidings of slaughter—load the gale;
While, from the distant camp, there come
Boom of cannon and roll of drum,
Still thou singest, beside my door,
'Soon is the stormiest season o'er.'

"Ever thus sing cheerfully on,
Bird of Hope! as in ages gone;
Sing of spring-time and summer-shades,
Autumn's pomp when the summer fades,
Storms that fly from the conquering sun,
Peace by enduring valor won."

Unquestionably, Bryant's observation of nature gained in definiteness in his later poems, but these do not have to do with New England scenery. The finest of these later poems of scenery is "The Prairies." The contrast between them and his "native hills" was so great that their every characteristic seems to have been emblazoned upon his mind. The result is a gorgeous picture at the opening of the poem, reproducing the aspects of nature peculiar to the region as distinctly and minutely as Whittier's pictures put before us the landscapes peculiar to New England.

Though it gives a bit out of the West, I quote these opening lines in order to emphasize the point which has been made:

"These are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch,
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless forever.—Motionless?—
No—they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks

That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no power in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above our eastern hills."

Less picturesque than the scenes which inspired the nature poetry of Whittier and Bryant, the Charles River, on its broad and flowing way to the ocean, between Cambridge and Boston, was in their earlier verse like a tenth muse to two of the poets, living upon its shores, Longfellow and Lowell. And even Holmes, only semi-occasionally a nature poet, has put into verse a scene very characteristic of the Charles as viewed from the back windows of his Beacon Street house. It is a description of the flocks of birds, ducks or gulls which one may often see in long white rows sitting upon the ice in winter or paddling in the water in summer. The writer is at this moment looking out upon the same scene from a spot almost directly opposite the Holmes residence on Beacon Street. The setting sun's light is tinting the ice of the almost solidly frozen river with rose-colored and opalescent hues, and far down the stream sit the same rows of white gulls holding their immemorial conclaves. Dr.

Holmes had watched them so often that he had come to feel a sort of possession in them, and calls the poem in which he describes them, "My Aviary."

"Through my north window, in the wintry weather,—
My airy oriel on the river shore,—
I watch the sea-fowl as they flock together
Where late the boatman flashed his dripping oar.

"The gull, high floating, like a sloop unladen,
Lets the loose water waft him as it will;
The duck, round-breasted as a rustic maiden,
Paddles and plunges, busy, busy still.

"I see the solemn gulls in council sitting,
On some broad ice-floe, pondering long and late,
While overhead the home-bound ducks are flitting,
And leave the tardy conclave in debate.

"Those weighty questions in their breasts revolving
Whose deeper meaning science never learns,
Till, at some reverend elder's look dissolving,
The speechless senate silently adjourns.

"But when along the waves the shrill northeaster
Shrieks through the laboring coaster's shrouds 'Beware!'
The pale bird, kindling like a Christmas feaster
When some wild chorus shakes the vinous air,

"Flaps from the leaden wave in fierce rejoicing,
Feels heaven's dumb lightning thrill his torpid nerves,
Now on the blast his whistling plumage poising,
Now wheeling, whirling in fantastic curves."

Holmes, whose poetic moods were ever in danger of turning somersaults into the humorous, and

from the humorous into the didactic, follows this really fine description with stanzas to prove the worthlessness of the birds from the sportsman's point of view, and these by a sympathetic outbreak for a supposable gull or duck brought down by a marksman's gun.

Another poem suggestive of this poet's environment on Beacon Street is the wholly pleasing one, "Spring Has Come," which has the inscription, "*Intra Muros.*" A walk down Beacon Street and through the Public Garden on a bright spring morning ought to have been, if it was not, its inspiration. Some morning when spring, between much coquetting of warm smiles and chilly tears, has at last taken the whole city into her confidence. Every dooryard on Beacon Street is in bloom. Snowdrops, and crocuses and hyacinths! We look up and even the houses are putting forth flowers. Parlor windows, and many little glass nooks above the doorways, have become flower beds, from which cowslips and jonquils and narcissus and hosts of other blossoms fling their beauty into the hearts of the passers-by. But the Garden! flaming with reds and yellows and pinks; tulip-bed after tulip-bed ablaze in the sunshine. The very people seem to have turned into tulips, and go walking about in pink and yellow atmospheres. All sorts of people are there, beaming like angels in an earthly paradise. Talk about mere beauty having no moral influence! One needs only to see the happy faces of the spring crowd in the Garden to be convinced there is not a soul who gazes upon the glory of the tulips in the sunshine but is the better for it. Some of the faces may not be very beautiful, but all have taken on an illuminating tenderness of expression. Everybody tries to fur-

TULIPS IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN, BOSTON

bish up his appearance when spring comes. Here is a woman who struts about as if she were a tree clothed in fresh green leaves, simply because she is able to go without the shabby coat she has been obliged to wear for the last six months. To be sure, it is a negative sort of attempt to appear fresh and vie with the tulips; but there is a pathos about such attempts to deck herself in harmony with spring which gives birth to a beauty deeper perhaps than one merely pleasing to the eye. There, for example, is a little tot in a charming spring rig made out of all the pieces which her fond mother had in her possession. The skirt is very light brown of one kind of material, the sleeves are very dark brown of another kind of material, and the yoke is of an indeterminate brown of still another material. Regarded from the point of view of fashion, it is no doubt a horrible botch of a little coat; but as the child gambols about happily in the sunshine, she looks like a dear little soft brown butterfly, with fluttering dark wings, and she has, no doubt, more the spirit of spring than yonder dainty little aristocrat in stiff white piqué and pink ribbons, and a hat so weighed down with feathers that her delicate little head wobbles on its slender stalk.

Out on the sidewalks there are no tulips nor crocuses, but there is a constant procession of human flower-beds. With a self-sacrifice greatly to be commended women grow more content each spring completely to lose their identity in their hats. If one were to view one hat in relation to one woman, pessimistic thoughts as to the sanity of the average female mind might arise. But when one walks along the street, beholding long vistas of hats with nodding scarlet

poppies, and pink roses and aspiring morning-glories, that look as if they were trying to scale the heights of heaven, one is obliged to admit that the total effect is as gay and jolly as possible, and to thank unselfish woman for so nobly converting herself into mere soil for artificial flowers to grow upon.

The poem in question is from the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

"The sunbeams, lost for half a year,
Slant through my pane their morning rays;
For dry northwesters cold and clear,
The east blows in its thin blue haze.

"And first the snowdrop's bells are seen,
Then close against the sheltering wall
The tulip's horn of dusky green,
The peony's dark unfolding ball.

"The golden-chaliced crocus burns;
The long narcissus-blades appear;
The cone-beaked hyacinth returns
To light her blue-flamed chandelier.

"The willow's whistling lashes, wrung
By the wild winds of gusty March,
With sallow leaflets lightly strung,
Are swaying by the tufted larch.

"The elms have robed their slender spray
With full-blown flower and embryo leaf;
Wide o'er the clasping arch of day
Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.

"See the proud tulip's flaunting cup,
  That flames in glory for an hour,—
 Behold it withering,—then look up,—
  How meek the forest monarch's flower!

"When wake the violets,—winter dies;
  When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is near;
 When lilacs blossom, summer cries,
  'Bud, little roses! Spring is here!'

"The windows blush with fresh bouquets,
  Cut with their Maydew on the lips;
 The radish all its bloom displays,
  Pink as Aurora's finger-tips.

"Nor less the flood of light that showers
  In beauty's changed corolla-shades—
 The walks are gay as bridal bowers
  With rows of many-petalled maids."

The homes of Longfellow and Lowell were both in Cambridge, standing somewhat back from the Charles, but not so far back that the river was not a constant presence in their consciousness. Some of Longfellow's most dainty fancies are woven about this river, which he delighted to view from the bridge as he walked to Boston, or to watch in all its moods from his study-window, as it glimmered between the lofty elms, a conspicuous feature at that time about his home, as about that of Lowell's, "Elmwood." His earliest poems, written long before the Craigie House came into his possession, when, as a young professor at Harvard, he lodged there with the unique Mrs. Craigie, are redolent of the pervasive charm exerted by the Charles and its quiet scenery.*—

*See the author's "Longfellow's Country."

"So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky."

In his poem "To the River Charles," is a concentrated expression of his feelings in relation to the river. They grew out not only of its direct influence upon him, but out of its association in his mind with three cherished friends, Charles Sumner, Charles Folsom and Charles Amory. The art of the poem is not great, but it has its value as a revelation of the formative influence of this river upon Longfellow's genius.

"River! that in silence windest
Through the meadows bright and free
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

"Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

"Thou has taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.

"Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me like a tide.

"And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

"Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

"Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

"More than this—thy name reminds me
Of three friends all true and tried;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

"Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart!

" 'Tis for this, thou Silent River!
That my spirit leans to thee;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me."

Lowell was born at Elmwood and through the greater part of his life it was his home. Though the poems are not many, in which the inspiration of the locality is prominent, they present much more completely the varying moods of the place than Longfellow's. This is, no doubt, partly because Lowell had grown up with the scene, and partly because his love of nature was always tinctured with thought and knowledge. Longfellow's emotions when a beautiful scene was in question were simple, almost naive at

times, and his thought usually takes the form of an appended analogy, reminding one of the morals to "Æsop's Fables," which, like naughty little girls and boys, we feel an inclination to skip.

Lowell's appreciation of nature, on the other hand, was intensified by the richness of his mind, his emotions made more subtle, and from the mood thus created his thought bubbled forth with "many a winding bout," not in analogues but in efflorescent musings, often, it must be confessed, less convincing as art than the mood with which he starts—somewhat as if from a beautiful flower there should spring the rather more prosaic leaves and stems. Take "Under the Willows" as an illustration. It opens with a glorious outburst upon June, Lowell's favorite month, for "What is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days."—

"Frank-hearted hostess of the field and wood,
Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading tree,
June is the pearl of our New England year,
Still a surprisal, though expected long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,
Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,
With one great rush of blossoms storms the world.
A week ago the sparrow was divine;
The bluebird, shifting his light load of song
From post to post along the cheerless fence,
Was as a rhymer ere the poet came;
But now, oh rapture! sunshine winged and voiced,
Pipe blown through by the warm wild breath of the west,
Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,
Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one.

The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
Save *June! Dear June!* Now God be praised for June."

The opening of the next stanza is upon a decidedly lower plane of inspiration:

"May is a pious fraud of the almanac."

However, once let ourselves become accustomed to the less brilliant key, and we find he has many interesting things to say as he, by turns, muses or observes, while every now and then there is a flash of imagination, a high light throwing the more thoughtful portions of the poem into proper relief. In the end we suddenly awake to the fact that we have gained possession of a very definite picture of "Elmwood," interwoven with which are many glimpses of the poet's own personality. All is finally rounded out through the emotional fire of the last stanza which flames up to join that of the first. As we felt in that the surpassing beauty of June, in this we *see* the idyllic beauty of the Charles.

"So mused I once within my willow-tent
One brave June morning, when the bluff northwest,
Thrusting aside a dark and snuffling day
That made us bitter at our neighbors' sins,
Brimmed the great cup of heaven with sparkling cheer
And roared a lusty stave; the sliding Charles,
Blue toward the west, and bluer and more blue,
Living and lustrous as a woman's eyes
Look once and look no more, with southward curve
Ran crinkling sunniness, like Helen's hair

Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstantial gold;
From blossom-clouded orchards, far away
The bobolink tinkled; the deep meadows flowed
With multitudinous pulse of light and shade
Against the bases of the southern hills,
While here and there a drowsy island rick
Slept and its shadow slept; the wooden bridge
Thundered, and then was silent; on the roofs
The sun-warped shingles rippled with the heat;
Summer on field and hill, in heart and brain,
All life washed clean in this high tide of June."

"An Indian Summer Reverie" is, as its name implies, another poem of musings, set in the same environment. It holds more closely, however, to nature-descriptions. "Elmwood" and its surroundings are minutely brought before us as they appear to the poet in the autumn. The aspect of every tree is pictured with sympathetic fidelity. The scene as it appears in autumn calls up memories of its winter appearance. Then the poet leaves his favorite purlieus and strays through the village of Cambridge, noting,

"Beyond the hillock's house-bespotted swell,
Where Gothic chapels house the horse and chaise,
Where quiet cits in Grecian temples dwell."

Any one familiar with Cambridge will appreciate the allusion to Grecian temples. Many of these wooden Parthenons with their massive Doric pillars are still to be seen, though the towering apartment house is making rapid inroads. Passing along, he comes upon the blacksmith's shop with its chestnut tree made famous by Longfellow, and calls to mind,

"How many times, prouder than king on throne,
  Loosed from the village school-dame's A's and B's,
Panting have I the creaky bellows blown,
  And watched the pent volcano's red increase,
Then paused to see the ponderous sledge brought down
By that hard arm voluminous and brown,
  From the white iron swarm its golden vanishing bees."

The most characteristic bits in the poem, however, are the glimpses of the Charles and its meadows. In the midst of all the varied and brilliant tints of autumn he sees

"Below, the Charles, a stripe of nether sky,
  Now hid by rounded apple trees between,
Whose gaps the misplaced sail sweeps bellying by,
  Now flickering golden through a woodland screen,
Then spreading out at his next turn, beyond,
A silver circle like an inland pond—
  Slips seaward silently through marshes purple and green.

"Dear marshes! vain to him the gift of sight
  Who cannot in their various incomes share,
From every season drawn, of shade and light,
  Who sees in them but levels brown and bare;
Each change of storm or sunshine scatters free
On them its largess of variety,
  For Nature with cheap means still works her wonders rare.

"In spring they lie one broad expanse of green,
  O'er which the light winds run with glimmering feet,
Here, yellower stripes track out the creek unseen,
  There, darker growths o'er hidden ditches meet;
And purpler stains show where the blossoms crowd,
As if the silent shadow of a cloud
  Hung there becalmed, with the next breath to fleet.

"All round, upon the river's slippery edge,
  Witching to deeper calm the drowsy tide,
Whispers and leans the breeze-entangled sedge;
  Through emerald glooms the lingering waters slide,
Or, sometimes wavering, throw back the sun,
And the stiff banks in eddies melt and run
  Of dimpling light, and with the current seem to glide."

In other poems Lowell watches a storm break over the Charles valley, or he feels the enchantment of moonlight upon its waters. So much, indeed, has the Charles impressed itself upon his consciousness that one wonders whether his meditative habit of mind was not largely induced by his familiarity with the quiet flow of its waters and the low-lying, broadly sweeping vistas of its shores.

A walk from the Longfellow house to the Lowell house to-day is full of interest.

There is so much to remind one of Cambridge as it was in the days of these two poets, and yet how all is changed. Here and there an old Colonial house indicates how little it was then built up and how beautiful must have been the vistas up and across the Charles River. Now, Brattle Street is lined with large and comfortable homes, and Mount Auburn Street is thickly built up. On the former there are modern houses which suggest the more ornate Colonial architecture. Some of these have many gables and overhanging jetties. The side streets are strewn, for the most part, with small and unpretentious houses, while on Mount Auburn Street are several large institutions, which, with the business buildings on the river bank, almost completely block the view of the river. If it were not for the reservation called Longfellow

Park, the river could not now be seen from Longfellow's house at all. Elmwood retains more of its ancient atmosphere, because it is opposite the entrance to Mount Auburn Cemetery. Little of the Charles, however, can be seen, but there is a glimpse of the Harvard Stadium on the other side of the river, which, with its colosseum-like appearance, is the only feature of the landscape adding an attraction not possessed by it as Lowell saw it. In spite of all the changes, there still broods over the locality of Elmwood, with its tall and ancient elms, a meditative peacefulness remindful of the poems inspired by it.

In neither Longfellow nor Lowell does the mountain scenery of New England receive much attention. Longfellow has a poem, "Sunrise on the Hills," which shows in him a capability for loving the mountains, but the description in it is not marked by any individuality. When he traveled inland in New Hampshire or Maine, it seems not to have been the mountains that attracted his attention, but the rivers. Of two of these he gives graphic accounts,—Mad River, an obstreperous stream in the White Mountains, and Songo River, the winding stream which connects Long Lake with Sebago Lake. Strange enough this river is, through its whole course, and stranger still the appearance of its outlet into Sebago Lake. The beach looks like a blasted heath. It is covered with the black stumps of dead trees, killed by the constant drifting in of the sand. The sand bars at this point make navigation, even for the small lake steamers, treacherous. To expedite matters the channel is marked by two rows of young birch trees with forlorn leaves clinging to their branches. They have

evidently been cut off at the roots and stuck into the sand, forming a spectral avenue through which the noisy little steamer puffs to its landing place at the mouth of the Songo.

"Nowhere such a devious stream,
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through bush and brake,
Links together lake and lake.

"Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself,
Flows the stream so still and slow
That it hardly seems to flow."

After more apt description the poem ends with its usual moral,

"Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls,
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul."

When Lowell went to the mountains, it was a tree that attracted his muse, and the result is his splendid poem, "To a Pine Tree" on Mount Katahdin. Lowell never wrote anything more instinct with power than the opening lines of this poem.

"Far up on Katahdin thou towerest,
Purple-blue with the distance and vast;
Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest,
That hangs poised on a lull in the blast,
To its fall leaning awful.

"In the storm, like a prophet o'ermaddened,
Thou singest and tossest thy branches;
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
Thou forebodest the dread avalanches,
When whole mountains sweep valeward.

"In the calm thou o'erstretchest the valleys
With thine arms, as if blessings imploring,
Like an old king led forth from his palace,
When his people to battle are pouring
From the city beneath him.

"To the lumberer asleep 'neath thy glooming,
Thou dost sing of wild billows in motion,
Till he longs to be swung mid their booming
In the tents of the Arabs of ocean,
Whose finnèd isles are their cattle.

"For the gale snatches thee for his lyre,
With mad hand crashing melody frantic,
While he pours forth his mighty desire
To leap down on the eager Atlantic,
Whose arms stretch to his playmate."

Lowell had a special fondness for trees, to which he himself bears witness in a passage in "Under the Willows":

"I care not how men trace their ancestry,
To ape or Adam: let them please their whim;
But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my far progenitors,
Such sympathy is mine for all the race,
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
There is between us. Surely there are times
When they consent to own me of their kin,

And condescend to me, and call me cousin,
Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,
Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills
Moving the lips, though fruitless of all words.
And I have many a lifelong leafy friend,
Never estranged nor careful of my soul,
That knows I hate the axe, and welcomes me
Within his tent as if I were a bird,
Or other free companion of the earth."

A belief in descent from trees was widely current among savage races. The feeling of kinship with trees thus cropping out in a man of the latest of days strikes one as an interesting survival of the actual belief in the existence of sentient life in trees, and other unconscious matter, a belief of the savage which experimental science is to-day bringing within the range of proof. This tree-love of Lowell's frequently finds expression in his verse. Side by side with the power of Katahdin's pine tree, we may place the delicate charm of the birch, a juxtaposition often seen in Maine woods.

"While all the forest, witched with slumberous moonshine,
Holds up its leaves in happy, happy stillness,
Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse suspended,
I hear afar thy whispering, gleamy islands,
And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-hung silence.

"On the brink of some wood-nestled lakelet,
Thy foliage, like the tresses of a Dryad,
Dripping round thy slim white stem, whose shadow
Slopes quivering down the water's dusky quiet,
Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge would some startled
Naiad."

Holmes had a summer home for some years at Pittsfield in the Berkshire Hills region. He speaks of it with great affection in his letters and mentions it in "Elsie Venner"; also in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,"—"That home where seven blessed summers were passed, which stand in memory like the seven golden candlesticks in the beatific vision of the holy dreamer." But he has written no poetry of the place breathing the true spirit of nature. There is nothing to show but two or three bucolic poems for occasions, like "Lines for the Berkshire Jubilee," and "The Ploughman," in which the farming industries of the plain are dwelt upon with no seeming consciousness that Graylock or Monument Mountain are anywhere in the neighborhood. In "Lines for the Dedication of Pittsfield Cemetery" he must, however, be credited with an allusion to the twin giants of the north looking forth upon the huge shapes that crouching at their knees,

"Stretch their broad shoulders, rough with shaggy trees."

It is an interesting fact that childhood environment laid its special mark upon each of the poets we have been considering. Whittier's finest pictures were inspired by the scenery in the midst of which he was born, and are marked by variety because of the fact that within seeing distance of the hills near his home were visible great mountain ranges, peaceful inland villages, and a coast line including rocky headlands, marshland and beach. In his case, as in Lowell's, the impressions were reinforced by the fact that his whole life, not of course counting occasional

absences, was spent in the same locality. Perhaps Whittier mused so little about nature because there was so much constantly to attract his outer vision. He had no time to think. Lowell, again, in his nature poetry, is usually inspired by the scenes among which he was born and lived. Scenes far from being as varied as those which Whittier's baby eyes opened upon, and calculated, therefore, to inspire meditation by their very sameness and peacefulness, in one alive to their intrinsic qualities.

Bryant and Longfellow did not remain in their childhood environment, yet the influence of that environment left its mark. The generalizing, abstract, philosophical attitude toward nature which Bryant seemed to imbibe among his native wind-swept hills was, in spite of exceptions already referred to, a permanent characteristic of his verse and tended to send his muse flying with the winds and up, like Scipio in his dream, among "the stars and feathers of the night."

Longfellow's native environment was the sea. He was born in Portland, within sight of it, and his youth was spent in its neighborhood, and it is in his poems of the sea that he comes nearest to the beating heart of nature. The Charles wound itself into his affection, and delightful was its effect upon his early verse, but the sea had his heart from the first, and to it he ever and again returns.

Longfellow's glimpses of the sea appear often in poems not primarily nature poems, like the ballads, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Sir Humphrey Gilbert," or "The Fire of Drift Wood." The poem, "Palingenesis," and three sonnets on the sea, "The

THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE, PORTLAND, ME.
Copyright by the Detroit Photo Co.

Sound of the Sea," "A Summer Day by the Sea," and "The Tides," especially the sonnets, contain his most mature thought upon the sea. In the sonnets, again, the merit is not equal. The first one is somewhat overweighted with its moral. In the second, it is hard to forgive the line about the street lamps, as well as the trite conclusion. The third is, however, quite satisfactory. There are no lines to forgive, and the moral is emotionally expressed, not preached.

"The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,
  And round the pebbly beaches far and wide
  I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep,
A voice out of the silence of the deep,
  A sound mysteriously multiplied
  As of a cataract from the mountain's side
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.
So comes to us at times from the unknown
  And inaccessible solitudes of being,
    The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;
And inspirations, that we deem our own,
  Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
    Of things beyond our reason and control."

"The sun is set; and in his latest beams
  Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,
  Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,
The falling mantle of the prophet seems.
From the dim headlands many a lighthouse gleams,
  The street lamps of the ocean, and behold,
  O'erhead the banners of the night unfold;
The day hath past into the land of dreams.
O summer day beside the joyous sea!
  O summer day so wonderful and white,

So full of gladness and so full of pain!
Forever and forever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,
To some the landmark of a new domain."

"I saw the long line of the vacant shore,
The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.
Then heard I more distinctly than before,
The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,
And hurrying came on the defenseless land
The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.
All thought and feeling and desire, I said,
Love, laughter and the exultant joy of song
Have ebbed from me forever! Suddenly o'er me
They swept again from their deep ocean bed,
And in a tumult of delight, and strong
As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me."

Longfellow's feeling for nature often comes out more genuinely in his letters and diary than it does in his poetry. The exigencies of rhyme and meter seemed in a way to handicap the spontaneity of his emotions. He was not certainly a keen observer of nature, nor did he have such enthusiasm for accuracy as to feel the necessity of always seeing the regions he was intending to describe; else he would not so joyously have welcomed the diorama of the Mississippi, down which he proceeded to make his Acadians sail. In fact, he devoutly believed that an imaginative picture of a scene in nature was likely to be better, because more idealized than a picture drawn from the life.

Surf at Nahant: Longfellow's Summer Home

All of New England's poets have been aroused at times to enthusiasm for the sea. I have already spoken of Whittier's poem, "Hampton Beach." It records a brief day by the sea.

With the same reverence that Emerson felt for nature's relationing of her beautiful objects, he declares:

"I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the sea."

Upon this same beach or its continuation, Salisbury Beach, the tent was pitched in "The Tent on the Beach." At the time this poem was written there were no cottages on the beach, and those who wished to enjoy an outing by the sea carried thither their tents to luxuriate for a season in the delights of living heart to heart with nature. In the course of this series of poems and interludes Whittier gives with his accustomed painter's eye numerous lovely pictures of the scenery at this point.

Hampton Beach is the continuation of Salisbury Beach, beyond the line dividing Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The salt-meadows of Hampton mark its southern boundary, while to the north is the grassy bluff of Boar's Head. The Hampton River winds through the marshes, and near the mouth of this river, Whittier himself says we may imagine his tent pitched. In the opening lines of the poem the scene is thus described:

"When heats as of a tropic clime
Burned all our inland valleys through,

Three friends, the guests of summer time,
  Pitched their white tent where sea-winds blew.
Behind them, marshes, seamed and crossed
With narrow creeks and flower-embossed,
Stretched to the dark oak wood, whose leafy arms
Screened from the stormy east the pleasant inland farms.

"At full of tide their bolder shore
  Of sun-bleached sand the waters beat;
At ebb, a smooth and glistening floor
  They touched with light, receding feet.
Northward a green bluff broke the chain
Of sand-hills; southward stretched a plain
Of salt grass, with a river winding down,
Sail-whitened, and beyond the steeples of the town,—

"Whence sometimes, when the wind was light
  And dull the thunder of the beach,
They heard the bells of morn and night
  Swing, miles away, their silver speech.
Above low scarp and turf-grown wall
They saw the fort-flag rise and fall;
And, the first star to signal twilight's hour,
The lamp-fire glimmer down from the tall lighthouse tower."

Not one of the lovely episodes so characteristic of nature by the sea escapes his attention. He notes the "clanging sea-fowl" as they come and go, the clouds with "thunder black," the mists which crept upward "chill and damp"; the hunters, after the sea-fowl, and the barefooted girls tripping down to the sea to bathe; or the fishing schooners, outward bound,

"Their low-bent sails in tack and flaw
Turned white or dark to shade and sun."

SALT MARSHES: HAMPTON
From a photograph by Ethel C. Brown

He sees also that rarest of sights, a mirage. Whittier had actually seen one in 1861 at Salisbury Beach, when on a visit to Mr. Fletcher, who was spending several weeks with his family in a tent on the beach. In his account of it, Mr. Fletcher says:

"It had been a peculiarly beautiful day, and as the sun began to decline, the calm sea was lit up with a dreamy grandeur wherein there seemed a mingling of rose-tint and color of pearls. All at once we noticed that the far-off Isles of Shoals, of which in clear days only the lighthouse could be seen, were lifted into the air, and the vessels out at sea were seen floating in the heavens. Whittier told me that he had never before witnessed such a sight."

With poetic license, Whittier represents a mirage as a frequent occurrence—a device, if it were intended as such—which makes one feel as if the tent were in some strange land, afar off, where things happen differently from what they do at home.

"Sometimes, in calms of closing day,
They watched the spectral mirage play,
Saw low, far islands looming tall and nigh,
And ships, with upturned keels, sail like a sea the sky."

In the first of the stories in "The Tent on the Beach," "The Wreck of Rivermouth," is another fine picture of this part of the shore.

"Rivermouth Rocks are fair to see,
By dawn or sunset shone across,
When the ebb of the sea has left them free
To dry their fringes of gold-green moss:

For there the river comes winding down,
From salt sea-meadows and uplands brown,
And waves on the outer rocks afoam
Shout to its waters, 'Welcome home!'

"And fair are the sunny isles in view
East of the grisly Head of the Boar,
And Agamenticus lifts its blue
Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er;
And southerly, when the tide is down
Swift white sea-waves and sand-hills brown,
The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls wheel
Over a floor of burnished steel."

Bryant's "Hymn to the Sea," his first poem of the sea, was inspired by a visit to Rockport on Cape Ann. This township is on the easternmost shore of the cape, where the Atlantic sweeps in with all the majesty of its two thousand miles of moving waters. It is the power and movement of the sea which impresses Bryant, its large, general aspects, from which his thought is led in two directions: to the Divine power behind these manifestations,—"The sea is mighty, but a mightier sways his restless billows"; and to the things which the sea accomplishes with its power.

The description of the tempest, or rather of its effects upon an armed fleet, is, of course, purely imaginary. Though many a tempest rages upon this dangerous shore where stand the tall warning twin lights of Thacher's Island, no such wholesale destruction of a fleet could have been witnessed by him. The unreality of Bryant's storm comes out all

Off the Coast of Rockport, Cape Ann

In another poem of the sea, "The Tides," Bryant shows more truly a sea-feeling.

"But ever heaves and moans the restless deep;
His rising tides I hear.
Afar I see the glimmering billows leap;
I see them breaking near.

"Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair
Pure light that sits on high—
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks, to where
The mother waters lie."

In "Pictures from Appledore" Lowell has produced an unemotional, not to say painstaking, panorama of the scenes which may be viewed landward from this island, as well as those springing from the tumultuous life of the ocean about this and its sister islands of the Isles of Shoals. These islands lie about thirty miles out from Portsmouth, and are not by any means as beautiful as many islands to be found on the New England coast. Yet, like all that pertains to this coast, they have their charm, and even their moments of terror and grandeur. The conscientiously descriptive mood induced in Lowell by Appledore is, no doubt, a result of the mild impression made upon him when first landing there after the sail out from Portsmouth. But just look about a little and there is plenty to describe, as he soon found.

"A common island, you will say,
But stay a moment: only climb
Up to the highest rock of the isle,
Stand there alone for a little while,

And with gentle approaches it grows sublime,
Dilating slowly as you win
A sense from the silence to take it in."

From this coign of vantage he can see all the eminences on the mainland with which Whittier makes us familiar at nearer range: Ossipee, Kearsarge, Agamenticus, Agioochook.

"But mountains make not all the shore
The mainland shows to Appledore;
Eight miles the heaving water spreads
To a long low coast with beaches and heads
That run through unimagined mazes,
As the lights and shades and magical hazes
Put them away or bring them near
Shimmering, sketched out for thirty miles
Between two capes that waver like threads,
And sink in the ocean, and reappear,
Crumbled and melted to little isles,
With filmy trees, that seem the mere
Half-fancies of drowsy atmosphere."

In the course of his description, he finally asks himself the question:

"How looks Appledore in a storm?
I have seen it when its crags seemed frantic,
Butting against the mad Atlantic,
When surge on surge would heap enorme,
Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
That lifted and lifted and then let go
A great white avalanche of thunder,
A grinding, blinding, deafening ire
Monadnock might have trembled under;

And the island, whose rock-roots pierce below
To where they are warmed with the central fire,
You could feel its granite fibres racked
As it seemed to plunge with a shudder and thrill
Right at the breast of the swooping hill,
And to rise again snorting a cataract
Of rage-froth from every cranny and ledge,
While the sea drew its breath in hoarse and deep,
And the next vast breaker curled its edge,
Gathering itself for a mightier leap."

The poem, like the island, grows upon one with closer acquaintance, but like the island, it never arouses more than a species of contemplative enthusiasm.

As a poet of the sea, Holmes is hardly to be reckoned with. His perverse muse does not lose itself in the grandeur of its movements nor the tints of its lights and shadows. It inspires in him a vision of "The Old Man of the Sea," a dreadful creature, who interferes with everything a rational being wants to do. The poem has its fascination. It is like the troubled dream of one not completely under the influence of an anæsthetic, and certainly suggests medicine more than it does the sea. Holmes, like the others, was influenced by early environment. He lived as a child within sight of Harvard College, and one of his earliest recollections was the inspiring scene, as he says, which he witnessed many times in his early years, of the triumphal entry of the Governor attended by a light-horse troop and a band of sturdy truckmen, on Commencement Day. Consequently in later years nature was not in the running with Harvard. Poems for re-union dinners of his class at

Harvard, together with poems for all sorts of "triumphal" occasions, make up the majority of his work.

I have purposely left Emerson aside, because in his attitude toward nature there is an entirely new note, not before heard in American poetry. We do not go to Emerson for pictures of scenery, though he, too, paints them with a sure hand. Nor do we go in a pensive mood with the idea that nature will give birth to varied musings, as it does in Lowell; nor yet to lose ourselves in its largeness and grandeur, as we may in Bryant. We go to Emerson if we wish to derive power and inspiration from the contemplation of nature. His poet's perception of beauty has been reinforced by the philosopher's or the scientist's conception of the eternal forces in nature which are ever at work moulding her material into fresh forms.

"Onward and on, the eternal Pan,
Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
Halteth never in one shape,
But forever doth escape,
Like wave or flame, into new forms
Of gem, and air, of plants, and worms."

This passage is the keynote to Emerson's treatment of nature, and if we follow closely its ramifications we are led into many mystical and transcendental paths. In his poem on Concord's sluggish river, which he endears to us by its Indian name, Musketaquid, he describes the scene as he knew it—

"Beneath low hills, in the broad interval
Through which at will our Indian rivulet
Winds mindful still of sannup and of squaw,

Whose pipe and arrow oft the plow unburies;
Here in pine houses built of new-fallen trees,
Supplanters of the tribe, the farmers dwell; to these men
The landscape is an armory of powers
Which, one by one, they know to draw and use."

But this is not all. Emerson must seek the heart of nature's mystery, for with him man and nature are related as closely as nature is interrelated with nature.

"What these strong masters wrote at large in miles,
I followed in small copy in my acre;
For there's no rood has not a star above it,
The cordial quality of pear or plum
Ascends as gladly in a single tree
As in broad orchards resonant with bees;
And every atom poises for itself,
And for the whole. The gentle deities
Showed me the lore of colors and of sounds,
The innumerable tenements of beauty,
The miracle of generative force,
Far-reaching concords of astronomy
Felt in the plants and in the punctual birds;
Better, the linked purpose of the whole,
And chiefest prize found I true liberty
In the glad home plain-dealing Nature gave."

In "Monadnoc" the mountain itself is given personality and sings its own splendid song, in the course of which not only the scenery of the region passes before us, but the mountain is made a symbol of matter waiting for its conqueror, man, which again seems to symbolize New England waiting for its conqueror, the bard or sage.

MONADNOCK
From a photograph by E. D. Putnam, Antrim, N. H.

"Every morn I lift my head,
See New England underspread,
South from Saint Lawrence to the Sound,
From Katskill east to the sea-bound.
Anchored fast for many an age,
I await the bard and sage,
Who, in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,
Shall string Monadnoc like a bead.

"Comes that cheerful troubadour,
This mound shall throb his face before,
As when with inward fires and pain,
It rose a bubble from the plain.
When he cometh I shall shed,
From this well-spring in my head,
Fountain-drop of spicier worth
Than all vintage of the earth."

If the other poets have painted and mused and rhapsodized over New England scenery, Emerson has brought it closely in touch with the thought and aspiration of our lives. If we climb a mountain we remember the voice of Monadnock, and all mountains seem like wise genii who show us what we are and what we may become. When we wander in the depths of New England woods there is Emerson's pine tree to sing us its mystical song of divine being.

"As the bee through the garden ranges,
From world to world the godhead changes;
As the sheep go feeding in the waste,
From form to form he maketh haste;
This vault which glows immense with light
Is the inn where he lodges for a night.

. . . .

"He is the essence that inquires;
He is the axis of the star;
He is the sparkle of the spar;
He is the heart of every creature;
He is the meaning of each feature;
And his mind is the sky,
Than all it holds more deep, more high."

A startling experience to one who comes upon it suddenly, is the finding of a bronze tablet fastened to a bowlder at Pigeon Cove on Cape Ann. Upon this tablet are engraved words by Emerson. It is the thought in prose which he developed so finely in his great sea poem, in contrast to which Longfellow's sea poems are puerile, Lowell's pedagogical, Bryant's bombastic, and even Whittier's tame.

It gives one a peculiar sense of delight to have thus marked the exact spot near the spouting rock on this noble stretch of shore, with its roughly terraced, rocky slopes, where the poet received the inspiration for his poem, and jotted it down in words which hardly needed to be altered in their transference from prose to poetry. The words are:

"Returned from Pigeon Cove, where we have made acquaintance with the sea for seven days. 'Tis a noble, friendly power and seems to say to me: 'Why so late and slow to come to me? Am I not here always, thy proper summer home? Is not my voice thy needful music, my breath thy healthful climate in the heats, my touch thy cure? Was ever building like my terraces? Was ever couch so magnificent as mine? Lie down on my warm ledges and learn that a very little hut is all you need. I have made this architec-

ture superfluous and it is paltry beside mine. Here are twenty Romes and Ninevehs and Karnaks in ruins together, here they all are prostrate or half-piled.'

" 'And behold the sea, the opaline, plentiful and strong. Yet beautiful as the rose or the rainbow, full of food, nourisher of men, purger of the world, creating a sweet climate, and in its unchangeable ebb and flow and in its beauty at a few furlongs giving a hint of that which changes not, and is perfect.' "

Emerson's poetry has been somewhat obscured by his prose, as well as underrated by some critics, who with their eyes upon occasional flaws of rhyme and meter, have failed to see that he touches heights reached by no other American poet, and at times, as in this blank-verse poem, is, in form as well as thought, flawless.

"I heard or seemed to hear the chiding Sea
Say, Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?
Am I not always here, thy summer home?
Is not my voice thy music, morn and eve?
My breath thy healthful climate in the heats,
My touch thy antidote, my bay thy bath?
Was ever building like my terraces?
Was ever couch magnificent as mine?
Lie on the warm rock-ledges, and there learn
A little hut suffices like a town.
I make your sculptured architecture vain,
Vain beside mine. I drive my wedges home,
And carve the coastwise mountain into caves.
Lo! here is Rome and Nineveh and Thebes,
Karnak and Pyramid and Giant's Stairs
Half-piled or prostrate; and my newest slab
Older than all thy race.

"Behold the Sea,
The opaline, the plentiful, the strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from memory,
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
Rich are the sea-gods: who gives gifts but they?
They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls:
They pluck Force thence and give it to the wise.
For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work
This matchless strength. Where shall he find, O waves!
A load your Atlas shoulders cannot lift?

"I, with my hammer pounding evermore
The rocky coast, smite Andes into dust,
Strewing my bed, and, in another age,
Rebuild a continent of better men.
Then I unbar the doors: my paths lead out
The exodus of nations: I disperse
Men to all shores that front the hoary main.

"I too have arts and sorceries;
Illusion dwells for ever with the wave.
I know what spells are laid. Leave me to deal
With credulous and imaginative man;
For, though he scoop my water in his palm,
A few rods off he deems it gems and clouds.
Planting strange fruits and sunshine on the shore,
I make some coast alluring, some lone isle,
To distant men, who must go there or die."

Off the Coast of New England

Thanks to Emerson, the voice of the sea "alway, alway" sings to us a song of infinite power and beauty. Who of us that has lain upon the warm rock-ledges but must take this poem into our heart of hearts! In it the great ocean-soul of New England finds its completest expression.

ROMANCE:

LEGENDARY AND HISTORICAL

"Thee shall awaken
Flame from the furnace,
Bath of all brave ones,
Cleanser of Conscience,
Welder of will.

"Lowly shall love thee,
Thee, open-handed!
Stalwart shall shield thee,
Thee, worth their best blood,
Waif of the West!

"Then shall come singers,
Singing no swan-song,
Birth-carols, rather,
Meet for the man-child
Mighty of bone."

—LOWELL.

II

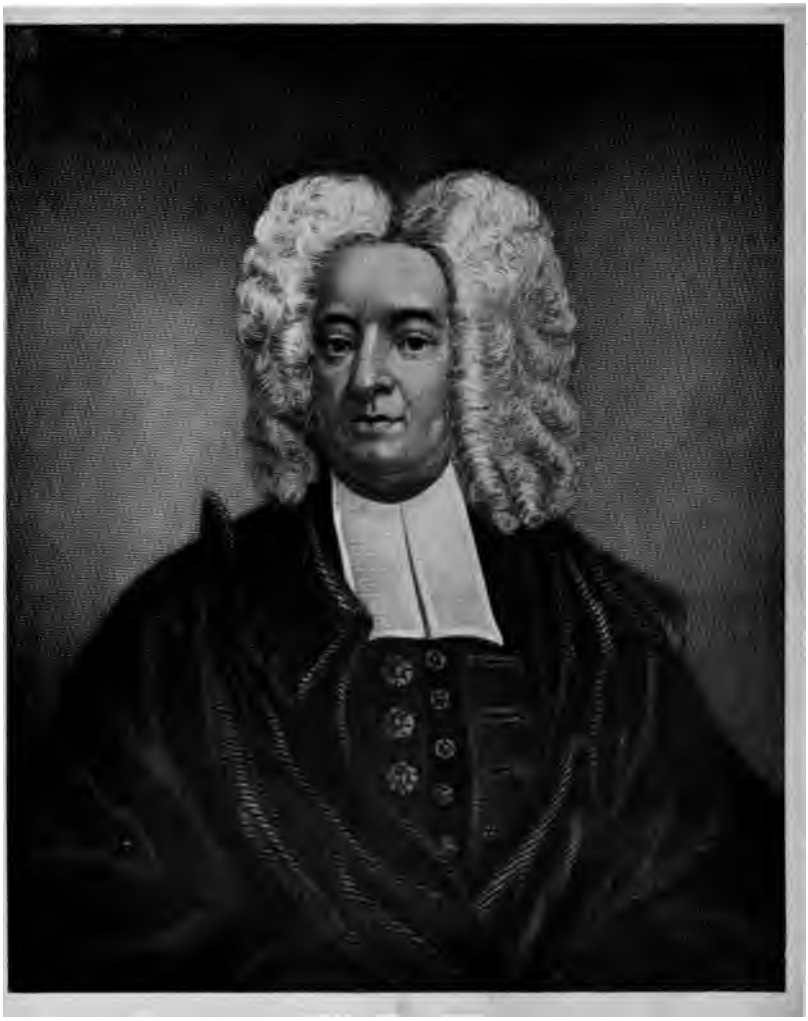
Romance: Legendary and Historical

IT is often said that in America there are no hoary traditions, no mythology, no folk-lore—none of those elements, in fact, out of which great literatures must be built. Admitting for a moment that great literature cannot exist unless the genius goes "trundling back into the past" for his inspiration, is it altogether true that material for romance is so meager in our land as some have tried to make out? In the first place, our history, though it has not been a long one, has been an exceedingly lively one. Its inauguration by bold and adventurous explorers, who crossed unknown seas to find a vast mysterious land into whose wildest depths they hesitated not to penetrate, met with experiences which, if there were nothing else, are such stuff as go to the making of romance. Then began the most stupendous migration the world has ever known, of all nations to the promised land. They found the new land inhabited by beings, evil or kind, who lurked in the woods or among the valleys and hilltops, not unlike the manitoes which these beings themselves regarded as ever-present good or evil spirits. In the clash of the so-called civilized with the semi-barbaric were let loose just those forces by means

of which the romantic tendencies of the human mind flourish. Races in whom mythology lingered only as superstition met face to face with a race or races in which mythology was still their religion. Whenever, according to the authority of many ethnologists, a higher race conquers a lower race, the mythical ideals of the lower race are absorbed more or less by the conquering race. It is easy to see that if the conquering race had reached a high plane of consciousness, the absorption in the realm of ideas would be more likely to be artistic than religious, yet in the witch superstition in New England, for example, there was a very palpable absorption of Indian ideals of magic through the person of Tituba, the Indian witch woman; and I am not so sure that the great Cotton Mather himself was not a shining example of a superior conqueror who had absorbed some of the religious ideas of the barbarians he had conquered.

Strictly speaking, the whole body of Indian legend is just as much ours to use artistically, as nature in the New World is ours to use artistically. The only pity is that so much of it has been lost.

To these two sources of romance, the adventures of the explorers, and the coming into possession of the mythological lore of the conquered race, are to be added the experiences of new colonies struggling to make firm their foothold in the new land. They are, for the most part, not merely colonists seeking for wealth, they are men of ideals, whose settled determination to realize them brings about a wholly new phase in the history of political and social development. The play and interplay of the forces of conquest, the forces of revolt, the forces that reach



Cotton Mather

forward toward high results or that drag backwards through the survival in human nature of dying superstitions, makes an exquisite turmoil of New England history in particular, in which the romantic elements are almost beyond calculation. No doubt there are untold mines of romance still waiting to be unearthed among the dusty archives of New England Historical Societies, or in the libraries of private families.

Whittier and Longfellow alone of these early New England poets have made effective use of the wealth of Indian lore. Holmes and Emerson have not touched it. Bryant and Lowell have drawn upon it in a few minor poems.

Whittier's drafts upon aboriginal tradition and mythology for subject matter were not extensive, and seem to have been more a matter of accident than of express intention. He did not have Longfellow's ambition to make of Indian myth and custom a source of indigenous epic material. Consequently we have only four short distinctively Indian poems, and these, with the exception of one, "How the Robin Came," have to do with Indian historical tradition and life.

The origin of the robin is one of the most charming of the Chippewa tales collected by Schoolcraft, and is familiar through prose versions in various collections of Indian fairy tales.* Whittier brings the ancient myth into relation with the present by telling it to a group of young friends upon a May day, while they watch the robins flitting in and out among the blossoms. To be changed into a bird seems to have been regarded as a happy lot by the Algonquin In-

*See author's "Child's Guide to Mythology."

dians, if we may judge by the number of myths wherein the dénouement is a metamorphosis of this kind. Sometimes the birds are changed back into human beings again, but in this case of the young hunter who had been unable to stand the rigors of the seven days' fast demanded of all Indians on reaching manhood, the metamorphosis is final and, as Whittier expresses it in his verse, the fancy is one we cannot do better than transplant into the imagination of the children.

"I, a bird, am still your son,
Happier than if hunter fleet,
Or a brave, before your feet
Laying scalps in battle won.
Friend of man, my song shall cheer
Lodge and corn-land; hovering near,
To each wigwam I shall bring
Tidings of the coming spring;
Every child my voice shall know.

"And my song shall testify
That of human kin am I."

Lowell chose for his one Indian poem another Chippewa tale, in which metamorphosis plays a part. He embellishes the telling of the story with various ethical fringes and in this process its pristine folk-loric quality disappears. Whittier attaches his moral at the end of his robin story, and, on the whole, if Indian lore must be used as a text for moralizing, this is preferable.

The entire field of Indian lore, merely touched upon by Whittier and Lowell, has been carefully plowed by Longfellow with the result that in Hiawatha he has

produced an Indian epic that stands unique in the literature not only of America but in that of the world. If to his familiarity with Indian legend he had added Whittier's acquaintance with localities, we might have had the unalloyed delight of associating the varied episodes in Hiawatha's life and those of the other heroes of the poem with the wilds of Central New York, instead of with the far-off shores of Lake Superior, the home of the Chippewas or Ojibways, an Algonquin tribe. He took the Iroquois account of Hiawatha as the basis for his hero's character, and added unto it a whole cycle of Algonquin legends attaching to Manabozho, as well as those of other Algonquin mythic personages.

Schoolcraft, who was Longfellow's authority for the Manabozho and Hiawatha legends, has been anathematized by more than one critic for confusing an Iroquois hero with an Algonquin hero. Jeremiah Curtin, especially, declares that since the Iroquois and Algonquins were enemies, the former taking the English and the latter the French side, "it is as if Europeans of some future age were to have placed before them a great epic narrative of French heroic adventure in which Prince Bismarck would appear as the chief and central Gallic figure in the glory and triumph of France." To which it might be retorted, why is it not more like the fact which already exists of an epic cycle in which a mythical King Arthur is the hero both in Brittany and Wales, though the Normans and the British were enemies? A typical Indian hero was what Longfellow wanted—a being who would reflect in his single personality all the qualities of mind and nature characteristic of the Indian, a

wise man, a cunning man and a magician.* One of the best proofs that the essential truths of the Indian mythology are preserved is the regard in which the present-day descendants of the Chippewas hold the poem. The writer asked a young Indian woman of the Chippewa tribe recently what she thought of Hiawatha. Her face lighted up, and she replied with enthusiasm, "I love it!" She went on to say that it was astonishing how little Longfellow's accounts of the myths differed from the stories which had been handed down to her in her own family.

Examining a little more carefully into the relations of the Iroquois and the Algonquins, we find that although they were enemies, they were close neighbors. All along the eastern shores from Canada to Long Island stretched the Algonquins, while the Iroquois (originally Hurons) extended from the Great Lakes to South Carolina, through New York. In Canada, again, they were neighbors, occupying the opposite sides of the St. Lawrence until, if tradition can be trusted, the Algonquins drove the Hurons southwards. Thus these two Indian peoples bordered directly upon each other. Moreover, though the Algonquins aided the French and the Iroquois the English, in 1645 peace was declared between them, and if they did not lie down together like the lion and the lamb, they did what was no doubt an Indian equivalent—they hunted together freely the next winter.

This peace was ratified in a curious manner. History relates that the Iroquois ambassador set himself

*For the lore of Hiawatha, see "Longfellow's Country."

to sing and dance. He took a Frenchman on one side, an Algonquin and Huron on the other, and holding them each embraced with his arms they danced in cadence, and sang with a strong voice a song of peace.

In view of these facts there seems little reason to doubt that the myths of these two great families of Indians, especially those of a similar character, might migrate from one tribe to the other, and as myths are but figments of the imagination, what more natural than to suppose the great hero Hiawatha, who appeared to his people on Lake Onondaga in his white canoe surrounded by magic, and after organizing the five nations into the first United States of America, disappeared in the same magic fashion; what more natural than to add to his distinction by attaching to him all the exploits of the neighboring Algonquin hero, or vice versa?

Although Whittier has used Indian lore so little, he has in the remainder of his Indian poems taken distinctively New England traditions connected with the localities with which he was familiar. "The Funeral Tree of the Sokokis" recounts an incident of the struggle between the Whites and the Indians which took place upon Sebago Lake in Maine. The Sokokis occupied a long stretch of territory between Agamenticus and Casco Bay. In this struggle their chief, Polan, was killed at Windham on the lake. It is related that after the Whites had retired, the Indians beat down a young beech tree until its roots were upturned, when, the tree springing back to its position, the body was covered.

The lover of the scenery in the vicinity of Sebago Lake, with its darkly wooded shores and its ranges

of hills sloping in higher and higher curves to the distant White Mountains, will appreciate the accuracy of the pictorial setting Whittier has given to this incident.

"Around Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

"The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its grey rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

"The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky.

"Dazzling and white! save where the bleak,
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

"Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round these cones of snow."

In spite of many summer camps dotted along its shores, Sebago still gives the same impression of loneliness, for the camps nestle among the trees of the still-unspoiled woodlands, but the identical "beechen-tree" that furnished "The Indian's fitting monument," we should probably look for in vain.

"The Truce of Piscataqua" tells another incident of White and Indian warfare, in which the celebrated Chief Squando figures. The Piscataqua River flows between Maine and New Hampshire, and with its

dams and bridges and towns of to-day is so different a region from what it was in the days of Squando that only by aid of the poet's imagination can we be transported back into that past when every little settlement was constantly in fear of a surprise from hostile Indians.

The introductory lines of the poem give the scene:

> "Wide over hill and valley spread
> Once more the forest, dusk and dread,
> With here and there a clearing cut
> From the walled shadows round it shut;
> Each with its farm-house builded rude,
> By English yeoman squared and hewed,
> And the grim, flanked block-house bound
> With bristling palisades around."

Whittier, in this instance, fell upon an incident that showed Squando to much better advantage than it did his civilized conquerors. Squando's rage had been aroused because of the brutal treatment of his child by some white sailors. He took up his hatchet, but was obliged in the end to sue for peace. Whittier frames the peace conference after his own imagination, enriching Squando's plea with Indian lore, and intensifying the situation by bringing into it a captive child who has grown fond of Squando and his Indians because of their kind treatment of it. It is matter of record that the white children taken captive by the Indians became so fond of Indian life that they often desired to stay with their Indian friends rather than to return to their own relations. The speech which Whittier has put into the mouth of Squando breathes a rare pathos, at the same time that it reflects Indian ways

of thinking, showing on Whittier's part a remarkable faculty for putting himself in sympathy with the religious attitude of the savage.

Squando draws a pitiful picture of his squaw seated alone in her wigwam, mourning her child; then tells of his own dream as he lay on the grave of their child:

"'In the third night-watch I heard,
Far and low, a spirit-bird;
Very mournful, very wild,
Sang the totem of my child.

"'"Menewee, poor Menewee,
Walks a path he cannot see;
Let the white man's wigwam light
With its blaze his steps aright.

"'"All-uncalled, he dares not show
Empty hands to Manito;
Better gifts he cannot bear
Than the scalps his slayers wear."

''All the while the totem sang,
Lightning blazed and thunder rang;
And a black cloud, reaching high,
Pulled the white moon from the sky.

"'I, the medicine-man, whose ear
All that spirits hear can hear—
I, whose eyes are wide to see
All the things that are to be,—

''Well I know the dreadful signs
In the whispers of the pines,
In the river roaring loud,
In the mutter of the cloud.

"'At the breaking of the day,
From the grave I passed away;
Flowers bloomed round me, birds sang glad,
But my heart was hot and mad.'"

He goes on with his proposals for peace:

"'There is rust on Squando's knife
From the warm, red springs of life;
On the funeral hemlock-trees
Many a scalp the totem sees.

"'Blood for blood! But evermore
Squando's heart is sad and sore;
And his poor squaw waits at home
For the feet that never come!

"'Waldron of Cocheco, hear!
Squando speaks, who laughs at fear;
Take the captives he has ta'en;
Let the land have peace again!'

"As the words died on his tongue,
Wide apart his warriors swung;
Parted, at the sign he gave,
Right and left, like Egypt's wave.

"And, like Israel passing free
Through the prophet-charmèd sea,
Captive mother, wife, and child
Through the dusky terror filed.

"One alone, a little maid,
Middle way her steps delayed,
Glancing, with quick, troubled sight,
Round about from red to white.

"Then his hand the Indian laid
On the little maiden's head,
Lightly from her forehead fair
Smoothing back her yellow hair.

" 'Gift or favor I ask none;
What I have is all my own;
Never yet the birds have sung,
Squando hath a beggar's tongue.

" 'Yet for her who waits at home,
For the dead who cannot come,
Let the little gold-hair be
In the place of Menewee!

" 'Mishanock, my little star!
Come to Saco's pines afar;
Where the sad one waits at home,
Wequashim, my moonlight, come!'

" 'What!' quoth Waldron, 'leave a child
Christian-born, to heathens wild?
As God lives, from Satan's hand
I will pluck her as a brand!'

" 'Hear me, white man!' Squando cried,
'Let the little one decide.
Wequashim, my moonlight, say,
Wilt thou go with me or stay?'

"Slowly, sadly, half afraid,
Half regretfully, the maid
Owned the ties of blood and race—
Turned from Squando's pleading face.

"Not a word the Indian spoke,
But his wampum chain he broke,
And the beaded wonder hung
On that neck so fair and young."

The poem goes on to relate how, years after, the child of this child with her mother's wampum chain about her neck was frolicking by the brookside, and happened to meet Squando, who recognizing his chain, added to it his silver totem cross. The child when she goes home relates her experience and—

"Straight the mother stooped to see
What the Indian's gift might be.
On the braid of wampum hung,
Lo! a cross of silver swung.

"Well she knew its graven sign,
Squando's bird and totem pine."

Because of this touching sign that Squando had never forgotten his little captive, the mother remembered the old Indian henceforth in her prayers,—accounted at that time almost heretical, nevertheless prescient of present-day enlightenment.

But it is on the shores of his beloved Merrimac, near its headwaters among the White Hills, that the scene of Whittier's most ambitious Indian poem is laid, "The Bridal of Pennacook." The action is transferred for a time to the sea-coast, but the tragic ending of the story is again linked with the river. The wedding is that of another celebrated Indian Chief, Winnepurkit, known as George Sachem of Saugus, to the daughter of Passaconaway. By way of leading

up to the story, Whittier begins with describing the journey of a party of friends to the White Mountains, until the region of Pennacook, now Concord, New Hampshire, is reached. The mountain scenery is pictured after his manner with vivid touches. Then, caught by a storm, the party takes refuge in a mountain inn, "which looks from Conway on the mountains piled," and here the poet finds an extensive library of four books, in the description of which is a dash of humor not uncharacteristic of Whittier:

"A well-thumbed Bunyan, with its nice wood pictures
Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike them;
Watts' unmelodious psalms; astrology's
Last home, a musty pile of almanacs,
And an old chronicle of border wars
And Indian history."

He finds in the Indian history the "Story of the marriage of the Chief of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo, daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt in the old time upon the Merrimac."

The girl of the party insists that the others shall give a versified account of the legend, which they agree to do. Each is then supposed to take one of the divisions, of which the first describes the Merrimac as it was in those early days, already referred to in the first chapter; the second describes the dwelling among the White Hills of the mighty chief or Bashaba, Passaconaway, drawing also his portrait, the chief of magic skill,

"And a Panisee's dark will
Over powers of good and ill,

AMONG THE "WHITE HILLS"

Powers which bless and powers which ban,
Wizard lord of Pennacook."

"The Daughter," "The Wedding," follow; then the new home on the sea-coast is described:

"A wild and broken landscape, spiked with firs,
Roughening the bleak horizon's northern edge.

. . . .

"And eastward cold, wide marshes stretched away,
Dull, dreary flats without a bush or tree,
O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where twice a day
Gurgled the waters of the moon-struck sea;
And faint with distance came the stifled roar,
The melancholy lapse of waves on that low shore."

The New England coast in the neighborhood of the present location of Salem is finely shown here in its winter bleakness. The poem now works up quickly to the tragedy. Weetamoo, the bride, goes home on a visit to her father; summer passes, and still Winnepurkit does not send for her.

"At length a runner from her father sent,
To Winnepurkit's sea-cooled wigwam went;
'Eagle of Saugus,—in the woods the dove
Mourns for the shelter of thy wings of love.'

"But the dark chief of Saugus turned aside
In the grim anger of hard-hearted pride;
'I bore her as became a chieftain's daughter,
Up to her home beside the gliding water.

"'If now no more a mat for her is found
Of all which line her father's wigwam round,
Let Pennacook call out his warrior train,
And send her back with wampum gifts again.'"

Weetamoo's father scornfully refuses this proposition, and the result is poor little Weetamoo embarks in a canoe on the Merrimac, the river still being choked with ice, with the intention of returning to her husband's wigwam. The canoe is dashed to pieces, Weetamoo is drowned, and the poem ends with a sorrowful song of the Indian women who lament her sad fate.

Not a large contribution to Indian legendary poetry, Whittier's is a most interesting one. The stories are genuinely romantic, and the poet has, in linking them with absolute fidelity of detail to the scenery amid which the episodes occurred, as well as in developing them with sympathy for and knowledge of Indian ways of thinking, transplanted into our early literature a seed of aboriginal romanticism that might easily grow into epic proportions through the addition of other similar traditions.

With the exception of the Indian tradition told in "Monument Mountain," already referred to, Bryant does not connect any of his Indian poems with definite localities. "An Indian at the Burial Place of His Fathers," may have referred to the neighborhood of Cummington, but the description of the scene has Bryant's usual vagueness. The myths upon which he touches are interesting, especially the lightning myth of the Delaware Indians, told in "A Legend of the Delawares":

"The air is dark with cloud on cloud,
And through the leaden-colored mass,
With thunder-crashes quick and loud,
A thousand shafts of lightning pass.

"And to and fro they glance and go,
Or, darting downward, smite the ground.
What phantom arms are those that throw
The shower of fiery arrows round?

"A louder crash! a mighty oak
Is smitten from that stormy sky.
Its stem is shattered by the stroke;
Around its roots the branches lie.

"Fresh breathes the wind, the storm is o'er;
The piles of mist are swept away;
And from the open sky, once more,
Streams gloriously the golden day.

"A dusky hunter of the wild
Is passing near and stops to see
The wreck of splintered branches piled
About the roots of that huge tree.

"Lo, quaintly shaped and fairly strung,
Wrought by what hand he cannot know,
On that drenched pile of boughs, among
The splinters, lies a polished bow."

The magic bow brings Onetho, the hunter, luck and fame, but too soon he is himself killed by the lightning of the sky warriors.

"Tall warriors, plumed, with streaming hair
And lifted arms that bear the bow,
And send athwart the murky air
The arrowy lightnings to and fro."

His friends find him lifeless on the ground in a glen, and bear him home in silent awe.

" 'Too soon he died; it is not well'—
The old men murmured, standing nigh—
'That we, who in the forest dwell,
Should wield the weapons of the sky.' "

This, as well as Bryant's other poems dealing with Indian lore, is entirely lacking in atmosphere. There are no vital touches to show us the Indian as he actually was. We neither see the real Indian in his native wilds nor hear him speak, as Squando speaks, for example, with the thoughts and the language that belong to his race. Bryant merely tells the story for the story's sake in his own smooth, flowing language.

Whittier and Longfellow are again in the van in the treatment of the early historical traditions of explorers and colonists, to which should be added romantic pictures of New England life. Lowell has something to offer here, also—not much, it is true, but of fine quality. The remaining poets under discussion have done nothing. Bryant, when in a romantic frame of mind, evolves fairy stories from his own brain, like "Sella" and "The Little People of the Snow," and they are quite as exquisite as anything he has written, and, moreover, as far away from New England as anything could well be, in the land of nowhere.

All three poets were attracted by the tradition of

the Norseman's early discovery of America. Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor," one of the most striking things he ever wrote, makes famous the Norse Tower or old mill at Newport.* Whittier, in his poem "The Norsemen," adds another leaf to the laurel crown of the Merrimac:

> "But hark!—from wood and rock flung back,
> What sound comes up the Merrimac?
> What sea-worn barks are those which throw
> The light spray from each rushing prow?
> Have they not in the North Sea's blast
> Bowed to the waves the straining mast?
> Their frozen sails the low, pale sun
> Of Thule's night has shone upon;
> Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep
> Round icy drift and headland steep."

The vision of the Norsemen ascending the Merrimac has been conjured up by a sight of the fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark gray stone, found a century before in the town of Bradford on the Merrimac. The origin of it is entirely conjectural, but the poet allows his imagination to picture it as a relic from the days of the Norse adventurers. He, however, kindly saves the student of poetic origins any qualms of conscience as to the accuracy of his statements by informing them that there is nothing whatever to prove the statue a Norse relic, and then, in a spirit of bravado, he exclaims, "But all the same, I am thankful for the flight of imagination set going by the old stone."

---

*See "Longfellow's Country."

"Yet, for the vision of the Past,
This glance upon its darkness cast,
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good."

Most readers will forgive the flight of imagination sooner than the conscientious explanation with which the poem ends. It is cruel to steal the critics' thunder in this prosaic way! What hair-splitting controversies might not have arisen, as voluminous as those over Longfellow's tricky imagination in relation to his skeleton and his Newport windmill!

In "Norembega," enchantment is added to another lovely region of New England—the islands in and beyond Penobscot Bay in Maine, and along the borders of the river. A legend grew up that in the country south of Cape Breton there existed a magnificent and barbaric city called Norembega. The country had been discovered by Verrazani in 1524, and the city is actually laid down on a map published in Antwerp in 1570. Champlain in 1604 sailed in search of the city, going up the Penobscot from Isle au Haut, but from the appearance of the country he concluded that those who described it had never seen it. The only thing he found was a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods. Whittier makes the cross the starting point of his legend. It had belonged to an early Norman Christian Knight, who sought the wondrous city and died in the attempt. All that exists to-day to remind one of the old legend is a summer settlement called Norembega, on the shores of Eggemoggin Reach.

Lowell treats the subject of the Norsemen with due seriousness. He catches the atmosphere of the Ice-

landic Sagas, and without a slavish adherence to facts, tells of Biörn's voyage to Vinland. Biörn's mood of desire for some "joy untried" with a brain that

> "Grew not weary with the limbs,
> But, while they slept, still hammered like a Troll,"

and the lay of the skald that finally aroused him to action, are wholly imaginative. If we may believe the "Saga of Eric the Red," Biörn's discovery of Vinland was quite by accident. He set sail, it seems, in order to join his father in Greenland, but a north wind took him out of his course. And first they saw a land with forests and low hills, but passed it by; they saw another level and full of woods, and passed it, and still another with lofty mountains and white peaks, and finding it an island they passed it by also. And then sailing four days more, they came to Greenland. Biörn was very properly blamed by his countrymen for not exploring the new lands he had seen, and Lief, the son of Eric, bought Biörn's ship and set sail with a number of companions, explored the shores Biörn had seen, landed farther south and spent the winter in Vinland.

Lowell has evidently seized upon the fact of Biörn's lack of ambition in not exploring the country as an index to a character that vacillated between a hunger for great achievement and a feeling that nothing was worth accomplishing, expressed in the lines—

> "Swords grave no name on the long-memoried rock
> But moss shall hide it; they alone who wring
> Some secret purpose from the unwilling gods

Survive in song for yet a little while
To vex, like us, the dreams of later men,
Ourselves a dream, and dreamlike all we did."

And shown again in his mood when Vinland is reached. The lines descriptive of the voyage are the finest in the poem:

"Four weeks they sailed a speck in sky-shut seas.
Life, where was never life that knew itself,
But tumbled lubber-like in blowing whales;
Thought, where the like had never been before
Since Thought primeval brooded the abyss;
Alone as men were never in the world,
They saw the icy foundlings of the sea,
White cliffs of silence, beautiful by day,
Or looming, sudden-perilous, at night
In monstrous hush; or sometimes in the dark
The waves broke ominous with paly gleams
Crushed by the prow in sparkles of cold fire.
Then came green stripes of sea that promised land
But brought it not, and on the thirtieth day
Low in the west were wooded shores like cloud.
They shouted as men shout with sudden hope;
But Biörn was silent, such strange loss there is
Between the dream's fulfilment and the dream,
Such sad abatement in the goal attained."

Lowell declared to one of his friends that his chief wish in writing the poem was to bring in a prophecy of what America was to become in the future. Consequently he makes Gudrida, a prophetess, accompany Biörn. The sagas speak of a Gudrid who twice made the voyage to Vinland, first as the wife of Torstein, who died of the plague in Greenland, then as the wife

of Thorfinn Karlsefne, who intended to found a colony in Vinland. He became frightened, however, at the hostility of the natives, whose rage had been aroused because one of them had been killed by a servant of his, and he returned to Greenland.

The most striking thought brought out in Gudrida's prophecy is of kin with that so splendidly expressed by Emerson in his "Song of Nature":

> "Let war and trade and creeds and song
> Blend, ripen race on race,
> The sunburnt world a man shall breed
> Of all the zones and countless days,"

and by Zangwill recently, in his play, "The Melting-pot":

> "Men from the Northland,
> Men from the Southland,
> Haste empty-handed;
> No more than manhood
> Bring they and hands.
>
> "Dark hair and fair hair,
> Red blood and blue blood,
> There shall be mingled;
> Force of the ferment
> Makes the New Man."

The two episodes of history especially productive of material for romance in New England were the witch persecution and the Quaker persecution. Longfellow treated both of these in plays included in his longest and most serious work, "Christus: A Mystery." Part III of this, under the general heading

"The New England Tragedies," contains the two plays "John Endicott" and "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms."

These are not in any sense great plays, but they are valuable as studies of the period. The actual facts are more carefully regarded than is usual with Longfellow, and what imaginative touches there are, he has worked up consistently with the facts. The characterization of John Endicott especially is good. This grim old Puritan, who piously stamped out everything which he regarded inimical to the glory of God as he understood it, yet had a heart. He was capable of arousing love in the hearts of his fellow-colonists, and no doubt Longfellow was justified in making him at the end of his life regret his part in all that "bloody work."

Longfellow used the most palpable historical aspects of these early episodes in Colonial history, because he wished to fit them into a large scheme, giving the important epochs in the religious life of Christendom. These crises in New England were the death-throes of religious persecution in the western world, at least in an acute form, and from that time the growth of religious liberty has been a steady one, in spite of occasional lapses into mild forms of persecution. This period was therefore a great one in the history of Christendom, and because of its universal significance was the fitting climax in Longfellow's portrayal of important historical epochs in religion.

Whittier, poetizing about the same period, sees its effects upon the daily life of the people, rather than its historical significance. This was very natural, for he lived in a region where as he, himself, tells us, a be-

lief in supernaturalism had not yet died out. This showed itself originally not only in the witch superstition, but in a belief in all sorts of magic happenings.

When the Pilgrims landed in New England, they had already an inheritance of belief in witchcraft and a personal devil who was constantly plotting evil against mankind. For three centuries, witches had been burned and hanged by thousands in England, France and Germany. It is scarcely to be wondered at that in the new environment, face to face with an unknown wilderness, peopled by a mysterious race who practised magic arts, these benighted colonists thought they had come upon the devil's own cohorts. The most learned scholars as well as the clergymen believed in it.

"Our Puritan ancestors," says Whittier, in his delightful little book on "Supernaturalism in New England," "were, in their own view of the matter, a sort of advance guard and forlorn hope of Christendom in its contact with the bad angel. The New World into which they had so valiantly pushed the outposts of the Church Militant was to them not God's world, but the devil's. They stood there on their little patch of sanctified territory like the game-keeper of 'Der Freischütz' in the charmed circle. Within were prayer and fasting, unmelodious psalmody and solemn hewing of heretics 'before the Lord in Gilgal.' Without were 'dogs and sorcerers,' red children of perdition, Powah wizards and 'the foul fiend.'" He continues, "One has only to read the two Mathers to perceive that that enemy was to them no metaphysical abstraction, no scholastic definition, no figment of a poetical fancy, but a living, active reality, alternating between the

sublimest possibilities of evil and the lowest details of mean mischief; now a tricksy spirit disturbing the goodwife's platters or soiling her new-washed linen, and anon riding the storm cloud and pointing its thunderbolts."

There were witches and Quakers and heretics; an Anne Hutchinson, a Mistress Hibbins, a Cassandra Southwick to be feared as persons in league with his satanic majesty, but what were these to the Indian Powahs and Panisees, with their conjuring tricks, their magical rites, and their grotesque incantations to drive away disease or avert misfortune? Winthrop declares in all seriousness, "Their Panisees are men of great power and wisdom, and to these the devil appeareth more familiarly than to others."

In illustration of the power wielded by a Panisee, an interesting incident is told by Whittier of an Indian preacher's triumph over a celebrated Panisee. This preacher, Hiacoomes, was the first convert to Christianity on Martha's Vineyard. "While addressing on one occasion a large assembly of his red brethren, and while asserting the superiority of his new faith over that in which he had been educated, a celebrated Panisee, whose magical power was everywhere dreaded, made his appearance in horrid costume, and with the paraphernalia of his art hanging about him. After vainly endeavoring by strange gestures, contortions and mutterings, to disturb and terrify the preacher, he placed before him a charm, bidding him keep silence on pain of instant destruction. The superstitious and half-converted auditors drew back in the utmost terror, shrieking and begging their preacher to desist. Hiacoomes never hesitated. With a loud

voice he defied the magician, told him his arts had no power over a servant of the true God, and in proof of it trampled the formidable charm under his feet. This bold act was more convincing to the astonished spectators than all the previous sermons of their eloquent teacher. From that day the once-formidable Powah became a laughing-stock on the island." Whittier gives a good idea of what the pervading atmosphere of superstition had been in his "Extract from a New England Legend."

In "The Double Headed Snake of Newbury" is described one of those marvels in which Cotton Mather took so much delight, and of which—

> "Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen
> Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's Den,
> Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,
> Or coiled by the Northman's Written Rock,
> Nothing on record is left to show;
> Only the fact that he lived we know,
> And left the cast of a double head
> In the scaly mask which he yearly shed.
> For he carried a head where his tail should be,
> And the two, of course, could never agree,
> But wriggled about with main and might,
> Now to the left and now to the right;
> Pulling and twisting this way and that,
> Neither knew what the other was at."

The Rev. Christopher Toppan made diligent inquiries concerning the Amphisbæna, as it was called, and was enabled to give Cotton Mather the assurance that "it had really two heads, one at each end; two mouths, two stings or tongues." Whittier draws

a picture of Cotton and his excitement when he heard of the marvel,—not only humorous, but containing a caustic bit of criticism at the expense of this learned hunter of the marvellous:

> "Cotton Mather came galloping down
> All the way to Newbury town,
> With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,
> And his marvellous inkhorn at his side;
> Stirring the while in the shallow pool
> Of his brains for the lore he learned at school,
> To garnish the story, with here a streak
> Of Latin and there another of Greek;
> And the tales he heard and the notes he took,
> Behold, are they not in his Wonder-Book?"

The poet declares that the superstition still clings to the locality, in a proverbial form at least:

> "Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill,
> If the snake does not, the tale runs still
> In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.
> And still, whenever husband and wife
> Publish the shame of their daily strife,
> And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and strain
> At either end of the marriage-chain,
> The gossips say with a knowing shake
> Of their gray heads, 'Look at the Double Snake!
> One in body and two in will,
> The Amphisbæna is living still.'"

The most extended of Whittier's witch romances is "Mabel Martin," wherein are seen the baleful effects upon the child of a mother's reputation for being a witch. The story starts from an actual incident. Su-

sanna Martin, an aged woman of Amesbury, was tried for witchcraft and executed. Her home was in what is now known as Pleasant Valley, on the Merrimac, a little above the old ferry, a spot famous in tradition for the attempted assassination of the tyrant, Andros. Another aged woman of the neighborhood on the other side of the Powwow River, the wife of Judge Bradbury, was also accused and would have been executed but for the sudden collapse of the persecution. Goody Martin was the only witch hanged on the north side of the Merrimac. Again in this poem we have the Merrimac setting, then a harvest scene, where amid the merry husking party, Mabel Martin sits alone and unnoticed, until some of the party observe her, only to repeat her name with cruel looks "And taunt her with her mother's name." In her dire need, a champion comes to her defense, and with the heartlessness characteristic of the times, one sly maiden accuses her of having bewitched him:

> "None dared withstand him to his face,
> But one sly maiden spake aside,
> 'The little witch is evil-eyed!
>
> " 'Her mother only killed a cow,
> Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;
> But she, forsooth, must charm a man.' "

Esek Harden is the sort of man, however, who settles things for himself. He is typical of the forces which were finally to turn aside the fury of the witch accusers. Fortunately there were people of common sense who could see the intrinsic goodness of some of

the individuals who were accused, and, at the same time, the selfish interests that often actuated the accusers. He breaks out:

> " 'She is indeed her mother's child,
> But God's sweet pity ministers
> Unto no whiter soul than hers.
>
> " 'Let Goody Martin rest in peace;
> I never knew her harm a fly,
> And witch or not, God knows—not I.
>
> " 'I know who swore her life away;
> And as God lives, I'd not condemn
> An Indian dog on word of them.' "

Esek follows up his championship with love, and Mabel, as his wife, forgets the insults which had been heaped upon her.

In "The Changeling," one of the tales in "The Tent on the Beach," is shown the reformation through prayer of one of the witch accusers, who imagines the witch Goody Cole has exchanged her own child for a witch-child. The poem is a really powerful presentation of the fact that the bewitched ones were more often the accusers than the accused. In this case the poor mother is sincere. The prevailing belief in witchcraft and magic has told so upon her mental condition that she is suffering from what we should to-day call hysteria. Her wise husband, in his prayer, acts the part of a modern physician in giving her hypnotic suggestions. These bring her back to herself.

"Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon her head:
'Thy sorrow is great, O woman!
I sorrow with thee,' he said.

" 'The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it;
My poor wife, let us pray.'

"Then he said to the great All-Father,
'Thy daughter is weak and blind;
Let her sight come back and clothe her
Once more in her right mind.

" 'Lead her out of this evil shadow,
Out of these fancies wild;
Let the holy love of the mother
Turn again to her child.

" 'Make her lips like the lips of Mary
Kissing her blessed Son;
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,
Rest on her little one.

" 'Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,
Open her prison-door,
And Thine shall be all the glory
And praise forevermore.'

"Then, into the face of the mother
The baby looked up and smiled;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child."

The result of her awakening is that she sends her husband galloping post-haste to have the witch Goody Cole released from prison. This is another example of the fact that the witch superstition collapsed through the good sense of a few sturdy minds.

Goody Cole belonged to the life of reality as well as to that of romance. This poor harmless old woman was brought before the quarter sessions in 1680 to answer to the charge of witchcraft. The court could not find satisfactory evidence of witchcraft, but so strong was the feeling against her that Waldron, the presiding magistrate, ordered her to be imprisoned, with a lock kept on her leg, at the pleasure of the court.

The feeling against her was no doubt frequently based upon such slight causes as those in this poem, or in another poem of Whittier's in which she figures, "The Wreck of Rivermouth." She lived alone in a little hovel in Hampton, and for years was feared, hated and persecuted as the witch of Hampton. In the poem she is responsible for the wreck in a way in which some coincidence might make any one responsible. She was guilty alone of speaking words of bad omen which, unfortunately, came true.

"'Fie on the witch!' cried a merry girl,
As they rounded the point where Goody Cole
Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl,
A bent and blear-eyed poor old soul.
'Oho! she muttered, 'ye're brave to-day!
But I hear the little waves laugh and say,
"The broth will be cold that waits at home,
For it's one to go, but another to come!"'

"'She's cursed,' said the skipper; 'speak her fair;
I'm scary always to see her shake
Her wicked head, with its wild gray hair,
And nose like a hawk, and eyes like a snake.'"

The storm comes, the boat is wrecked, the merry party drowned, and poor Goody Cole looks out from her door:—

"The Isles of Shoals were drowned and gone,
Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar
Toss the foam from tusks of stone.
She clasped her hands with a grip of pain,
The tear on her cheek was not of rain:
'They are lost,' she muttered, 'boat and crew!
Lord, forgive me! my words were true.'"

The witches of those good old times were not necessarily hideous old crones. They might be fair young girls with the bluest of eyes and the sunniest of smiles. Such was the witch of Wenham, as Whittier pictures her, whose loveliness, even in the words of the horror-stricken mother, trying to save her son, shines out.

"'Son Andrew, for the love of God
And of thy mother, stay!'
She clasped her hands, she wept aloud,
But Andrew rode away.

"'O reverend sir, my Andrew's soul
The Wenham witch has caught;
She holds him with the curlèd gold
Whereof her snare is wrought.

" 'She charms him with her great blue eyes,
  She binds him with her hair;
 Oh, break the spell with holy words,
  Unbind him with a prayer!'

. . . .

" 'Our poor Ann Putnam testifies
  She saw her weave a spell,
 Bare-armed, loose-haired, at full of moon,
  Around a dried-up well.

" ' "Spring up, O well!" she softly sang,
  The Hebrew's old refrain
 (For Satan uses Bible words),
  Till water flowed amain.

" 'And many a goodwife heard her speak,
  By Wenham water, words
 That made the buttercups take wings
  And turn to yellow birds.

" 'They say that swarming wild bees seek
  The hive at her command;
 And fishes swim to take their food
  From out her dainty hand.

" 'Meek as she sits in meeting time,
  The godly minister
 Notes well the spell that doth compel
  The young men's eyes to her.

" 'The mole upon her dimpled chin
  Is Satan's seal and sign;
 Her lips are red with evil bread
  And stain of unblessed wine.

" 'For Tituba, my Indian, saith
At Quasycung she took
The Black Man's godless sacrament
And signed his dreadful book.

" 'Last night my sore afflicted child
Against the young witch cried.
To take her Marshal Herrick rides
Even now to Wenham side.' "

This charming little person, who can turn buttercups into yellow birds, is pounced upon by the ruthless marshal. In vain her pleadings! No account of her good doings can save her. The poor child even fears she may unwittingly have made a compact with the devil, a fear not unusual with people who were suddenly accused.

" 'Oh, leave me for my mother's sake,
She needs my eyes to see.'
'Those eyes, young witch, the crows shall peck
From off the gallows-tree.'

"He bore her to a farmhouse old
And up its stairway long,
And closed on her the garret door
With iron bolted strong."

She is left there but a short time, however, for her faithful lover is not to be convinced by mother, clergyman or marshal that his little blue-eyed maid is a witch.

"Low hanging in the midnight sky
Looked in a half-faced moon.
Was it a dream, or did she hear
Her lover's whistled tune?

"She forced the oaken scuttle back;
A whisper reached her ear:
'Slide down the roof to me,' it said,
'So softly none may hear.'

"She slid along the sloping roof
Till from its eaves she hung,
And felt the loosened shingles yield
To which her fingers clung.

"Below, her lover stretched his hands
And touched her feet so small;
'Drop down to me, dear heart,' he said,
'My arms shall break the fall.'

"He set her on his pillion soft,
Her arms about him twined;
And, noiseless as if velvet-shod,
They left the house behind."

The house is still standing in Danvers, Massachusetts, where a suspected witch was confined overnight in the attic, the door of which was fast bolted. She escaped, however, during the night, supposedly through the connivance of her Satanic colleague. Whittier lets his daintiest fancies play about this grim little episode, and has turned out a New England love ballad, reminding one of the days of chivalry, yet retaining genuine New England feeling.

In the "Garrison of Cape Ann" is told another of the marvellous tales so convincing to Cotton Mather as a proof of the existence of the devil. It was certainly hard commons that the poor Puritans should be obliged to fight spectre Indians as well as real ones.

"Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalplocks, from the midnight wood they came,—
Thrice around the block-house marching, met, unharmed, its volleyed flame;
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands lay bare.

"Midnight came; from out the forest moved a dusky mass that soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching in the moon.
'Ghosts or witches,' said the captain, 'thus I foil the Evil One!'
And he rammed a silver button, from his doublet, down his gun."

The silver button did not prove efficacious, however; the spectral warriors appeared again. This time the captain had recourse to prayer, whereupon the mystic marching of the spectres ceased, but not without protest, for

"A sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and hearts of all,—
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish!"

But never again were the "ghostly leaguers" seen "marching round the block-house of Cape Ann."

As Whittier himself remarks of the Puritan fathers, "Let no man lightly estimate their spiritual knight-errantry. The heroes of old romance who went about smiting dragons, lopping giant heads, and otherwise

pleasantly diverting themselves, scarcely deserve mention in comparison with our New England champions."

The site of this block-house has evidently been lost, for Gloucester's authentic historian does not give any date earlier than 1745 in connection with Gloucester fortifications. At that time a breastworks and stage was thrown up upon what is now known as Rocky Neck, the point which makes the inner harbor, and so built up with prosaic houses that it would take a very elastic imagination to see it beleaguered with spectral warriors. Though Gloucester subsequently had a fort on this point, and also on Eastern Point, traces of which are still visible, as well as breastworks at other exposed localities, she was never obliged to fire a shot in self-defense except against these early spectral warriors of whom Cotton Mather tells.

Phantom ships seem to have been a quite common occurrence. One is mentioned in this poem, a spectre ship of Salem with dead men in her shrouds that sailed sheer above the water, in the loom of morning clouds. Longfellow tells of one in his "Phantom Ship," which appeared to the people of New Haven, the spectre of the ship they had sent back to England, laden with whatever valuables and products of the country they could collect, and described so circumstantially at the time of its appearance that we feel almost as bound to believe in it as the marvel-intoxicated Mather.

Whittier tells of two others, one seen at Block Island, and one at Orr's Island, on the Maine coast. The former is out of our present jurisdiction, but is of peculiar interest because the vision had been seen by a man living at the time when Whittier wrote the

poem. This old gentleman was Mr. Benjamin Corydon, of Napoli, New York, who, in his ninety-second year, wrote the following letter to Whittier, after having read the poem:

"The Palatine was a ship that was driven upon Block Island, in a storm, more than a hundred years ago. Her people had just got ashore, and were on their knees thanking God for saving them from drowning, when the islanders rushed upon them and murdered them all. That was a little more than the Almighty could stand, so He sent the Fire or Phantom Ship, to let them know He had not forgotten their wickedness. She was seen once a year on the same night of the year on which the murders occurred, as long as any of the wreckers were living; but never after all were dead. I must have seen her eight or ten times—perhaps more—in my early days. It is seventy years or more since she was last seen. My father lived right opposite Block Island, on the mainland, so we had a fair view of her as she passed down by the island, then she would disappear. She resembled a full-rigged ship, with her sails all set and all ablaze. It was the grandest sight I ever saw in all my life. I know of only two living who ever saw her, —Benjamin L. Knowles, of Rhode Island, now ninety-four years old, and myself, now in my ninety-second year."

No doubt these old gentlemen sincerely thought they had seen it; but the sceptical might question the wisdom of the Almighty in showing so grand a sight as a warning of future punishment.

The Dead Ship of Harpswell is evidently the phantom of one that went to sea never to return, and adds

a welcome touch of mystery to one of Maine's most charming island-daughters,—

> "For never comes the ship to port,
> Howe'er the breeze may be;
> Just when she nears the waiting shore
> She drifts again to sea.
> No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,
> Nor sheer of veering side;
> Stern-fore she drives to sea and night,
> Against the wind and tide."

Whittier assures us that in his day there still lingered in many a green valley of New England a belief in charms, in visions of ghosts, in warnings of coming calamities. He actually knew a man who believed he had seen the devil in the form of a dog, and among his acquaintances were several who had had strange supernatural experiences.

One in particular he tells of a lady of his acquaintance, whom he describes as a staid, unimaginative church-member. This lady had a weird and evidently devil-inspired vision on the shores of Great Pond in the East Parish of Haverhill, a spot so lovely that, in the poet's estimation, it would seem the place of all others where spirits of evil must shrink, rebuked and abashed, from the presence of the beautiful. He declares that whoever has seen Great Pond, with its soft slopes of greenest verdure, its white and sparkling sand rim, its southern hem of pine and maple, mirrored, with spray and leaf, in the glassy water; its graceful hill sentinels round about, white with the orchard bloom of spring, or tasselled with the corn of autumn; its long sweep of blue waters, broken here

and there by picturesque headlands,—has seen one of the very loveliest of the thousand little lakes or ponds of New England. Here, then, this staid lady had the bad taste to see the following marvel, reminiscent and at the same time typical of the hard-hearted brutality of the forefathers of New England: "She was standing in the angle formed by two roads, one of which traverses the pond shore, the other leading over the hill which rises abruptly from the water. It was a warm summer evening, just at sunset. She was startled by the appearance of a horse and cart of the kind used a century ago in New England, driving rapidly down the steep hillside and crossing the wall a few yards before her, without noise or displacing of a stone. The driver sat sternly erect, with a fierce countenance, grasping the reins tightly and looking neither to the right nor the left. Behind the cart and apparently lashed to it was a woman of gigantic size, her countenance convulsed with a blended expression of rage and agony, writhing and struggling. Her head, neck, feet and arms were naked. Wild locks of gray hair streamed back from temples corrugated and darkened. The horrible cavalcade swept by across the street and disappeared at the margin of the pond." Like many of the marvels seen by Cotton Mather, the vision does not appear to have had any pertinence whatever at the time, and we can but meditate to-day upon the existence in the Puritan Fathers of a species of fanaticism which made possible such an hallucination to a good woman of two centuries later.

Removed a little farther back was the famous General Moulton of Hampton. Too far back for Whittier

himself to have known, yet he knew people who remembered General Moulton and the marvellous stories that had been told about him, especially in relation to his league with the devil, who used to visit him occasionally in the shape of a small man in a leathern dress. The General's house was once burned in revenge, it is said, by the fiend, whom the former had outwitted. He had agreed, it seems, to furnish the General with a bootful of gold and silver pieces, poured annually down the chimney. Upon one occasion, the grasping General hit upon the clever device of cutting off the foot of the boot. The devil kept pouring down the coin from the chimney's top in a vain attempt to fill it, until the room was literally packed with the precious metal.

In his poem, "The New Wife and the Old," Whittier gives a poetic version of the ghost stories pertaining to the General, related to him by an elderly visitor. Twenty-five years after the poem was published Whittier received other interesting proof of the ghostly goings-on in the Moulton mansion after the General's and the new wife's death. A lady who had been spending the summer in the Moulton House wrote a letter to him in which she said:

"I remember my mother's repeating to me her recollections of the exorcising of the ghosts of General Moulton and his wife, by a parson Milton or Boddily. My grandfather Whipple being absent, the servants (several of them had been slaves in Newport) insisted that General Moulton and his wife disturbed the house so much at night, he thumping with his cane, and her dress a-rustling up and down the stairs, that nothing could allay their terror; and

one, Mrs. Williams, the housekeeper, persisted so strongly that she frequently saw them both, he in a snuff-colored suit and enormous wig, holding a gold-headed cane, that nothing could induce them to remain in the house. Many persons in the vicinity came to the exorcising, or 'laying the ghosts,' as they termed it. My mother said the scene was very impressive to her as a child, and she could never forget the white and black servants and neighbors, standing in solemn awe, and the abjuring of the minister. The servants, I believe, never afterwards complained of being disturbed or of seeing the ghosts, after this ceremony."

The minister who did the exorcising was the Rev. John Boddily. He died in 1802, and was buried in a Newburyport burying ground.

This does not exhaust all the poems in which the magic element comes in. There is "Cobbler Keezar's Vision"; the old German cobbler, who possessed a fragment of magic moonstone, sees in it a vision of the days when in New England there will no longer be hunting of witches and warlocks, no more clowns and puppets and imps, with horns and tail, but—

"Pleasure without regretting,
And good wtihout abuse,
The holiday and the bridal
Of beauty and of use.

"Here's a priest and there's a Quaker;
Do the cat and dog agree?
Have they burned the stocks for ovenwood?
Have they cut down the gallow's-tree?

"Would the old folk know their children?
Would they own the graceless town,
With never a ranter to worry
And never a witch to drown?"

Still others are "The Wishing Bridge," a magic bridge of Marblehead, and "Birchbrook Mill," a haunted spot where once stood the old mill.

Tales of Quaker persecution have been almost as frequently an inspiration to Whittier as tales of superstition and witchcraft. "The Exiles" and "Cassandra Southwick" are the principal poems, with the exception of "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim." The first carries us on a delightful voyage in a wherry from up the Merrimac to Nantucket. The story is of Macy's giving harbor to an old Quaker in a storm, whereupon, as usually happened in such cases, the authorities laid hands upon not only the Quaker, but upon Goodman Macy. They carried the Quaker off to imprisonment in Boston's famous jail, which stood where the old courthouse now stands on Court Street, and which well deserves to be remembered as New England's bastile,—so unjust and outrageous were the imprisonments within it. Macy, however, called his wife, and fled to the river, jumped into a wherry and, wielding his oar to good purpose, escaped pursuit. Then began a row as marvellous, certainly, as any recorded in history, down the Merrimac to the ocean, and along the beautiful north shore to Massachusetts Bay.

"They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,
And Gloucester's harbor-bar;

NANTUCKET

The watch-fire of the garrison
  Shone like a setting star.

"How brightly broke the morning
  On Massachusetts Bay!
Blue wave, and bright green island,
  Rejoicing in the day.

. . . .

"Far round the bleak and stormy Cape
  The venturous Macy passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle
  Drew up his boat at last."

It is said Macy was the first white settler (1660) on this "naked isle."

Whittier waxes quite sentimental over the thought of Nantucket as the refuge of the free, hoping it may ever remain so. What would he think of the spectacle of Nantucket given over to the summer visitor, from whom the native islander is anxious to extract as much revenue as possible, even charging him for the fish which he himself catches? Whittier wastes no words upon the scenery of Nantucket, yet it has its own sort of beauty. It is well-nigh treeless, as he says, but it is covered with low vegetation,—grasses and flowers and shrubs,—which makes of it a delight to the botanist, in the spring, and to the artist, in the autumn, when its great sweeps of low, rolling land are brilliant with colors as infinite as those of the most gorgeous Persian carpet, and always through the vistas, stretches of white sand, and beyond, the interminable blue of the sea.

A Salem episode is versified in "Cassandra Southwick." It tells of the iniquitous practice of selling persons who had harbored Quakers, as slaves to the English of Virginia or Barbados, if they were unable to pay the fine. The particular case upon which Whittier bases his poem is that of a boy and girl whose father had been imprisoned and had lost nearly all his property for harboring Quakers, and who were themselves fined for not going to church. The intention could not be carried out, however, because no ship-master could be found willing to carry them to the West Indies. Whittier leaves the boy out and puts the telling of the thrilling story into Cassandra's mouth. When the sheriff asked for bids, not a voice replies; he asks again, and one of the captains spoke up, carried the crowd with him, and the girl was saved,—another instance of the power of justice when bravely upheld.

"Pile my ship with bars of silver, pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me!—I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and casks, than bear this child away."

In four other poems Whittier presents four phases of Quaker history. Margaret Brewster's visit with four Friends to the Old South Church, where she delivered a "warning from the great God of Heaven and Earth to the Rulers and Magistrates of Boston," is described in one:

"Repent! repent! ere the Lord shall speak
In thunder and breaking seals!

Old South Church

Let all souls worship Him in the way
His light within reveals."

She received the usual punishment for such offenses, being whipped at the cart's tail up and down the town with twenty lashes.

"The King's Missive" tells of the arrival of Shattuck from Salem with the King's order that the persecution of the Quakers should cease. The poem is chiefly interesting for the glimpse it gives of old Boston, and the words it puts into the mouth of Nicholas Upsall, who was the friend of the Quakers and is also one of the characters in Longfellow's "John Endicott." In prophecy,—

"One brave voice rose above the din.
Upsall, gray with his length of days,
Cried from the door of his Red Lyon Inn:
'Men of Boston, give God the praise!
No more shall innocent blood call down
The bolts of wrath on your guilty town.
The freedom of worship, dear to you,
Is dear to all, and to all is due.

"'I see the vision of days to come,
When your beautiful city of the Bay
Shall be Christian liberty's chosen home,
And none shall his neighbor's rights gainsay."

It seems that Whittier made a mistake in placing the interview between Endicott and Shattuck in the council chamber. It really occurred in Endicott's house.

The Boston of Endicott's day was conspicuous by

reason of its windmill on Snow Hill, of which Whittier gives a picture:

"The autumn haze lay soft and still
On wood and meadow and upland farms;
On the brow of Snow Hill the great windmill
Slowly and lazily swung its arms;
Broad in the sunshine stretched away,
With its capes and islands, the turquoise bay;
And over water and dusk of pines
Blue hills lifted their faint outlines."

"How the Women Went from Dover" gives an interesting episode of the Quaker persecution, showing how the humanity of a few individuals was constantly setting itself up against the brutality of the authorities. In this case, the constable, himself of the town of Salisbury, refused to carry out a warrant issued by Major Waldron for the whipping of the Quakers Anne Colman, Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose in eleven towns until they should be beyond his jurisdiction. The warrant was executed in Dover and Hampton, but at Salisbury the constable stood firm. The town's people supported him, as well as Major Robert Pike, the leading man of the lower Merrimac valley, who was an advocate of religious tolerance, and his command was obeyed:—

"Cut loose these poor ones and let them go;
Come what will of it, all men shall know
No warrant is good, though backed by the Crown,
For whipping women in Salisbury town."

"Banished from Massachusetts," inspired by a painting of E. A. Abbey, is a meditation upon the theme of Quaker banishment, leading to a conclusion which emphasizes the influence for good that the Quakers actually had upon the religious development of the world. Fanatical they were, and doubtless most unpleasant to deal with, but they "advertised," as we should say to-day, the cause of freedom of conscience in religious matters. So the English Suffragettes are advertising to-day the cause of the suffrage for women. It is a curious fact that methods of which one cannot, in the abstract, approve, seem often to be needed to bring about a wholly good end.

"The Muse of history yet shall make amends
To those who freedom, peace, and justice taught,
Beyond their dark age led the van of thought,
And left unforfeited the name of Friends."

Romances of Colonial times, either historical or imaginative, in which neither witch nor Quaker appear, are also to be found only in Longfellow and Whittier. Lowell touches upon the time in his "Interview with Miles Standish," which might be described as a sociological conversation with the ghost of the good Miles in his study. It has not a suspicion of the romantic about it.

In the "Tales of the Wayside Inn" Longfellow has included a few romantic episodes of Colonial times, chief among which are the poet's tale of "Lady Wentworth," and the landlord's tale, "The Rhyme of St. Christopher."

The story of "Lady Wentworth" takes us to the charming seaport town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. A speaking likeness of Governor Wentworth is given through the eyes of Earl Halifax's portrait, which swings upon the tavern sign, as well as a wholly imaginative portrait of the future Lady Wentworth:

"Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare;
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon;
A creature men would worship and adore,
Though now in mean habiliments she bore
A pail of water, dripping through the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

"It was a pretty picture, full of grace,—
The slender form, the delicate, thin face;
The swaying motion, as she hurried by;
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,
As in her pail the shifting sunbeams danced.

"What next, upon that memorable day,
Arrested his attention, was a gay
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank;
While all alone within the chariot sat
A portly person, with three-cornered hat,

PORTSMOUTH

A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees;
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed,
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast;
For this was Governor Wentworth driving down
To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,
Where his Great House stood looking out to sea,
A goodly place where it was good to be."

The barefooted charmer becomes the Governor's housemaid, and in due time his wife. Upon her wedding day she appears,—

"A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,
Youthful and beautiful and simply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How ladylike, how queenlike she appears;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now, in all her majesty."

Regardless of truth, Longfellow has made a very pretty story of this marriage, which, according to a descendant of a niece of Governor Wentworth, a child at the time of the marriage, was a very prosaic affair and greatly displeasing to his relatives. The true version of the story comes through Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who heard it from the descendant, Mrs. Mary Ann Williams, and communicated it to Longfellow. Mrs. Williams wrote: "I have seen Mr. Longfellow's poem, but I should think

he would be afraid some of the old fellows would appear to him for making it appear that any others than the family were present to witness what they considered a great degradation. Only the brothers and brothers-in-law were present, and Mr. Brown; and the bride, who had been his housekeeper for seven years, was then thirty-five, and attired in a calico dress and white apron. The family stood in wholesome awe of the sturdy old governor, so treated Patty with civility, but it was hard work for the stately old dames, and she was dropped after his death."

The story of St. Christopher gives a glimpse into the administration of the law in connection with offenders against morals, and, absurd as it is from a corrective point of view, it contains a lesson which may well be pondered over to-day. The story makes a good ballad subject, and is handled by Longfellow with the skill which usually shows itself when he adopts this form, so congenial to him. The allusions to Morton of Merrymount, to Salem, and to the Puritan governor, all take us back to the times of Endicott and his untiring attempts to crush the transgressors against not only the moral law, but the law of joy and happiness.

"Evangeline" cannot be claimed for New England as far as locality is concerned, though the history of Acadia is closely linked with that of New England, for not only did the original Acadia include part of what is now Maine, but Massachusetts had a conspicuous share in the work of banishing the French from Nova Scotia.*

---

*See author's "Longfellow's Country."

Turning to Whittier again, we find one or two stories of the Acadians in New England. "Marguerite" is a romance of an Acadian maid, based upon the fact that at the time of their banishment from Acadia, many Acadians were assigned to towns in Massachusetts, and the children bound out to service or labor. This little maid, hardly treated by her mistress, is loved by the son of the mistress, but his love comes too late; he cannot recall from death the maiden, who is dying from the effects of the abuse she has received. In her dying vision, the girl sees her native land. The glimpse of the land of the Basin of Minas and the Gaspereau, though slight, is suggestive, except that Whittier makes the mistake of describing the rise of the tide on the Basin of Minas as a "rush of the sea at flood." I have had occasion to point out elsewhere that the rise of the tide in the Basin of Minas, though rapid, as far as the volume of water is concerned, is quiet and insinuating. How could it be otherwise, with five miles of beach to cover and twelve hours in which to do it? If the Basin of Minas had steep shores, the "rush" pictured by the poets would be indeed a reality.

Far more interesting than this pathetic little ballad, from both a romantic and a historical point of view, is "St. John." Here we are introduced, not to the banished Acadian peasants of Massachusetts, but to bold and adventurous Frenchmen, who with others tried to sustain a claim in Maine as part of Acadia. The now sleepy little town of Pemaquid, on John's Bay, which, viewed from the opposite side of the bay, looks like some spectral city of the clouds, as across it drift the sunshine and the shadow with deli-

cate interchange of tints from dim gray to gleaming white, was, for more than a hundred years, a hotly contested bit of territory. Still is to be seen there the ruins of the fort which was destroyed no less than three times in the struggles fought upon this historic spot, and finally was pulled down by the inhabitants, stone by stone, at the time of the War of Independence, to prevent its being seized and manned by the English. Its destruction at this time not being complete, a farmer who objected to its obstruction of his view, finally removed and carted off its last stones within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the place.

The first fort was called Pemaquid Fort, and is said to have been erected in 1624. It seems to have been destroyed, or at least plundered, by the noted pirate, Dixie Bull, in 1632. In 1677 Fort Charles was built in the same spot, by Sir Edmond Andros. This was destroyed in 1689 by Indians, under the instigation of the Frenchman, Baron De Castine, who, though not in open war with the English, was smarting because of the pillage of his home by Andros the year before.

The attack resulted in the capitulation of the fort. The captain of the fort, Weems, and his men, were permitted to depart for Boston, and all the people of the place, men, women and children, were compelled to leave with the Indians for Penobscot River. The Indians thoroughly destroyed everything about the fort and settlement, and warned the English settlers never to return, for they had had too much experience of English perfidy ever to allow them to remain in peace. This victory of the Indians put the

French in full possession of the Acadia of Maine, which had, by the treaty of Breda in 1667, been yielded to France. The capture of Port Royal by Phips and his forces, in 1690, brought back the eastern country into the hands of the English, and now another fort was built at Pemaquid to maintain the rights of the English to this territory.

On the arrival of Governor Phips at Boston, May 14, 1692, with the new charter and his commission as governor, he began the erection of a strong fort at Pemaquid, "such as had never before been seen in all that region." It was built of stone, and nearly twenty thousand pounds was spent in its construction. Mather himself describes this fine fort, called the William Henry. But alas for plans of men and mice!—four years later there came sailing into John's Bay the French, under D'Iberville, with three ships, accompanied by many Indians in canoes. It was the fourteenth of August when the fort received a summons to surrender, and four days later the fort and everything about it had been destroyed and the walls thrown down as far as possible.

The next fort, named Fort Frederic, was not built until 1729, when the English government took it in charge. The white settlers who gradually returned to Pemaquid after the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, encroached so continually upon the land of the natives that their own safety was constantly jeopardized, and the need of a strong fort at Pemaquid was greatly felt. The English government not having been able to persuade the Massachusetts Bay colony to rebuild the fort, at last, after thirty-three years, resolved to do it. This fort became, for many years, a haven of

refuge and safety from the vengeance of the aggrieved savage.

The history of this fort alone furnishes a stirring chapter in the romance of New England.

With the fall of Quebec in 1759, fortification here was no longer necessary. Its great cannon were carried to Boston, and it was left to undergo the gradual process of decay. But suddenly came the shot, "heard round the world"; a town meeting was held in Bristol, and the first votes recorded were, "First, Voted that we go down to Pemaquid and tear down the old fort. Second, Voted that next Tuesday be the day to do it," a wise move, for the British were already helping themselves to cattle and sheep along shore. The story is told that one man remonstrated upon the loss of his cattle, when the British officer said to his men: "Take this Yankee rebel's oxen into his parlor and kill and dress them there,"—and so it was done.

To add to the complexity of the situation in Acadia, there were two Frenchmen, Charles Etienne La Tour, a Protestant, and M. D'Aulney de Chamissé, a Catholic, who carried on a feud worthy of mediæval Europe, and made things as unpleasant for Pemaquid as the piratical Dixie Bull had done. They had both been granted titles to much land in Acadia, and upon the death of their superior officer, General Razilly, a bitter rivalry sprang up between them. La Tour was intrenched at St. John, and received aid from the English colonists; and D'Aulney at Castine, Maine, not far from Pemaquid, with the French and Indians to help him. History records that the ferocious contest between these two unscrupulous rivals raged with more or less violence for twelve years,

MARBLEHEAD

and produced effects not a little detrimental to the settlement at Pemaquid and all others on the coast. Sometimes enormous wrongs were committed upon innocent people living in the neighborhood, by their exploits; angry menaces occasionally thrown out, could not but excite the apprehension of the persons living so near as Pemaquid. This was before the second fort was built. Consequently there was no protection from these feudal chiefs, as Parkman has called them. The incident in the lives of these two men chosen by Whittier, is the one most capable of heroic poetic treatment, namely, the defense of La Tour's castle by his wife from an attack of D'Aulney.

In the spring of 1645 D'Aulney learned that La Tour was absent from his garrison; he proceeded then to attack it. On the way he met a New England vessel, and made a prize of her, in utter disregard of a treaty he had just made with the English colonists, and turned the crew ashore on a distant island without food or suitable clothing. On arriving at St. John he bombarded the fort, but Madame La Tour, who had command during her husband's absence, made such spirited resistance that he was obliged to retire, his ship being badly damaged, with twenty of his men killed and thirteen wounded. On his return, he took aboard the men he had put ashore on the island, who had remained there ten days in great suffering, and gave them an old shallop to return in, but without restoring any of their property.

Finally this miserable quarrel was brought to a close. In April, 1647, D'Aulney again suddenly made his appearance at St. John and attacked the

fort with so much energy that he soon gained possession of it, making Madame La Tour and the whole garrison prisoners, and appropriating to himself all of La Tour's effects of every kind, which was not less than ten thousand pounds.

Madame La Tour, in the absence of her husband, had command of the fort, and, as on a former, similar occasion, defended it with great vigor, killing and wounding many of D'Aulney's men, but the latter, having gained some advantage, offered favorable terms. She was induced to capitulate, surrendering everything into the hands of her adversary. As soon as possession of the fort had been gained, D'Aulney, utterly disregarding the promises he had made, in accordance with his base nature, put the whole garrison to death, except one man, and compelled Madame La Tour herself, with a rope around her neck, to be present at the execution. Exhausted by the heroic exertions she had made, and stung to madness by her wrongs and indignities, she died three weeks after the surrender of the fort.* Whittier's poem relates the return of La Tour to find his fortress desolated and his wife dead. He touches upon the friendliness of the English colonists to the Huguenot La Tour, as he styles him:

> ". . . the men of Monhegan,
> Of Papists abhorred,
> Had welcomed and feasted
> The heretic Lord.

---

*See Cartland's "Ten Years at Pemaquid."

"They had loaded his shallop
With dun-fish and ball,
With stores for his larder,
And steel for his wall.
Pemaquid, from her bastions
And turrets of stone,
Had welcomed his coming
With banner and gun."

As we have already seen, Pemaquid at this time was not fortified, except possibly by the remains left by Dixie Bull of the first wooden fort. It was not until the third fort was built that stone was used. It is probable, however, that this was not known to Whittier, since at the time he was writing the "Pemaquid Improvement Association" had not begun its excavations. Whittier intensifies the situation by making the knowledge of what had happened come to La Tour through the mouth of a Jesuit priest,—

" 'Speak, son of the Woman
Of scarlet and sin!
What wolf has been prowling
My castle within?'
From the grasp of the soldier
The Jesuit broke,
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
He smiled as he spoke:

" 'No wolf, Lord of Estienne,
Has ravaged thy hall,
But thy red-handed rival
With fire, steel and ball!

On an errand of mercy
  I hitherward came,
While the walls of thy castle
  Yet spouted with flame.

" 'Pentagoet's dark vessels
  Were moored in the bay,
Grim sea-lions, roaring
  Aloud for their prey.
'But what of my lady?'
  Cried Charles of Estienne.
'On the shot-crumbled turret
  Thy lady was seen:

" 'Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,
  Her hand grasped thy pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
  In the hot breath of cannon!
But woe to the heretic,
  Evermore woe!
When the son of the church
  And the cross is his foe!

" 'In the track of the shell,
  In the path of the ball,
Pentagoet swept over
  The breach of the wall!
Steel to steel, gun to gun,
  One moment,—and then
Alone stood the victor,
  Alone with his men!

" 'Of its sturdy defenders,
  Thy lady alone
Saw the cross-blazoned banner
  Float over St. John.'

'Let the dastard look to it!'
Cried fiery Estienne,
'Were D'Aulney King Louis,
I'd free her again!'

"'Alas for the Lady!
No service from thee
Is needed by her
Whom the Lord hath set free;
Nine days, in stern silence,
Her thraldom she bore,
But the tenth morning came,
And Death opened her door!'

"As if suddenly smitten
La Tour staggered back;
His hand grasped his sword-hilt,
His forehead grew black.
He sprang on the deck
Of his shallop again.
'We cruise now for vengeance!
Give way!' cried Estienne.

. . . .

"Oh, the lov'liest of heavens
Hung tenderly o'er him,
There were waves in the sunshine,
And green isles before him;
But a pale hand was beckoning
The Huguenot on;
And in blackness and ashes
Behind was St. John."

The sympathy which Whittier makes us feel for La Tour is altogether misplaced. He turned out to

be an even greater villain than D'Aulney. After various adventures, he took a step which was the beginning of his career as a pirate. He entered into a conspiracy with part of his crew, who were Frenchmen, to put on shore the rest, who were English, and take possession of the vessel and cargo as their own. The Englishmen were put on shore in the depth of winter in a destitute condition, and if it had not been for the friendly aid of some Mickmack Indians, would probably never have reached their homes. But this is not all. D'Aulney, having died, La Tour returned to Acadia and married D'Aulney's widow. They lived many years together and had several children. It is said that a singular prosperity marked the latter years of his life, but that in all his prosperity he never remembered the Puritan friends who had helped him. This extraordinary romance is a subject fitted to the hand of a Victor Hugo, rather than to that of our gentle Quaker poet. A drama to rival "Hernani" in melodramatic situations might be made from such material.

Whittier has touched upon many of the romantic aspects of early New England life, and has written about them simply and most sympathetically in a form which makes of them genuine classics of New England lore, but in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Longfellow has produced the chief poetic romance of Colonial New England.

He has twisted history and the facts in relation to Priscilla and John Alden to suit himself, yet from this poem is gained a vivid picture of the Plymouth Colony and its ways. Especially does the doughty Miles stand before us—a mixture of piety and mili-

PEMAQUID POINT

tary enthusiasm, hardly to be matched in the annals of Christendom.

It is the same hardy and uncompromisingly genuine soul which speaks in Lowell's poem, and who thinks " 'Tis shame to see such painted sticks in Vane's and Winthrop's places."

Longfellow and Whittier both lend the distinction of their muse to the quaint seaside town of Marblehead. The former gives but a glimpse of the place in his "Fire of Drift Wood," and not an altogether accurate one, as it was in his own day, while Whittier puts a bit of life into verse characteristic of the early days of the town in "Skipper Ireson's Ride." "Impulse as contrasted with Yankee calculation is typical," says Samuel Roads, Jr., in his History, "of Marblehead. The women impulsively stoned certain Indian women to death on a fine Sunday morning, on their way to church." He attributes this to the fact that the colonists of Marblehead from the Channel Islands had French blood in their veins. "For two hundred and fifty years after the first fishermen crept into the cleft in the rocks, Marblehead was racy, unique, thoroughly romantic." Whittier portrays this impulsiveness, perhaps unconscious of its truthfulness, for the poem is, on the whole, more imaginative than accurate; it was the men, not the women of Marblehead, who gave Ireson his ride, and far from repenting of his action in regard to the sinking ship, the skipper declared that they would one day regret their treatment of him. According to the historian, it was the crew of Captain Ireson, not himself, who were responsible for the abandonment of the sinking vessel, they having absolutely refused to go to its help on

account of the gale which was blowing. In order to screen themselves they charged the captain with the crime, when the impulsive people of Marblehead, without further question, decided to make him suffer for it. "On a bright moonlight night the unfortunate skipper was suddenly seized by several powerful men, and securely bound. He was then placed in a dory and besmeared from head to foot with tar and feathers and dragged through the town, escorted by men and boys. When opposite the locality now known as Workhouse Rocks, the bottom of the dory came out, and the prisoner finished the remainder of his ride to Salem in a cart. The authorities of that city forbade the entrance of the strange procession, and the crowd returned to Marblehead. Throughout the entire proceeding Mr. Ireson maintained a dignified silence, and when, on arriving at his own house, he was released from custody, his only remark was: 'I thank you for my ride, gentlemen, but you will live to regret it.'" Whittier was certainly not a conscious sinner against fact in this instance, for, as he declares, "I knew nothing of the particulars, and the narrative of the ballad was pure fancy." He expressed satisfaction that Mr. Roads had brought out the truth in his book, for his verse had been founded solely on a fragment of rhyme which he had heard from one of his early schoolmates, who was a native of Marblehead.

Other romances of the early days are "Mary Garvin," an imaginary tale, the scene of which is laid near the headwaters of the Saco River at Conway, New Hampshire; and "The Ranger," a song of the old French War, in which there is a lovely description of Casco Bay:

THE SACO RIVER

"Where hillside oaks and beeches
Overlook the long, blue reaches,
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
And green isles of Casco Bay.

. . . .

"On the grain-lands of the mainlands
Stands the serried corn like train-bands,
Plume and pennon rustling gay;
Out at sea the islands wooded,
Silver birches, golden-hooded,
Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,
Stretch far, far away,
Dim and dreamy, over-brooded
By the hazy autumn day."

Between them, these two poets have brought into the realm of poetic art much of the legend and history pertaining to the early days of New England. They have often handled the material with the artist's prerogative of changing or interpreting facts to suit the needs of art, but in so doing they have thrown a romantic glamor over the whole of New England. What a country needs to make it immortal is not merely the dry facts transcribed from letters and journals, military orders and town records, nor the phonographic reports of its myths. It needs these things, shaped and moulded by a selective process, and illuminated by the imagination, or even wholly fanciful romance, before its mountains and rivers, its lakes and its seaboard can delight us with the sense of its belonging to a magic land, peopled by beings of finer

powers or subtler evil propensities than mere historical personages ever possess.

With Longfellow and Whittier as guides, we may make an extended tour in New England to spots thus transformed by their poetic alchemy, enjoying at once nature's beauty through our own sympathetic, if unpoetic eyes, and her beauty as pictured by the poets in their scene settings. When taking our summer jaunts to the sea, we are reminded by Longfellow of the Norse vikings at Newport; phantom ships sail in the air before us, now on the wings of Longfellow's imagination from New Haven, now on Whittier's, from Orr's Island. We stay at home or take a little journey to the neighboring city of Salem, and both poets show us the grim figures of Endicott and Mather at every turn, fulfilling their strange destiny as the destroyers of witches and Quakers. We sail to Gloucester, and spectral Indian warriors start up at Whittier's bidding, as we enter its lovely harbor. Sailing up the coast from here, we meet, also at Whittier's bidding, the gallant Macy on his way with his wife to Nantucket in a small wherry, rowing manfully in the heavy sea. And now it is Whittier's wand alone that peoples the scene with marvels: double-headed snakes are hiding both their heads in Newbury; at Hompton, Goody Cole sits in her hut and utters her words of bad omen as a merry crowd goes off on a sail from Rivermouth. But do we dare to enter the Merrimac and wend our way up its rapid waters? For here spring up the figures of Squando, and the wizard Panisee, Passaconaway. No civilization of to-day, with its mills and bridges, can blot out the delicious terror of his magic. We forgot to think of the hard-

hearted Winnepurkit at Salem, when we were near his haunts, but how can we help it now, for his poor little bride, Weetamoo, may come drifting down the stream at any moment? Our sympathies are so wrought up over the thought of Weetamoo, that we failed to observe the Indians attacking ancient Haverhill by moonlight, and now we are near the headwaters of the Merrimac in the White Hills, at the home of Passaconaway. Other stories of a later time come to our mind here, but at present we are so immersed in the past that the poet's wand beacons us onward to view more of its tragic scenes in the kaleidoscope of his imagination. Pemaquid now appears, half-way up the Maine coast, as in a dream, for in no other way could the journey from Pennacook, the home of Passaconaway, be made so rapidly. Pirates and Frenchmen, Jesuits, Indians and Puritans are all commingled here in inextricable confusion, fighting, plundering, deceiving each other, and far off, at St. John, stands a brave and noble woman upon the battlements, defending her husband's fortress, a good deed shining in a naughty world.

The poets have hurried us along so rapidly upon their soaring wings that many a romantic spot has been missed, but a bird's-eye view is valuable for its suggestiveness of the wealth of detail to be discovered upon a nearer view. It proves, at least, that the soil of New England is redolent of romance, and that the poet's wand alone is needed to make it spring forth in varied, picturesque and lifelike forms.

HISTORY:

FROM THE BIRTH OF THE NATION TO ITS MAJORITY

"O tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.

. . . .

"United States! the ages plead,—
Present and Past in under-song,—
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

. . . .

"The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

"For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in His plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of Man."

—EMERSON.

III

History: From the Birth of the Nation to Its Majority

IN the history of America there have so far been but three events of epoch-making importance,—the colonization of the country, its birth as an independent nation, and the attainment of its majority, when slavery, the weakness of its youth, was abolished. The first epoch,—the gestation of the nation,—as pointed out in the last chapter, has been handled by our poets in a romantic rather than in a historical spirit.

When we come to examine the history of the second epoch, as a source of inspiration to this elder group of poets, we are surprised to find how few of its stirring episodes have been used by them. Perhaps the lines most often quoted in connection with the Concord fight are Emerson's, from the first stanza of the "Concord Hymn":

> "Here once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

The remainder of the hymn is not remarkable, and these lines have the disadvantage of not being altogether fair to the patriots of Lexington, who, even if it be true that they made no return fire, stood their

ground—a mere handful of men—in the face of trained soldiers, and allowed themselves to be shot down. Whittier has righted this unintentional wrong on Emerson's part in his poem of "Lexington." His Quaker sympathies went out to the men who did not shoot. As he explained when refusing to contribute a poem for the Bunker Hill Centennial: "I stretched my Quakerism to the full strength of its drab in writing about the Lexington folks who were shot and did not shoot back. I cannot say anything about those who *did* shoot to some purpose on Bunker Hill." The Quaker drab is somewhat too evident in the poem, a conscientious and accurate enough account, but hardly calculated to arouse the enthusiasm which one feels should be the due of those "simple men."

Their dogged resistance meant the muzzling of tyranny, and the clearing of the way for a mighty step in world progress. Whittier indicates all this, it is true, but it is done with too peaceful and prosaic a touch.

> "All that was theirs to give, they gave.
> The flowers that blossomed from their grave
> Have sown themselves beneath all skies.
>
> "Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
> And shattered slavery's chain as well;
> On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
> Its echo struck the world's great hour."

Besides the "Concord Hymn," two other poems of Emerson's shed their lustre upon this period of American history. In the "Ode," sung in the Town Hall

THE MINUTE MAN

at Concord, July 4, 1857, the connection is scarcely more than the suggestiveness of the date for which it was written. It gives but a hint of the historic event which made July Fourth a date of paramount significance in our history, but it does give in Emerson's own "winged" way an ideal of what freedom should mean translated into daily action, and, at the same time, shows it to be a divine force in the universe,* working with the steadiness of fate toward fulfilment.

"Boston," though more definitely historical in setting, is similarly philosophical in intent. What is the meaning of Boston and the Boston Tea Party, for freedom?—

> "Kings shook with fear, old empires crave
> The secret force to find
> Which fired the little state to save
> The rights of all mankind."

We might all do well to direct our energies toward making the ideal Boston, founded upon a divine belief in Freedom, as beautiful as Emerson pictures it:

> "Let the blood of her hundred thousands
> Throb in each manly vein;
> And the wits of all her wisest,
> Make sunshine in her brain.
> For you can teach the lightning speech,
> And round the globe your voices reach.
>
> "And each shall care for other,
> And each to each shall bend,

*Quoted at the head of this chapter.

To the poor a noble brother,
  To the good an equal friend.
A blessing through the ages thus
  Shield all thy roofs and towers!
GOD WITH THE FATHERS, SO WITH US,
  Thou darling town of ours!"

The few snatches of genuine description in the poem have the charm Emerson always manages to throw into his descriptive verse; a charm which reminds one of the peculiar luminousness of atmosphere characteristic of Boston's climate at its best, belonging indeed to the whole Massachusetts seaboard, but not found in Maine. One thinks, at times, of Emerson as having quaffed this luminous air, when, like an elixir of life, it irradiates his being and his poetry. Isolated from the rest of the poem, these snatches of description give us a very lovely glimpse of the youthful Boston, in its unsophisticated, tax-defying days:

"The rocky nook with hilltops three
  Looked eastward from the farms,
And twice each day the flowing sea
  Took Boston in its arms.

. . . .

"The wild rose and the barberry thorn
  Hung out their summer pride,
Where now on heated pavements worn
  The feet of millions stride.

"Fair rose the planted hills behind
  The good town on the bay,
And where the western hills declined
  The prairie stretched away.

. . . .

"They laughed to know the world so wide;
The mountains said, 'Good-day!
We greet you well, you Saxon men,
Up with your towns and stay!'

. . . .

"'For you,' they said, 'no barrier be,
For you no sluggard rest;
Each street leads downward to the sea,
Or landward to the west.'

"O happy town beside the sea,
Whose roads lead everywhere to all;
Than thine no deeper moat can be,
No stouter fence, no steeper wall!"

Bryant's poem, "Seventy-Six," is scarcely more definite than Emerson's "Ode." It gives no vital picture of the incidents of Seventy-six. It talks of heroes in general, and refers to the "blood" that flowed at Concord and Lexington, but not a word is said of the men who fought there. Indefinite as this poem is in the treatment of the period and, moreover, wholly commonplace in thought, it yet has a rhythmical swing and a choiceness in diction that give it a genuine hold upon the attention. Less human and detailed than Whittier's "Lexington," it is actually more stirring:

"What heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh-awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand.

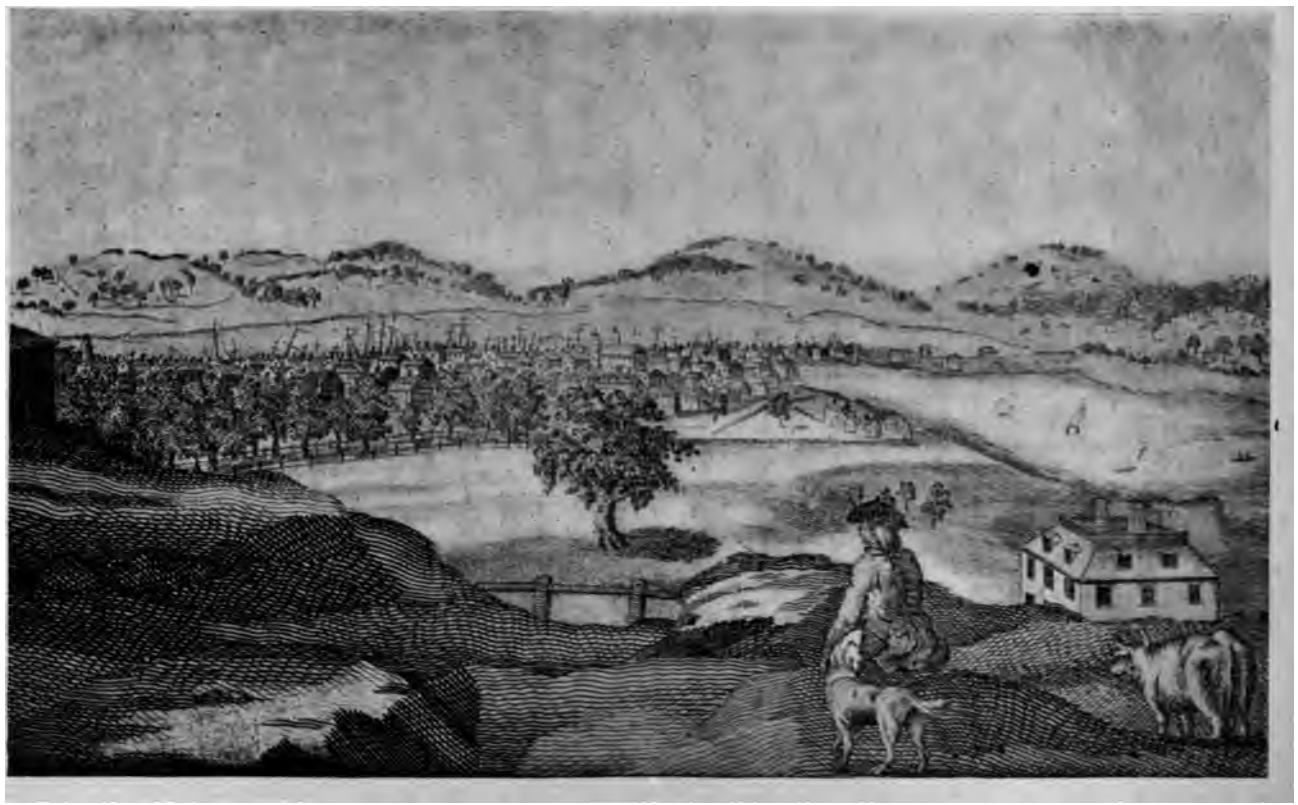
"Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

"Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From the mountain river, swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold,—

"As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death."

Longfellow, in "Paul Revere's Ride," and Holmes, in "A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party," and "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill," have alone taken us back into the realities of the time, and they have done this because they have neither generalized, like Bryant, philosophized, like Emerson, nor meditated with accuracy, like Whittier; they have simply romanticized. They have not been over-careful about small details of history, but they have portrayed life with action and incident, and reproduced an atmosphere which brings one into direct touch with the scenes that never fail to awaken in the true American moods of genuine patriotic fervor.

Holmes assures his readers that the story of Bunker Hill is told as literally in accordance with the authorities as if it had been written in prose. That is



OLD BOSTON

true as far as the account of the battle is concerned, but he has invented a grandmother, who was a girl at the time, to watch the battle and portray what the feelings of a girl would be under such trying and exciting circumstances. When asked what church it was from which the little party with the corporal watched the battle, he answers in a quizzical way,—evidently hitting at the controversies in regard to the church where Paul Revere's lanterns were hung out, started by Longfellow's poem,—that it is a point upon which he is not prepared to speak authoritatively, but the reader may take his choice, among all the steeples standing at that time in the northern part of the city. He expresses his own preference for Christ Church in Salem Street, though he does not insist upon its claim. As Christ Church has been finally decided upon by Boston archæologists to be the one from which Paul Revere's lanterns were displayed, most people will sympathize with the poet's own preference. It is pleasant thus to have enhanced the atmosphere of historic romance already attaching to the church. The poet further confesses to being unable to give any information about the little group of people who followed the corporal up into the church steeple, but suggests that if they will look up the whereabouts of the Copley portrait, mentioned in the poem, it might throw some light on their personality.

From all this we gather that the story is wholly fanciful except in the details of the battle, but so true is it to the feeling of the time that it has a genuinely moving power, rather unusual in the verse of Holmes. History nowhere brings before us so vividly the pan-

orama of the battle of Bunker Hill as this poem does, through the mouth of a simple, frightened girl:

"We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines advancing,—
Now the front rank fires a volley,—they have thrown away their shot;
For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above them flying,
Our people need not hurry; so they wait and answer not.

"Then the corporal, our old cripple (he would swear sometimes and tipple),—
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French war) before,—
Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were hearing,—
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry floor:—

" 'Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's shillin's,
But ye'll waste a ton of powder afore a "rebel" falls;
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're as safe as Dan'l Malcolm
Ten foot beneath the gravestones that you've splintered with your balls!' "

Breathless, the little group continues to watch. They see the English forces repulsed, and think the fight is over, but the wise old corporal knows better. He tells them to wait awhile. Then they see the roofs of Charlestown blazing, and the English forces marching up again, but,—

"Again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards to the water,
Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves of Howe;
And we shout, 'At last they're done for,
It's their barges they have run for:
They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle's over now!'"

Now again they see the English rally, "With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them glaring, the deadly wall before, in close array they come," and, fainting, the girl sees the end of the fight,—

"How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea breaks over a deck;
How driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swimmers from a wreck."

The girl and the corporal are both characterized with a swiftness and precision which enhance the dramatic intensity of the situation. Why, one wonders, did Holmes not turn his attention more frequently to the romantic possibilities of American history? A series of such dramatic pictures would have been far more to his credit than the interminable after-dinner poems for which he became famous. His gift of happy humor was something of a blight upon his finer qualities as a poet, though he himself writes in one of the most amusing of his poems, that since observing once the effect of his humor upon his servant, who, from excess of laughter, tumbled in a fit

and had to be watched for ten days and nights,—"I never dare to write as funny as I can."

Holmes was, however, more attracted to this period of history than the other poets. He has, in all, six poems bearing upon it: the lively "Ballad of the Boston Tea Party," the "Ode for Washington's Birthday," "Under Washington's Elm," "Cambridge," "Lexington" and a picture of Boston Common at the time. "The Last Leaf" might be included, for it is a portrait from memory of Major Thomas Melville, one of the men who, disguised as Indians, had helped to throw the tea overboard upon the memorable occasion of the "Boston Tea Party." Dr. Holmes wrote of this poem in 1894, "I have lasted long enough to serve as an illustration of my own poem. I am one of the very last of the leaves which still cling to the bough of life that budded in the spring of the nineteenth century. The days of my years are three score and twenty, and I am almost half-way up the steep incline which leads me toward the base of the new century, so near to which I have already climbed." Those of us who had the honor to see and speak with Dr. Holmes in these latter days, would never have thought to describe him in the terms he uses for the old Major. Never a handsome man, he looked much the same as he does in his earlier portraits, when the features alone were considered, and, far from being "sad and wan," he seemed fairly to bask in the sunshine of the smiles showered upon him by adoring ladies surrounding him at those afternoon functions, whose object is, as he himself jocularly said, "To giggle, gabble, gobble, git."

In seeing Dr. Holmes, who remembered Melville,

one seemed to join hands with a remote past. This poem is so much of a favorite that it hardly needs recalling to the reader, yet he may find it pleasant to come upon it in this connection, that is, as a link with the picturesque and historical Tea Party of Boston harbor:

"I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

"But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone.'

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

"My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

"But now his nose is thin
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf on the tree
In the spring;
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling."

The ballad of the Tea Party is a less convincing piece of art than the Bunker Hill poem, and still less can be said for his poem on "Lexington," a curious contrast to Whittier's, on the same theme. The lilt of the rhythm gives it a blithe and debonair atmosphere wholly out of keeping with the dignity of the

THE TEA-PARTY HOUSE ON HOLLIS STREET, BOSTON

subject, and suggesting a Watteau-like scene painted upon a Sèvres china vase rather than real life:

"Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting, he droops on the rein."

It would be difficult to imagine any lines less expressive of the terror, the pathos and the bravery which that day brought forth.

A picture of Boston Common in 1774 gives an interesting glimpse of this famous green, when the siege of Boston was in progress:

"The streets are thronged with trampling feet,
The northern hill is ridged with graves,
But night and morn the drum is beat
To frighten down the 'rebel knaves.'
The stones of King Street still are red,
And yet the bloody red-coats come;
I hear their pacing sentry's tread,
The click of steel, the tap of drum.
And over all the open green,
Where grazed of late the harmless kine,
The cannon's deepening ruts are seen,
The war-horse stamps, the bayonets shine.
The clouds are dark with crimson rain
Above the murderous hirelings' den,
And soon their whistling showers shall stain
The pipe-clayed belts of Gage's men."

Lowell has a thoughtful and poetic word to say upon the graves of the English soldiers, which, en-

closed by posts and chains, still attract the attention of the visitor to the Concord Bridge. Probably every one who looks upon the spot has a feeling of sympathy similar to that which must have inspired Lowell when he wrote:

> "These men were brave enough, and true
> To the hired soldier's bull-dog creed;
> What brought them here they never knew,
> They fought as suits the English breed:
> They came three thousand miles, and died,
> To keep the Past upon its throne;
> Unheard beyond the ocean tide,
> Their English mother made her moan."

The poem might well have ended here. But Lowell's mind could not satisfy itself without making excursions into related regions of thought. A tribute to the English soldiers leads him to the contemplation of the American heroes and their graves, and of what their bravery, in contrast with the English bravery, had meant:

> "Their graves had voices; if they threw
> Dice charged with fates beyond their ken,
> Yet to their instincts they were true,
> And had the genius to be men."

Lowell's great contributions to the poetry inspired by this second epoch of America's history are the three Memorial Odes. They stand in a niche quite apart from any of the poems so far mentioned. They are meditative, philosophical, prophetic, in fine, criticisms of life expressed in poetic symbols. Emerson's "Ode,"

of course, approaches the same plane; the difference being that Emerson's philosophy is of the spirit rather than of the mind; it breaks out in spontaneous flames as if he were in touch with some divine source of inspiration; Lowell's is, on the other hand, the efflorescence of a well-trained and thoughtful mind, and seems to well up from endless founts of meditation.

The first of these odes was written for the one hundredth anniversary of the Concord Fight, April nineteenth, 1875, almost twenty years later than Emerson's ode for July Fourth, and fifty years later than the "Concord Hymn." This ode seems to us one of the loveliest things ever written by Lowell. It was, we are told, almost an improvisation, written in two days, before the celebration. This may account for the fact that it has a directness, a unity, an emotional rush, in which Lowell's usual meditativeness of mood becomes vision. The subject of the poem is not Freedom, the philosophical abstraction, but Freedom, a living, joyous goddess, most exquisitely described in the first stanzas of the ode:

"Who cometh over the hills,
  Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
  Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air;
  Sunshine steals light from her face;
The leaden footstep of Care
  Leaps to the tune of her pace;—
Fairness of all that is fair,
  Grace at the heart of all grace,
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
  Bringer of life out of naught,

Freedom, oh, fairest of all
  The daughters of Time and Thought!

. . . .

"Tell me, young men, have ye seen
Creature or diviner mien
For true hearts to long and cry for,
Manly hearts to live and die for?
What hath she that others want?
Brows that all endearments haunt,
Eyes that make it sweet to dare,
Smiles that cheer untimely death,
Looks that fortify despair,
Tones more brave than trumpet's breath;
Tell me, maidens, have ye known
Household charm more sweetly rare,
Grace of woman ampler blown,
Modesty more debonair,
Younger heart with wit full grown?

. . . .

"Our sweetness, our strength, and our star,
Our hope, our joy, and our trust,
Who lifted us out of the dust,
And made us whatever we are!"

Not less striking are the lines which show Freedom's relation to Concord, in particular:

"Why cometh She hither to-day
  To this low village of the plain,
Far from the Present's loud highway,
  From Trade's cool heart and seething brain?

Why cometh She? She was not far away.
  Since the Soul touched it, not in vain,
'Tis here her fondest memories stay.
She loves yon pine-bemurmured ridge,
  Where now our broad-browed poet sleeps,
Dear to both Englands; near him he
Who wore the ring of Canace;
  But most her heart to rapture leaps
Where stood that era-parting bridge,
O'er which with footfall still as dew
The Old Time passed into the New;
  Where, as yon stealthy river creeps,
He whispers to his listening weeds
Tales of sublimest homespun deeds."

To those who know the locality the allusions are fraught with meaning. They see the hallowed spots upon the hillside in the beautiful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow, which mark the graves of Hawthorne, called here by Lowell, "the broad-browed poet," and Thoreau, "who wore the ring of Canace"; the bridge not far from the "Old Manse," which crosses the stream where the great fight for freedom began, and where now stands the statue of the Minute Man; and the "sluggish stream," the Concord River, become so famous in verse and prose, as well as in history. An echo of Emerson occurs in the lines,—

"They dreamed not what a die was cast
  With that first answering shot."

The goddess now falls into the background while the poet's thoughts are turned to the contemplation of the sacrifices made in the consummation of these

"sublimest homespun deeds." Then doubts enter his mind. Freedom has been won, but shall we be able to keep among us this divine goddess, for he hears her voice as a mighty wind declaring the law of her being:

> "I, Freedom, dwell with Knowledge: I abide
> With men whom dust of faction cannot blind
> To the slow tracings of the Eternal Mind;
> With men by culture trained and fortified,
> Who bitter duty to sweet lusts prefer,
> Fearless to counsel and obey."

The passing doubts are brushed aside and the poem ends with a rapturous outburst of faith. Freedom shall abide with us forever:

> "Radiant, calm-fronted, as when
> She hallowed that April day."

The poet himself preferred the second of these odes, "Under the Old Elm," principally, perhaps, because he had written it under better conditions, "after his college duties were over," as he explains. It is a penetrating analysis and appreciation of Washington's character, but does not possess the sheer poetic beauty of the first ode. Emerson's experience with this poem is of interest. When he first began to read it, he said: "Why, he hasn't got his genius on"; but as he read onward he presently found tears in his eyes. In other eyes than Emerson's the poem brought forth tears. It ends with an invocation to Virginia, and when read at Johns Hopkins University by the poet, drew tears, Lowell writes, from the eyes of bitter

THE WASHINGTON ELM: CAMBRIDGE

secessionists, "comparable with those iron ones that rattled down Pluto's cheek." The "tears" in both these cases must have grown out of the sentiment expressed in the poem, for from the purely poetic point of view, Emerson's first impression that Lowell had not his genius on, seems to-day a just estimate of the poem as a whole, albeit there are inspired moments in it:

"Never to see a nation born
  Hath been given to mortal man,
Unless to those who, on that summer morn,
  Gazed, silent, when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
  Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
  Around a single will's unpliant stem,
And making purpose of emotion rash.
Out of the scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
  Nebulous at first, but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,
  The common faith that made us what we are."

The invocation to Virginia is splendid in sentiment, but hardly rises above rhymed prose. It links the Revolution with the War of the Rebellion, showing how inevitable was the second struggle in the line of progress toward the ideal of political freedom for which this nation stands, and toward the highest possible realizations of which it is driven, as Emerson declares, by the divine principle of freedom inherent in the universe. In 1875 the human injustices of the war were still too evident for any clear recognition of the abiding divine justice underlying it, and no wonder Southerners were moved by this invocation, which may well

have done much to heal the breach between the North and the South:

"Virginia gave us this imperial man
  Cast in the massive mould
  Of those high-statured ages old,
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
She gave us this unblemished gentleman:
  What shall we give her back but love and praise,
  As in the dear old unestrangëd days
Before the inevitable wrong began?
Mother of states and undiminished men,
  Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
  And we owe alway what we owed thee then:
The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us agen
Shines as before with no abatement dim.
  A great man's memory is the only thing
With influence to outlast the present whim
  And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring.
All of him that was subject to the hours
Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours:
Across more recent graves,
Where unresentful Nature waves
Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,
Proclaiming the sweet Truce of God,
We from this consecrated plain stretch out
Our hands as free from after-thought or doubt,
As here the united North
Poured her embrownëd manhood forth
In welcome of our saviour and thy son.
Through battle we have better learned thy worth,
  The long-breathed valor and undaunted will,
Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
  Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
Both thine and ours the victory hardly won;

If ever with distempered voice or pen
We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back,
And for the dead of both, don common black."

The third ode is for the Fourth of July, 1876, and has the spontaneous emotional quality of the first. Contemplative and wise as Lowell ever is, these qualities are here transmuted for the most part into impassioned art. He sees the vision of the country not as Freedom, but as Toil. She is threatened by a ravenous wolf:

"And, looking now, a wolf I seemed to see
  Limned in that vapor, gaunt and hungry bold,
Threatening her charge: resolve in every limb,
  Erect she flamed in mail of sun-wove gold,
Penthesilea's self for battle dight;
  One arm uplifted, braced a flickering spear,
And one her adamantine shield made light;
  Her face, helm-shadowed, grew a thing to fear,
And her fierce eyes, by danger challenged, took
Her trident-sceptred mother's dauntless look.
'I know thee now, O goddess-born!' I cried,
And turned with loftier brow and firmer stride;
  For in that spectral cloud-work I had seen
Her image, bodied forth, by love and pride,
The fearless, the benign, the mother-eyed,
  The fairer world's toil-consecrated queen."

She, this Goddess of Toil, is the symbol of democracy, born in a great seven-years' struggle:

"Stormy the day of her birth:
  Was she not born of the strong,
She, the last ripeness of earth,

Beautiful, prophesied long?
Stormy the days of her prime:
Hers are the pulses that beat
Higher for perils sublime,
Making them fawn at her feet.
Was she not born of the strong?
Was she not born of the wise?
Daring and counsel belong
Of right to her confident eyes:
Human and motherly they,
Careless of station or race:
Hearken! her children to-day
Shout for the joy of her face."

For this new goddess there shall be, as Whitman expresses the same thought, in his "Song of the Universal," grandeurs all her own, not of the past, but specific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all:

"No praises of the past are hers,
No fames by hallowing time caressed,
No broken arch that ministers
To Time's sad instinct in the breast.

. . . .

"She builds not on the ground, but in the mind,
Her open-hearted palaces."

Lowell is too profound an observer of humanity and of human institutions not to perceive the dangers lurking in the worship of the Queen of Toil. Her rule may lead to a wholly materialized civilization, in which art shall cease to exist. It may be found that

we have arrived too late in the world's life, and shall be "foreclosed of beauty":

"Oh, better far the briefest hour
Of Athens self-consumed, whose plastic power
Hid Beauty safe from Death in words or stone;
Of Rome, fair quarry where those eagles crowd
Whose fulgurous vans about the world blown
Triumphant storm and seeds of polity;
Of Venice, fading o'er her shipless sea,
Last iridescence of a sunset cloud;
Than this inert prosperity,
This bovine comfort in the sense alone!"

The poet touches upon even worse evils in the political conditions of the country:

"Is this debating club where boys dispute,
And wrangle o'er their stolen fruit,
The Senate, erewhile cloister of the few,
Where Clay once flashed and Webster's cloudy brow
Brooded those bolts of thought that all the horizon knew?"

Over all doubts in the success of democracy, his optimism finally triumphs. Nothing can alter his love of country nor his faith that it is watched over still by the "God of our Fathers":

"For, O my country, touched by thee,
The gray hairs gather back their gold,—
Thy thought sets all my pulses free,
The heart refuses to be old;
The love is all that I can see.

Not to thy natal-day belong
Time's prudent doubt or age's wrong,
But gifts of gratitude and song:
Unsummoned crowd the thankful words,
As sap in spring-time floods the tree,
Foreboding the return of birds,
For all that thou hast been to me."

In these three odes the poetry inspired by the Revolution has unquestionably reached its most profound imaginative expression. Whittier has told us a story; Longfellow, and Holmes at his best, have given us vivid pictures of events; Bryant has refreshed our memory with an impressionistic sketch; Emerson has carried us far up into the realms of unknown cosmic forces; but Lowell has unfolded for us in a series of poetic visions, interspersed with wisdom's soberer probing, the intricacies of the philosophy of history.

These poems ring true to Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry, in its most literal sense; they are "A Criticism of Life." What the ideal of freedom includes, what dangers its objective aspect in practical democracy has to fear, what the worth of a great personality means in the moulding of events—these are the all-embracing historical questions brought before us by Lowell. His fears and doubts he dismisses in the same spirit as Robert Browning. He, too, was one who—

"Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

Concord Bridge and Soldiers' Monument

The anti-slavery agitation culminating in the war for the Union was the dominating political issue in the history of our country for thirty years and more. From the time when William Lloyd Garrison, in 1831, declared, in the face of all opposition, "I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—*and I will be heard,*" to the time of Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, in 1863, the freeing of the slave was the all-absorbing topic of controversy. None of our group of New England poets could escape participation in the ferment of these years, which fell within the maturity of them all. It is not surprising that their temperamental differences should give rise to many variations of opinion among them in their attitude toward the political problems then confronting the Nation, but upon the fundamental principle at stake in the contest —the iniquity of slavery—they were all at one, a fact of which New England may be duly proud.

The poet most thoroughly identified with the movement for the abolition of slavery was Whittier, and in consequence of this, we may gather from his anti-slavery poems more pictures of the actual events of the time than from any of the other poets. He was among the choice few of recognized intellectual standing to gather about the intrepid Garrison when he founded his anti-slavery sheet, *The Liberator*, and he, as well as Garrison, had the honor to be mobbed for his opinions.

Whittier's active entrance into the anti-slavery ranks was announced by the publication of his pamphlet, "Justice and Expediency." This pamphlet caused so great a stir in the South that one man, Dr.

Reuben Crandall, was thrown into prison for lending it to a friend to read. His health was impaired by the imprisonment and he died. Whittier refers to him in his poem, "Astræa at the Capitol":

> "Beside me gloomed the prison-cell
> Where wasted one in slow decline
> For uttering simple words of mine,
> And loving freedom all too well."

Whittier brought up strong arguments against the Colonization Society, whose scheme of philanthropy involved the sending of all free blacks to Africa. This society was particularly approved of by the churches, which regarded it as an excellent means of carrying the Gospel into the benighted country of Africa through colored missionaries. Seemingly a humane method of providing for the free negroes, it was found actually to militate against the cause of anti-slavery. When Garrison first denounced the Colonization Society as the "handmaid of slavery," it awakened a tumult of indignation in the churches. Whittier's pamphlet, which supported, with much knowledge and sound argument, Garrison's point of view, added fuel to the flame. Feeling was still further irritated by the arrival in Boston, upon the invitation of Garrison, of an Englishman, George Thompson, who had helped to secure the abolition of slavery in all the English colonies. He was young and enthusiastic, and, according to Garrison, was a speaker of unusual eloquence. At first he was well received, for the general attitude of New England had been in favor of the abolishment of slavery some day when it should be

quite convenient. But the feeling had been growing that the anti-slavery cause was at issue with the churches, on the one hand, and that it jeopardized business relations with the South, on the other hand. If established religion and established business are both in danger, what is there left to the respectable members of a community but mob-violence! Those who hold for the true principles of religion in the exercise of simple human justice have little chance of carrying immediate conviction; thus it was that the conservative spirit of New England, which, three hundred years before, had persecuted in the name of religion, again broke forth, and persecuted now in the name of religion and business. Distressing as the earlier persecutions were, we are in the habit of regarding them as belonging to a remote past, and partly excusable on the ground of lack of development, but it is difficult to comprehend that within the memory of people living to-day such a hand-bill as the following could be posted throughout the city of Boston:

"THOMPSON,

"The Abolitionist.

"That infamous foreign scoundrel, Thompson, will hold forth this afternoon, at the *Liberator* office, No. 48 Washington Street. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to snake Thompson out! It will be a contest between the Abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of $100 has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar kettle before dark. Friends of the Union, be vigilant!

"Boston, Wednesday, 12 o'clock."

Still more amazing is it to be told that the daily papers boasted of the social distinction of the mob which collected to carry this plan out. It was described as a "broadcloth mob," led by "gentlemen of property and standing," and among it were rich merchants and lawyers, and people who moved in the best society. His friends having thought it wise to keep Thompson from the meeting, the "broadcloth mob" seized upon Garrison instead. With a rope around his body, bareheaded, with torn clothes, he was hustled through Wilson's Lane to State Street. It was planned to take him to the Common and the Frog Pond, for a coat of tar and feathers, when he was rescued by the police, under Mayor Lyman, and sheltered in the second story of the Old State House, then the City Hall. From there he was driven to Leverett Street Jail for safety.* Whittier, among others, called upon him at once. The next day he was brought before a justice, and, no charge being brought against him, he was dismissed.

Whittier himself witnessed this mob. He was at the time sitting in his seat in the State House, when, hearing of the disturbance, and knowing that his sister was at the meeting, he hurried thither to protect her. His account of the affair as an eyewitness brings it vividly before us: "I found the street thronged and noisy with turbulent respectability and unwashed rascality. I was anxious for my young sister, who, I knew, was in the women's anti-slavery meeting; but I heard that the ladies had all left and were safe. The

*See "Boston Anti-Slavery Days," by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Jr. (Printed by the Bostonian Soc'y.)

STATUE OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON
COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON

fury of the mob seemed to be directed against George Thompson, but failing to find him, they seized upon Garrison. I heard their shout of exultation, and caught a glimpse of their victim just as he was rescued and driven off to Leverett Street Jail. Thither Samuel J. May and myself followed, and visited him in prison."

This was the climax of a series of mob experiences through which Thompson had passed, and in one of them Whittier came in for his share of mob violence. Whittier had been harboring Thompson for some time in his home at Haverhill, and from there accompanied him upon a visit to Nathaniel P. Rogers, a prominent abolitionist of Concord, New Hampshire. Various accounts of the events which followed have been given, among which that of their friend, Mrs. Cartland, is the most direct and explicit:

"On their way they stopped for the night in Concord at the house of George Kent, who was a brother-in-law of Rogers. After they had gone on their way, Kent attempted to make preparations for an anti-slavery meeting, to be held when they should return. There was furious excitement, and neither church, chapel, nor hall could be hired for the purpose. On their arrival, Whittier walked out with a friend, in the twilight, leaving Thompson in the house, and soon found himself and friend surrounded by a mob of several hundred persons, who assailed them with stones and bruised them somewhat severely. They took refuge in the house of Colonel Kent, who, though not an abolitionist, protected them and baffled the mob. From thence, Whittier made his way with some difficulty to George Kent's, where Thompson was.

The mob soon surrounded the house and demanded that Thompson and 'the Quaker' should be given up. Through a clever stratagem the mob was decoyed away for a while, but, soon discovering the trick, it returned, reinforced with muskets and a cannon, and threatened to blow up the house if the abolitionists were not surrendered.

"A small company of anti-slavery men and women had met that evening at George Kent's. All agreed that the lives of Thompson and Whittier were in danger, and advised that an effort should be made to escape. The mob filled the street a short distance below the gate leading to Kent's house. A horse was quietly harnessed in the stable, and was led out with the vehicle under the shadow of the house, where Whittier and Thompson stood ready. It was bright moonlight, and they could see the gun-barrels gleaming in the street below them. The gate was suddenly opened, the horse was started at a furious gallop, and the two friends drove off amidst the yells and shots of the infuriated crowd."

Whittier's biographer, Mr. Pickard, adds rotten eggs to the missiles which were hurled at Whittier. His coat, he avers, could never be cleansed from the stains, and was kept as a relic until after the war, when it was sent along with other clothing to the needy freedmen.

Such were the scenes in which Whittier, the peace-loving man, was called to take a part upon his espousal of the anti-slavery cause. In the words of T. W. Higginson, his "Quaker training was tested, but it rang true. He would not arm himself, but he did not flinch where others were arming."

It was Garrison who first awakened in Whittier the desire to serve the cause of anti-slavery, and to Garrison was dedicated his first poem in a cause which was to be his inspiration later for most of his poems during four years. This poem had been printed in November, 1832. The following year Garrison asked Whittier to go as one of the delegates from Massachusetts to the Anti-Slavery Convention in Philadelphia, and at this convention, which formed the American Anti-Slavery Society, this poem of Whittier's, "To William Lloyd Garrison," was read by Lewis Tappan. It is now of peculiar interest because of its expression of a perfect trust, which subsequent developments weakened in Whittier's relations with Garrison. The following stanzas show what Whittier's attitude toward him was at the beginning of his career:

"I love thee with a brother's love,
  I feel my pulses thrill,
To mark thy spirit soar above
  The cloud of human ill.
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
  And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
  And flash of kindred swords!

"They tell me thou art rash and vain,
  A searcher after fame;
That thou art striving but to gain
  A long-enduring name;
That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand
  And steeled the Afric's heart,
To shake aloft his vengeful brand,
  And rend his chain apart.

"Have I not known thee well, and read
Thy mighty purpose long?
And watched the trials which have made
Thy human spirit strong?
And shall the slanderer's demon breath
Avail with one like me,
To dim the sunshine of my faith
And earnest trust in thee?

"Go on, the dagger's point may glare
Amid the pathway's gloom;
The fate which sternly threatens there
Is glorious martyrdom!
Then onward with a martyr's zeal,
And wait thy sure reward
When man to man no more shall kneel,
And God alone be Lord!"

Although Garrison and Whittier were always personally attached to each other, and upon more than one occasion bore witness to each other's service in the highest terms, they found themselves in opposite wings of the anti-slavery party. It is impossible to unravel to-day all the varying shades of opinion, which multiplied as time went on, in regard to the proper methods of dealing with the complex problems of slavery, but there are a few radical differences which stand out clearly as the main causes for division in the ranks. Garrison, a nonresistant, stood for disunion and non-voting, while Whittier, also nonresistant, stood for the Union and the peaceable attainment of righteous ends in the immediate emancipation of the slaves by means of the ballot and education, of which petitioning Congress might be re-

garded as one form. Consequently Whittier voted for the men of his political party as long as there was the least chance of their helping the cause; he helped disseminate the right principles by writing letters to the Nation's officials, by contributing articles to magazines, by attending anti-slavery conventions, and by helping to send petitions to Congress. Upon one occasion, he wrote to the Congressman, Caleb Cushing: "I send thee three or four petitions, and there's 'more a-comin'. We need not tell thee that we want a hearing before Congress, and that we must have it somehow or other. The next year we shall send double the number, and so on, until the united voice of New England thunders upon the ear of Congress."

After all is said of his invaluable assistance to the cause, his poetry is still to be reckoned with as one of his most effective weapons of education. One of the offices of painting, according to Robert Browning, is that it makes us see what we may have passed a hundred times nor cared to see. The same is true of poetry. A newspaper report is soon forgotten, but let a poet light up an event with his imagination and the picture stays, while quietly but steadily it works upon the better nature of those who read it.

The subjects which Whittier treats in his anti-slavery poems cover most of the iniquitous aspects of the struggle which bade fair to rend the Nation in pieces. His indignation breaks out against the attitude taken by the churches in "The Pastoral Letter." A deep impression had been produced by a public lecture given in Massachusetts by Angelina and Sarah Grimke, two women from South Carolina, who told of the evils attending slavery. At a meeting held

in Brookfield, June 27, 1837, the General Association of Congregational Ministers decided to issue a Pastoral Letter, demanding that "the perplexed and agitating subjects which are now common amongst us should not be forced upon any church as matters for debate, at the hazard of alienation and division." These good men were also much exercised over the dangers which seemed "to threaten the female character with widespread and permanent injury." Whittier wields no mean powers of sarcasm at the expense of this exercise of priestly prerogative, which he calls

"A 'Pastoral Letter,' grave and dull;
Alas! in hoofs and horns and features,
How different is your Brookfield bull
From him who bellows from St. Peter's!"

He goes on to compare their puny efforts with those of their forefathers:

"Oh, glorious days, when Church and State
Were wedded by your spiritual fathers!
And on submissive shoulders sat
Your Wilsons and your Cotton Mathers.
No vile 'itinerant' then could mar
The beauty of your tranquil Zion,
But at his peril of the scar
Of hangman's whip and branding iron.

"Then, wholesome laws relieved the Church
Of heretic and mischief-maker,
And priest and bailiff joined in search,
By turns, of Papist, witch, and Quaker!

The stocks were at each church's door,
  The gallows stood on Boston Common,
A Papist's ears the pillory bore,—
  The gallows-rope, a Quaker woman!

"Your fathers dealt not as ye deal
  With 'non-professing' frantic teachers;
They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,
  And flayed the backs of 'female preachers.'
Old Hampton, had her fields a tongue,
  And Salem's streets could tell their story,
Of fainting woman dragged along,
  Gashed by the whip accursed and gory!

"And will ye ask me, why this taunt
  Of memories sacred from the scorner?
And why with reckless hand I plant
  A nettle on the graves ye honor?
Not to reproach New England's dead
  This record from the past I summon,
Of manhood to the scaffold led,
  And suffering and heroic woman.

"No, for yourselves alone, I turn
  The pages of intolerance over,
That, in their spirit, dark and stern,
  Ye haply may your own discover!
For, if ye claim the 'pastoral right'
  To silence Freedom's voice of warning,
And from your precincts shut the light
  Of Freedom's day around ye dawning;

. . . .

"If then ye would, with puny hands,
  Arrest the very work of Heaven,

And bind anew the evil bands
Which God's right arm of power hath riven;

"What marvel that, in many a mind,
Those darker deeds of bigot madness
Are closely with your own combined,
Yet less in anger than in sadness?"

. . . .

"But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale
Of Carolina's high-souled daughters,
Which echoes here the mournful wail
Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,
Close while ye may the public ear,
With malice vex, with slander wound them,
The pure and good shall throng to hear,
And tried and manly hearts surround them."

The ministers were not the only people in New England who demanded the suppression of free speech. At a pro-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall, August 21, 1835, the citizens had made the same demand lest it should endanger the foundation of commercial society. Upon this occasion Whittier wrote his "Stanzas for the Times," wherein the vials of his wrath were poured out with the utmost fierceness of which he was capable in such outbursts as these:

"Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?
Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?
Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel,
The dungeon's gloom, the assassin's blow,
Turn back the spirit roused to save
The Truth, our Country, and the slave?

. . . .

"Shall tongue be mute, when deeds are wrought
Which well might shame extremest hell?
Shall freeman lock the indignant thought?
Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?
Shall Honor bleed?—shall Truth succumb?
Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?

"No; by each spot of haunted ground,
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall;
By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's mound;
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall;
By Warren's ghost, by Langdon's shade;
By all the memories of our dead!

"By their enlarging souls, which burst
The bands and fetters round them set;
By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed
Within our inmost bosoms, yet,
By all above, around, below,
Be ours the indignant answer,—No!"

Whittier has exercised every poetic faculty with which he was endowed in the writing of these anti-slavery poems.

In "The Slave Ships" he had a subject as gruesome as that of "The Ancient Mariner," and into the telling of the story he has thrown a weird horror so terrible that it cannot be read without awakening a deep sense of pain. It seems to twist itself into a symbol of all the monstrous evils connected not only with slavery, but with those that have come in the wake of its abolition, in this country, and grins at us like a skull and cross-bones from the grave of the buried past.

The story is of two slave-ships, one French and one

Spanish. Whittier found his material in the speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820, and also in the *Bibliothèque Ophthalmologique* for November, 1819. It is as follows:

"The French ship Le Rodeur, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out,—an obstinate disease of the eyes,—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wine-glass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this the captain ordered several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot or hanged before their companions. The disease extended to the crew, and one after another were smitten with it, until only one remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsaleable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, thirty-six of the negroes having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned.

"In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual whose sight remained unaffected should also be seized with the malady, a sail was dis-

covered. It was the Spanish slaver Leon. The same disease had been there; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The Rodeur reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who escaped the disease and has thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after it arrived."

The brutality depicted in the first part of the poem gives way toward the end to a scene of pathetic horror:

" 'A storm,' spoke out the gazer,
  'Is gathering and at hand;
Curse on 't, I'd give my other eye
  For one firm rood of land.'
And then he laughed, but only
  His echoed laugh replied,
For the blinded and the suffering
  Alone were at his side.

"Night settled on the waters,
  And on a stormy heaven,
While fiercely on that lone ship's track
  The thunder gust was driven.
'A sail!—thank God, a sail!'
  And as the helmsman spoke,
Up through the stormy murmur
  A shout of gladness broke.

"Down came the stranger vessel,
  Unheeding on her way,
So near that on the slaver's deck
  Fell off her driven spray,
'Ho! for the love of mercy,
  We're perishing and blind!'

A wail of utter agony
Came back upon the wind:

"'Help us! for we are stricken
With blindness, every one;
Ten days we've floated fearfully,
Unnoting star or sun.
Our ship's the slaver Leon,—
We've but a score on board;
Our slaves are all gone over,—
Help, for the love of God!'

"On livid brows of agony
The broad red lightning shone;
But the roar of wind and thunder
Stifled the answering groan;
Wailed from the broken waters
A last despairing cry,
As, kindling in the stormy light,
The stranger ship went by."

In "The Hunters of Men," directed against the Colonization Society for its opposition to emancipation unless expatriation followed, there is an almost rollicking satirical tone:

"Have ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest,—the hunting of men?
The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn;
Hark! the cheer and the hallo! the crack of the whip,
And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip!
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match,
Though hundreds are caught, there are millions to catch,
So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest,—the hunting of men."

No aspects of the struggle which was waged so long before redress was finally reached, caused more bitterness and indignation than the admission of fresh slave territory into the Union and the treatment of fugitive slaves. So fierce was Whittier in his poem written at the earnest entreaty of Lowell, at the time of the annexation of Texas, with, it was boasted, enough territory for six new slave states, that later he thought it well to tone down some of the lines. Among the changes may be noted those in the eighteenth stanza:

> "And when vengeance lights your skies,
> Hither shall ye turn your eyes,
> As the damned on Paradise,"

in which "lights" was changed to "clouds," and "damned" to "lost." Lowell had already published anonymously in the Boston *Courier,* March, 1844, a poem called "Rallying Cry for New England Against the Annexation of Texas," which began:

> "Rise up, New England, buckle on your mail of proof sublime,
> Your stern old hate of tyranny, your deep contempt of crime;
> A plot is hatching now, more full of woe and shame
> Than ever from the iron heart of bloodiest despot came."

Lowell's poem was attributed to Whittier. When, some weeks later, Whittier's appeared in the *Courier,* Lowell prefaced it with an explanatory and appreciative paragraph, signed "L," in which he said:

"A few weeks since, some verses appeared in the

Courier, which were generally ascribed to Whittier. They were not his, however. In the present crisis of the fate of the Republic, New England listens for a trumpet-call from her Tyrtæus. Nor will she be disappointed. Whittier has always been found faithful to the Muses' holy trust. He has not put his talent out at profitable interest, by catering to the insolent and Pharisaical self-esteem of the times, nor has he hidden it in the damask napkin of historical commonplaces, or a philanthropy too universal to concern itself with particular wrongs, the practical redressing of which is all that renders philanthropy of value. Most poets are content to follow the spirit of their age, as pigeons follow a leaky grain cart, picking a kernel here and there, out of the dry dust of the past. Not so Whittier. From the heart of the onset upon the serried mercenaries of every tyranny, the chords of his iron-strung lyre clang with a martial and triumphant cheer; and where Freedom's Spartan few maintain their inviolate mountain pass against the assaults of slavery, his voice may be heard, clear and fearless, as if the victory were already won. It is with the highest satisfaction I send you the enclosed poem, every way worthy of our truly New England poet. I trust that when this meets his eye, the few words which I could not refrain from adding by way of preface will not be deemed impertinent."

We are told that the indignation with which both poems was ablaze was communicated to receptive minds throughout the North, and although the hour was not yet ripe for the full political effect desired, they contributed greatly to the promotion of a feeling antagonistic to the spread of the institution of

slavery over the new territory then soon to be acquired by an unjust war.

Among several poems expressing sympathy with fugitive slaves, none possesses a deeper or more controlled intensity of feeling than "Rendition," written at the time of the arrest of Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave from Virginia. After being under arrest for ten days at the Boston Court House, on June 2d, 1854, he was remanded to slavery under the Fugitive Slave Act and taken down State Street to a steamer, chartered by the United States Government, under guard of United States troops and artillery, Massachusetts militia and Boston police. An attempt had been made to rescue Burns while he was under arrest. Public excitement over this case was so great that the streets were crowded with tens of thousands of people, of whom many came from other towns and cities of the State to witness the humiliating spectacle.

The effect of this episode upon Whittier caused him to write:

"I felt a sense of bitter loss,
Shame, tearless grief, and stifling wrath,
And loathing fear, as if my path
A serpent stretched across.

"All love of home, all pride of place,
All generous confidence and trust,
Sank smothering in that deep disgust
And anguish of disgrace.

"Down on my native hills of June,
And home's green quiet, hiding all,
Fell sudden darkness like the fall
Of midnight upon noon!

"And Law, an unloosed maniac strong,
Blood-drunken, through the blackness trod,
Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God
The blasphemy of wrong.

. . . .

" 'Mother of Freedom, wise and brave,
Rise awful in thy strength,' I said;
Ah me! I spake but to the dead;
I stood upon her grave."

A year later the bill against the Fugitive Slave Act had passed, and he was able to write:

"I said I stood upon thy grave,
My Mother State, when last the moon
Of blossoms clomb the skies of June.

"And, scattering ashes on my head,
I wore, undreaming of relief,
The sackcloth of thy shame and grief.

"Again the moon of blossoms shines
On leaf and flower and folded wing,
And thou hast risen with the spring!"

The supreme test of Whittier's Quakerism came when he had to decide between war and the secession of the Southern States. His inherited principles conquered, and he was ready to say:

"They break the links of Union: shall we light
The fires of hell to weld anew the chain
On that red anvil where each blow is pain?

Draw we not even now a freer breath,
As from our shoulders falls a load of death
Loathsome as that the Tuscan's victim bore
When keen with life to a dead horror bound?
Why take we up the accursed thing again?
Pity, forgive, but urge them back no more
Who, drunk with passion, flaunt disunion's rag
With its vile reptile-blazon. Let us press
The golden cluster on our brave old flag
In closer union, and, if numbering less,
Brighter shall shine the stars which still remain."

His position is stated even more strongly in his anniversary poem, read at the Friends' Yearly Meeting School in Newport, in 1863:

"This day the fearful reckoning comes
To each and all;
We hear amidst our peaceful homes
The summons of our conscript drums,
The bugle's call.

"Our path is plain; the war-net draws
Round us in vain,
While, faithful to the Higher Cause,
We keep our fealty to the laws
Through patient pain.

"The levelled gun, the battle-brand,
We may not take:
But, calmly loyal, we can stand
And suffer with our suffering land
For conscience' sake."

His conscience would not allow him to sympathize with war or to take any active part in it, but all

through the war his voice was still heard singing the songs of freedom, and, through magazine articles and correspondence, he continued to urge his views that slavery was at the bottom of the whole difficulty.

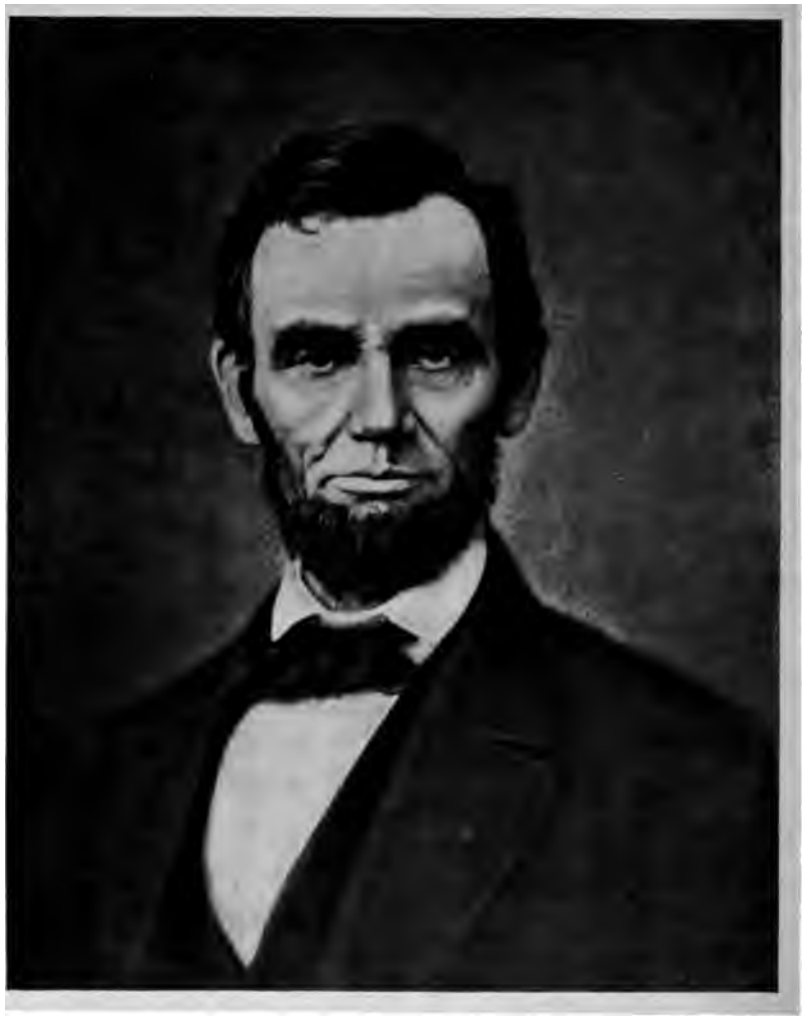
The whole body of Friends found itself in a dilemma when the cause in which it had been so active was finally forced into the arena of war. The younger members of the society were many of them conquered by their patriotic impulses, and enlisted in the war, feeling that though as a society they must bear witness against war, as individuals they had their duty as citizens to perform. Whittier took the view that, while they should remain non-combatants, they had a mission to perform. This was to mitigate the sufferings of those who were active in the war or who were left destitute. "Our society is rich," he wrote, "and of those to whom much is given much will be required in this hour of proving and trial."

One more quotation will show that only by trusting in the omniscient guidance of the Lord could he at all reconcile himself to the war:

"We hoped for peace; our eyes survey
The blood-red dawn of Freedom's day:
We prayed for love to loose the chain:
'Tis shorn by battle's axe in twain!

"Nor skill, nor strength, nor zeal of ours
Has mined and heaved the hostile towers;
Not by our hands is turned the key
That sets the sighing captives free.

"A redder sea than Egypt's wave
Is piled and parted for the slave;



LINCOLN

A darker cloud moves on in light;
A fiercer fire is guide by night!

"The praise, O Lord! is Thine alone,
In Thy own way Thy work is done!
Our poor gifts at Thy feet we cast,
To whom be glory, first and last!"

Lowell was only second, if, indeed, he was not abreast of Whittier, in his enthusiasm for the anti-slavery cause, but he was what an active socialist to-day would call an "Academic." His pen was wielded for the cause, both in prose and verse. He could strike sledge-hammer blows at the evils which swarmed about the slavery problem like birds of ill-omen, if he chose, but his meditative mind was prone to go off to one side and dilate upon the elemental principles underlying the forces at work, or to take wide sweeps over generalities. He was quite aware of his own limitations as the promoter of a cause, and was evidently not surprised when he was informed that his contributions to the *Standard,* for which he had been engaged to write as editorial contributor, were not satisfactory to the management as a whole. Mr. Gay, the editor-in-chief, considered his contributions to the *Standard* invaluable. He wrote to Lowell, "Through you it has a reputation which in all its previous existence it had failed to gain. A respect and regard is accorded to it because of your efforts, which no other person ever had, and no other person probably would ever have gained for it."

"But," as Horace Scudder writes, in his Biography of Lowell, "the *Standard* was not Mr. Gay's paper to do with as he would, and there was a section of the

committee in control that was impatient of a contributor who was not, as they were, fighting away on foot, with stout oak staves in their hands, but was flying about as a sort of light-horse contingent, and sometimes seemed out of sight and yet not in the enemy's country."

He was roused to strong expression in regard to the resolutions in favor of the annexation of Texas, when he wrote for the Boston *Courier* the verses already mentioned. Again, the capture of some fugitive slaves near Washington awakened in him such indignation that he could contemplate the possibility of a revolt from the Constitution and Union, if it were not found possible to abolish slavery in New England in any other way:

"Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.
He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race."

The disgraceful war with Mexico, brought on by the Texas affair, was the occasion of his first series of Biglow Papers, the popularity of which was so great that it is to be wondered how a dozen years were allowed to slip by before he wrote the second series. Pungent satire, frolicsome humor and profound wisdom are all to be found in the Biglow Papers, but we

cannot to-day attain unto a complete understanding of them without making ourselves familiar with the political issues of the time. We must realize to the full why Hosea Biglow was justified in exclaiming:

> "Guess you'll toot till you are yeller
> 'Fore you git a-hold o' me."

President Polk had been authorized to call out fifty thousand volunteers, if necessary, for the conduct of the Mexican war. He immediately did so, requesting Massachusetts to furnish seven hundred and seventy-seven men. Governor Briggs at once issued a proclamation for the enrollment of the regiment. This was regarded by many as a sanction for the extension of slavery, which the party in power had agreed to oppose as far as consistent with the Constitution. *The Liberator* was severe in its censure of the Government, and Lowell flung his darts in Hosea's poem at war in general, and this war in particular. The penetrating Hosea is not to be taken in by military glitter:

> "I dunno but wut it's pooty
> Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
> But it's curus Christian dooty
> This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats."

He belongs to the clear-seeing idealists who feel deeply how Massachusetts has disgraced herself by thus ranging herself on the side of slavery:

> "Massachusetts, God forgive her,
> She's a-kneelin' with the rest.
>
> . . . .

"Ha'n't they sold your colored seamen?
Ha'n't they made your env'ys w'it?
Wut 'll make ye act like freemen?
Wut 'll git your dander riz?
Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix,
They'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'
In the days o' seventy-six.

"Clang the bells in every steeple,
Call all true men to disown
The tradoocers of our people,
The enslavers o' their own;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this messidge loudly
In the ears of all the South."

Hosea stands for the good sense and honor of Massachusetts, while poor Birdofreedum Sawin, who joins the regiment and goes to the war, is made the scapegoat of all the weakness and meanness characteristic of the lowest, self-seeking politician, as well as the victim of the war policy. He is so wholly despicable that one almost feels pity for him. He falls under the spell of the recruiting sergeant because he is made to believe that glory and plunder and fun will be his reward. As for glory, he found somehow, that:

"Wen we'd fit an' licked, I ollers found the thanks
Gut kin' o' lodged afore they come ez low down ez the ranks;
The Gin'rals gut the biggest sheer, the Cunnles next, an' so on,—
We never gut a blasted mite o' glory ez I know on."

As for plunder, he thought,—

"thet gold-mines could be gut cheaper than Chiny asters,
An' see myself a-comin' back like sixty Jacob Astors;
But sech idees soon melted down an' didn't leave a grease-spot;
I vow my holl sheer o' the spiles wouldn't come nigh a V-spot."

He fares no better in his share of the fun:

"Wal, arter I gin glory up, thinks I at least there's one
Thing in the bills we ain't hed yit, an' thet's the GLORIOUS FUN:
Ef once we git to Mexico, we fairly may presume we
All day an' night shall revel in the halls o' Montezumy.
I'll tell ye wut *my* revels wuz, an' see how you would like 'em:
We never gut inside the hall: the nighest ever *I* come
Wuz stan'in' sentry in the sun (an' fact, it *seemed* a cent'ry)
A-ketchin' smells o' biled an' roast thet come out thru the entry,
An' hearin' ez I sweltered thru my passes an' repasses,
A rat-tat-too o' knives an' forks, a clinkty-clink o' glasses."

The only thing he has brought from the war out of which he thinks he can make capital are his wounds. He has lost a leg, an arm, an eye, four fingers on the hand that is left, and six ribs have been broken, but he seems to take it all rather philosophically, for it will bring him a pension, and, he hopes, combined with the fact that he "haint gut no princerples," will make him eligible for some office, his ambition soaring even to the Presidency.

Lowell's sarcasm is directed especially against the sort of politician who trims his sails to suit every wind

of opinion, and who plays upon the sentiments of the people in bringing forward his qualifications for office. The enthusiasm of the American people at large, at that time, and since, could usually be aroused by the contemplation of military glory. Generalship has been regarded as the proper preparation for statesmanship. This attitude of mind is reduced to absurdity by Lowell in Birdofreedum's advice in regard to the proper manner of conducting his own campaign:

"Ef, wile you're 'lectioneerin' round, some curus chaps should beg
To know my views o' state affairs, jest answer WOODEN LEG!
Ef they aint settisfied with that, an' kin o' pry an' doubt
An' ax fer sutthin deffynit, jest say, ONE EYE PUT OUT!
Thet kin' o' talk I guess you'll find 'll answer to a charm,
An' wen you're druv tu nigh the wall, hol' up my missin' arm;
Ef they should nose round fer a pledge, put on a vartoous look
An' tell 'em thet's percisely wut I never gin nor—took!

"Then you can call me 'Timbertoes,'—thet's wut the people likes;
Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with phrases sech ez strikes;
Some say the people's fond o' this, or thet, or wut you please,—
I tell ye wut the people want is jest correct idees;
'Old Timbertoes,' you see 's a creed it's safe to be quite bold on;
There's nothin' in't the other side can any ways git hold on;
It's a good tangible idee, a sutthin' to embody
Thet valooable class o' men who look thru brandy-toddy;
It gives a Party Platform, tu, jest level with the mind
Of all right-thinkin', honest folks thet mean to go it blind;

Then there air other good hooraws to dror on ez you need 'em,
Sech ez the ONE-EYED SLARTERER, the BLOODY BIRDOFREEDUM:
Them's wut takes hold o' folks thet think, ez well ez o' the masses,
An' makes you sartin o' the aid o' good men of all classes."

When Birdofreedum finds that, despite all his claims upon the public for sympathy, there is no chance of his getting the nomination for president, he naturally throws in his vote for Zachary Taylor, the colorless candidate of the Whigs for president in 1848. This gentleman was of Birdofreedum's own sort. He had not any "princerples," and never made any pledges, and was so vague generally in his statements that the North thought he meant to oppose the extension of slavery and the South was reassured because he was himself a slaveholder. Birdofreedum's arguments in favor of Taylor reveal the true inwardness of the considerations that led to his nomination:

"Another p'int thet influences the minds o' sober jedges
Is thet the Gin'ral hez n't gut tied hand an' foot with pledges;
He hez n't told ye wut he is, an' so there ain't no knowin'
But wut he may turn out to be the best there is agoin';
This, at the on'y spot thet pinched, the shoe directly eases,
Coz every one is free to 'xpect percisely wut he pleases:
I want free-trade; you don't; the Gin'ral isn't bound to neither;—
I vote my way; you, yourn; an' both air sooted to a T there.
Ole Rough an' Ready tu's a Wig, but without bein' ultry;
He's like a holsome hayin' day, thet's warm, but isn't sultry;

He's jest wut I should call myself, a kin' o' *scratch* ez 't ware,
Thet ain't exactly all a wig nor wholly your own hair;
I've ben a Wig three weeks myself, jest o' this mod'rate sort,
An' don't find them an' Demmercrats so defferent ez I thought."

Birdofreedum's lack of "princerple" takes him lower and lower. He thinks it would add to his importance in the eyes of the Nation if he could buy a nigger baby cheap. He, therefore, goes hunting for fugitive slaves, expecting to receive sufficient reward to enable him to make the purchase. Lowell here points a moral, showing by sharp contrast the superiority of the self-respecting negroes to such good-for-nothing white trash as Birdofreedum, who, the tables being turned upon him, is kept in slavery by the negroes he would have caught, finally to be kicked out with the opprobious remarks:

"Ef you know wut's best fer ye, be off, now, double-quick;
The winter-time's a-comin' on, an' though I gut ye cheap,
You're so darned lazy, I don't think you're hardly wuth your keep;
Besides, the children's growin' up, an' you ain't jest the model
I'd like to have 'em immertate, an' so you'd better toddle!"

Lowell did not hesitate to bring under his lash individuals who were in the public eye. Hosea writes his infectious rhymes on John P. Robinson, who, having been a zealous Whig, decided to vote for Gineral C. Gineral C. is Caleb Cushing, the colonel of the Massachusetts regiment of volunteers, and an

opposition nominee against Briggs for governor, whom Hosea aptly describes as,

"a dreffle smart man:
He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
He's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself:—
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C."

Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport, was the man in whom Whittier had placed much trust and to whom he was loyal until he had to admit that he was not to be depended upon. Whittier's early political ambitions had been bound up in a way with Cushing's. Cushing had been a candidate for a seat in Congress in his district and had seventeen times missed being elected. Whittier was proposed in his place, but the plan had to be given up because he was under the required age. Finally Cushing succeeded in being elected in 1834, largely through Whittier's help. Twice subsequently Whittier was instrumental in electing him. At first Whittier could depend upon Cushing to bring anti-slavery measures before Congress. But Cushing finally, with the desire to receive an office when the Whigs came into power in 1841, repudiated his anti-slavery record. Whittier, at last thoroughly disillusionized, exerted his influence against Cushing. He reprinted the letter by means of which he had carried Cushing's last election to Congress, adding a preface which revealed so completely Cushing's former *entente* with the anti-slavery power that he was defeated. For his military services in

Mexico, Cushing was raised by President Polk to the rank of Brigadier-General. But neither his military glory, nor the fact that John P. Robinson said he would vote for Gineral C., won the election for him, when he ran for governor against Governor Briggs, in 1847.

An opposite case to that of Robinson's was Palfrey's, who the same year retarded the election of R. C. Winthrop to the speakership of the House by refusing to vote for him upon the ground that he would not exert his influence against the Mexican war, and against the extension of new slave territory. Great was the indignation of the supporters of the war at Mr. Palfrey for taking this independent stand. This feeling of the Cotton Whigs, as they were called, is sarcastically portrayed by Lowell in the "Remarks of Increase D. O'phase, Esquire." The gem of the respectable Increase's arguments is his hit at the anti-slavery people:

"Wut right had Palfrey
To mix himself up with fanatical small fry?
Warn't we gittin' on prime with our hot an' cold blowin',
A-condemnin' the war wilst we kep' it agoin'?
We'd assumed with gret skill a commandin' position,
On this side or thet, no one couldn't tell wich one,
So, wutever side wipped, we'd a chance at the plunder
An' could sue fer infringin' our paytented thunder;
We were ready to vote fer whoever wuz eligible,
Ef on all points at issoo he'd stay unintelligible."

From what has been said, it will be seen that Whittier and Lowell were entirely at one in their attitude toward the early problems of the anti-slavery agita-

tion. Upon the question of the extension of slave territory and the iniquity of the Mexican war, they both felt with great intensity. Both were aroused to indignation at the self-interest displayed by the moneyed classes and the politicians; both were disgusted at the insincerity of the churches, and the hypocriticalness of the colonization scheme. War was as abhorrent to Lowell as it was to the Quaker Whittier. He perhaps saw a little more deeply into the underlying evils of war than Whittier. He saw that not merely the shooting down of men was to be deprecated, but the letting loose of capitalistic and political self-seeking. Not only was it the crime of murder, but it was murder in the cause of the individual pocket and individual preëminence.

Whittier possessed the greater emotional fervor during these early days; hence it is that from his anti-slavery poems we derive more completely the intensity of feeling rife at the time, while he shows us the actual events with truly dramatic power. Lowell, on the other hand, refers to events in an allusional way, and in presenting such imaginary types as Hosea Biglow, Birdofreedum Sawin, and Increase D. O'phase, he lays before us the opinion rather than the feeling of the time, and especially the unpleasant deviousness of the political sharpers of the day.

When Lowell printed the first series of the Biglow papers in book form, he added much matter from the pen of the Reverend Homer Wilbur: an Introduction and Introductory Notes, and so on. He explains in a letter in regard to an English edition of the Biglow Papers, published ten years later, "When I came to collect them and publish them in a volume, I con-

ceived my parson-editor, with his pedantry and verbosity, his amiable vanity, and superiority to the verses he was editing, as a fitting artistic background and foil. It gave me the chance, too, of glancing obliquely at many things which were beyond the horizon of my other characters. I was told afterwards that my parson was only Jedediah Cleishbotham over again, and I dare say it may be so; but I drew him from the life as well as I could and for the authentic reasons I have mentioned."

It has been hinted that there were resemblances between the parson and Lowell's father; the resemblances between the parson and Lowell himself are, however, far more striking. Every now and then the discursive Wilbur, with his tiresomely learned allusions and his roundabout manner of making his points, disappears in a forthright-speaking Lowell. Partly true of Mr. Wilbur in the first series, this is even more marked in the second series. Such a paragraph as the following is characteristic of the parson:

"I know nothing in our modern times which approaches so nearly to the ancient oracle as the letter of a Presidential candidate. Now, among the Greeks the eating of beans was strictly forbidden to all such as had it in mind to consult those expert amphibologists, and this same prohibition on the part of Pythagoras to his disciples is understood to imply an abstinence from politics, beans having been used as ballots. That other explication, *quod videlicet sensus eo cibo obtundi existimaret,* though supported *pugnis et calcibus* by many of the learned, and not wanting the countenance of Cicero, is confuted by the larger experience of New England. On the whole, I think

it safer to apply here the rule of interpretation which now generally obtains in regard to antique cosmogonies, myths, fables, proverbial expressions, and knotty points generally, which is, to find a common-sense meaning, and then select whatever can be imagined the most opposite thereto. In this way we arrive at the conclusion, that the Greeks objected to the questioning of candidates. And very properly, if, as I conceive, the chief point be not to discover what a person in that position is, or what he will do, but whether he can be elected. *Vos exemplaria Græca nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*"

This elaborate fun, thrusting like a double-edged sword at the pedant's methods of argument and the sort of conclusions at which politicians arrive, is, when one has unravelled its indirections, fine sarcasm, but how much more convincing such an eloquent outburst as this other, full of wisdom, applicable to all time! In it the voice of the serious Lowell is speaking. Wilbur is forgotten, and feeling has, for the time, burst the bounds of the dramatic masque:

"I made one of the crowd at the last Mechanics' Fair, and, with the rest, stood gazing in wonder at a perfect machine, with its soul of fire, its boiler-heart, that sent the hot blood pulsing along the iron arteries, and its thews of steel. And, while I was admiring the adaptation of means to end, the harmonious involutions of contrivance, and the never-bewildered complexity, I saw a grimed and greasy fellow, the imperious engine's lackey and drudge, whose sole office was to let fall, at intervals, a drop or two of oil upon a certain point. Then my soul said within me, See there a piece of mechanism to which the other you

marvel at is but as the first rude effort of a child,—a force which not merely suffices to set a few wheels in motion, but which can send an impulse all through the infinite future,—a contrivance, not for turning out pins, or stitching buttonholes, but for making Hamlets and Lears. And yet this thing of iron shall be housed, waited on, guarded from rust and dust, and it shall be a crime but so much as to scratch it with a pin; while the other, with its fire of God in it, shall be buffeted hither and thither, and finally sent carefully a thousand miles to be the target for a Mexican cannon-ball. Unthrifty Mother State! My heart burned within me for pity and indignation."

One of the whimsical features of the collected edition of the Biglow Papers was the imaginary notices of the press, which were prefixed. They are burlesques of the various types of unappreciative praise and vituperative dispraise which is pretty sure to be the portion of any strong book. The surprising thing about them is that they are so much like the press notices of to-day. One or two of these notices have the air of the serious, carefully weighed criticism of the more ponderous weekly, like this from the "Bungtown Copper and Comprehensive Toscin" (a tri-weekly family journal):

"Altogether an admirable work . . . Full of humor, boisterous but delicate,—of wit withering and scorching, yet combined with a pathos cool as morning dew,—of satire ponderous as the mace of Richard, yet keen as the scymitar of Saladin . . . A work full of 'Mountain-mirth,' mischievous as Puck, and lightsome as Ariel . . . We know not whether to admire most the genial, fresh, and discursive con-

cinnity of the author, or his playful fancy, weird imagination, and compass of style at once both objective and subjective."

The gem of the collection, however, is the parody of Carlyle, quite as laughter-provoking as any of Hosea's shafts or Birdofreedum's self-revelations, from which a paragraph will give a sample of the whole. There is little to be said of Wilbur after this imaginary Carlyle has dissected him:

"O purblind, well-meaning, altogether Melesigenes Wilbur, there are things in him incommunicable by stroke of birch! Did it ever enter that old, bewildered head of thine that there was the *Possibility of the Infinite* in him? To thee, quite wingless (and even featherless) biped, has not so much as a dream of wings ever come? Talented young parishioner? Among the arts whereof thou art *Magister,* does that of *seeing* happen to be one? Unhappy *Artium Magister!* Somehow a Nemean lion, fulvous, torrid-eyed, dry-nursed in a broad-howling sand-wilderness of a sufficiently rare spirit—Libya (it may be supposed) has got whelped among the sheep."

In work of the nature of these papers Lowell shows an intellectual tendency to let his sense of humor run away with him, just as we have previously seen his intellectual meditations at times overtop his emotions. This tendency was somewhat curbed in the second series, written during a time which tried men's souls to the uttermost, and was for him mingled with deep personal grief.

Birdofreedum continues in his downward path. He marries, according to his own account, an F. F. V., regardless of the fact that he has a wife in the North,

and excuses himself upon the ground that having seceded he is no longer under the laws of the North. Lowell's scorn of the aristocratic pretensions of the South finds full vent in the merciless revelations Birdofreedum gives of his own utterly despicable character, as well as in the remarks of Mr. Wilbur. The Invocation to Virginia, already quoted, was a graceful means of burying the hatchet many years later, when the enmity begotten of the war had given place to calmer judgment. Not the South alone comes under Lowell's lash. He never spares his criticisms upon the shortcomings of Northern politicians. Almost in the same breath he flings his shafts at Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy as he makes Birdofreedum tell of his allegiance to the secession cause; and at the flaws in Northern politics through that same gentleman's exquisite reasons why he won't "up stakes" at present:

"Long 'z A'll turn tu an' grin' B's exe, ef B'll help him grin' hisn,

. . . .

"Long 'z ye give out commissions to a lot o' peddlin' drones
Thet trade in whisky with their men an' skin 'em to their bones,—
Long 'z ye sift out 'safe' canderdates thet no one ain't afeard on
Coz they're so thund'rin' eminent for bein' never heard on,"

these are a few of the reasons.

Hosea is more poetic in the second series than in the first. Some of Lowell's most charming descriptions of nature are here put into Hosea's month. For some mysterious reason, the Yankee dialect seems an

Bunker Hill Monument

especially happy medium for the describing of spring flowers:

> "Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
> Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,
> Each on 'em 's cradle to a baby-pearl,"

or, such a perfect bit as this:

> "'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,—
> The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,
> Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers,
> So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,
> Then gray hosschcs'nuts leetle hands unfold,
> Softer'n a baby's be at three days old."

One of the most interesting of this series is the conversation between the Concord Bridge and Bunker Hill Monument, overheard by Hosea in an evening walk, relating to the Mason and Slidell difficulty. The intensity of feeling at the time is strongly reflected in this poem, and is pleasanter to contemplate in the form of a dialogue between the bridge and the monument, which might be expected to have concentrated within their ancient wooden and stony consciousnesses a belligerent feeling against the mother country, than to read about as a bitter episode of the war, thoroughly in keeping with the stand which England took in according belligerent rights to the Confederacy. We do not like to think of the England of that day expressing such deliberate unfriendliness to the United States, nor to think that she could thus throw in her sympathies on the side of dissolution, and the establishment of a slave nation. In speaking

of this incident, the Reverend Mr. Wilbur's identity is lost in that of the indignant Lowell, who exclaims, "Was there nothing in the indecent haste with which belligerent rights were conceded to the Rebels, nothing in the abrupt tone assumed in the Trent case, nothing in the fitting out of Confederate privateers, that might stir the blood of a people already overcharged with doubt, suspicion, and terrible responsibility?"

There is a hint, too, in this poem of Lowell's final stand. Slavery became with him a secondary issue, while the preservation of the Union grew to be of the first importance. When this issue arose he believed that war, since it had come, must be entered into in dead earnest:

> "We've turned our cuffs up, but, to put her thru,
> We must git mad an' off with jackets, tu;
> 'T wun't du to think that killin' ain't perlite,—
> You've gut to be in airnest, ef you fight;
> You wun't do much ontil you think it's God,
> An' not constitoounts, thet holds the rod."

In a paper written for the *Atlantic* at the same period, we find an exact statement of his attitude in regard to the war. The whole situation is summed up once for all in a strong paragraph, which shows that the events of a dozen years, in conjunction with his own intellectual growth, had carried Lowell far from the earlier feeling which occasionally swept over him, that the secession of the slave states would be better than to allow for a moment the continuance of slavery within the Nation's borders.

"To our minds, though it may be obscure to Eng-

lishmen, who look on Lancashire as the centre of the universe, no army was ever enlisted for a nobler service than ours. Not only is it national life, and a foremost place among nations that is at stake, but the vital principle of Law itself, the august foundation on which the very possibility of government, above all of self-government, rests in the hollow of God's own hand. If democracy shall prove itself capable of having raised twenty millions of people to a level of thought where they can appreciate this cardinal truth, and can believe no sacrifice too great for its defense and establishment, then democracy will have vindicated itself beyond all chance of future cavil. Here, we think, is a Cause, the experience of whose vicissitudes and the grandeur of whose triumph will be able to give us heroes and statesmen. The Slave-Power must be humbled, must be punished,—so humbled and so punished as to be a warning forever; but slavery is an evil transient in its cause and its consequence, compared with those which would result from unsettling the faith of a nation in its own manhood, and setting a whole generation of men hopelessly adrift in the formless void of anarchy."

It is notorious that Lowell was at first not much prepossessed with the policy of Lincoln. He felt that his movements were too slow and cautious. This feeling comes out in "The Latest Views of Hosea Biglow," at the same time that his growing respect for Lincoln, which finally ended in boundless admiration for his statesmanship, is also shown. Hosea's complaints of the lack of proper leadership culminate in an expression of faith in the wisdom of the emancipation proclamation:

"An' come wut will, I think it's grand
  Abe's gut his will et last bloom-furnaced
In trial-flames till it'll stand
  The strain o' bein' in deadly earnest.
Thet's wut we want,—we want to know
  The folks on our side hez the bravery
To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come woe,
  In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery."

There is a deep pathos in Mr. Hosea Biglow's next utterance, a letter to the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* in which he declares he cannot respond to the request to be funny. Everything has lost its power of inspiration for him. He can think only of the "Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street,

  I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
  Thet followed once an' now are quiet,—
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
  Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther' 's ears thet won't,
  No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

"Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
  Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
  Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?
I set an' look into the blaze
  Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin',
Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
  An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

"Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
  On war's red techstone rang true metal,

Who ventured life an' love an' youth
For the great prize o' death in battle?"

These are, of course, personal references to his nephews, Charles Russell Lowell and his brother, James Jackson Lowell, and William Lowell Putnam, their cousin, who were all killed in the war. Somehow, Whittier's peace principles seem almost puerile in the face of such sacrifice of beautiful young lives for the great Cause. One has only to look at the portraits of these young men to realize of what fine and noble fibre they were. Lowell, writing of the death of William Putnam, says: "He came home yesterday afternoon, his face little changed, they tell me, and with a smile on it. He got his wound as we could wish. The adjutant of the regiment was hit, Willie sprang forward to help him, and was shot instantly. Jamie sprang to help him, and was hit, but will be about again in ten days or so."

Edward Everett Hale says, writing of Putnam, that he was drilling for the war at the same time, and was so much attracted by Putnam's noble, cheerful face that he presented arms in parade not so much to the commanding officer as to this beautiful boy, who, at the distance of thirty or forty yards, presented arms to him. Upon his recovery, James Jackson Lowell rejoined his regiment and in less than a year after his cousin's death received his mortal wound. General Charles Russell Lowell was ordered in November, 1862, to report to Governor Andrew for the purpose of organizing the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, of which he was appointed colonel. For many months he was occupied in resisting the incursions of Mosby,

and was finally mortally wounded at Cedar Creek while leading his command. Even his enemy, Colonel Mosby, bore witness to the fine qualities of this young commander, of whom he wrote that, of all the Federal commanders opposed to him, he had the highest respect for Colonel Lowell, both as an officer and a gentleman.

This poem of Hosea's was not written until the close of the war, but out of deep personal feeling Lowell had already written a remarkable poem, "The Washers of the Shroud." It has the effect of a symbolic vision born of great anguish of spirit. Fear for the country which he loves with passionate intensity is mingled with hope that the bravery of the country's defenders shall save it, and anxiety lest those whom he loves may be sacrificed. Through all the agony is felt a great longing for peace. The vision is of three fair Fates, Time was, Time is, and Time shall be. They are washing a shroud for Hesper, typical of the West, who has "gathered States like children round his knees." The poet cries out, "But not for him"—"not yet for him"—"Not yet his thews shall fail, his eye grow dim." Then he thinks of what sacrifices it may mean that the Nation may be rescued from the fateful shroud, and the poem ends with a cry of pain:

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines;

. . . .

"God, give us peace! Not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!

And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!

"So cried I with clenched hands and passionate pain,
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's side;
Again the loon laughed mocking, and again
The echoes bayed far down the night and died,
While waking I recalled my wandering brain."

Upon the day when this poem was published the writing of which had left the poet in a state of utter exhaustion, he received the news of his nephew's death.

Four other poems, inspired in war times, were written before we hear the last of Hosea Biglow, who for more than two years kept silence. The first of these is "Two Scenes from the Life of Blondel," a parable, of which Lincoln is the hero of the first part. The second part is somewhat obscure, and not, to my mind, so much an improvement to the whole as Lowell himself seemed to think it. It reflects a general feeling of disillusionment in regard to his "King" and himself, a reaction against a moment of enthusiasm, which may be "clever," as the poet thought, but is not inspiring. If this is the gist of it, amends, as far as Lincoln is concerned, are made in "The Commemoration Ode," in which he has thrown aside whatever doubts he had of Lincoln's qualities as a leader in the Nation's crisis, and has characterized the great statesman in a way which has given to him the distinction of being, as a recent writer has said, "the first of the leading American writers to see clearly and fully, and clearly and fully and enthusiastically proclaim the greatness of Abraham Lincoln."

The memorial poem to Robert Shaw, a tribute to Bryant, for the strong stand taken by him during the war, and "The Commemoration Ode," recited at Harvard, July 21, 1865, in memory of the Harvard men who had fallen, complete the list of war poems. Of these, the last marks the climax of Lowell's war poetry in seriousness and dignity. "The Biglow Papers" delight because of their political acumen, their keen satire, and their humor. "The Washers of the Shroud" touches the heart with its poignant note of anguish, but "The Commemoration Ode" is the grand *Te Deum* of the war. In this all the powers of the poet's mind and heart come into play in a harmonious welding of the several themes which had been the mainsprings of his life for many years. Pregnant joy in the attainment of Freedom blends with a note of deep yet calm grief for those who had given their life in the Cause; there are still undertones of criticism and doubt, but all are resolved in a final solemn pæan of praise, faith and loyalty to the death:

"Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
  Thy God, in these distempered days,
  Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!
  Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!"

One almost wishes that "The Commemoration Ode" had been Lowell's last word on the war, but the trouble was not all over yet. Reconstruction brought upon the scene political issues of grave import, and

upon these Hosea must have his say. He does so in a speech to his fellow Kebbige-Heads, in which he satirizes the policy of the President, Andrew Johnson, who attempted to carry out, in opposition to Congress and the mass of the Republican party, a plan of his own. He was in favor of punishing individuals and reinstalling all the states at once, exacting few guarantees of loyalty. Congress, on the other hand, thought it wise to keep the seceded states in a position resembling that of territories, and under military surveillance until it could be assured of their good faith. The bitter contests ensuing upon these different policies ended in an attempt to impeach Johnson in 1868. However, Congress, in the end, won its cause by voting over the President's veto. What was to be done with the negro was the centre of the problem. Hosea's solution of this problem was simple, and, as far as the franchise was concerned, was the one adopted. Whether it has been as practically successful as it ought to have been, considering its ideal justice, is not a matter to be discussed here.

"You take the Darkies, ez we've took the Paddies—
Ign'ant an' poor we took 'em by the hand,
An' they're the bones an' sinners o' the land!
I ain't o' them thet fancy there's a loss on
Every inves'ment thet don't start from Bos'on;
But I know this: our money's safest trusted
In sumthin', come wut will, thet *can't* be busted,
An' thet's the old Amerikin idee,
To make a man a Man an' let him be."

If Whittier was the laureate of the anti-slavery movement, Lowell was certainly more than merely a

laureate—he was the Seer of the War for the Union. Whittier's peace principles took him out of the turmoil and away to a mountain-top to watch and pray and have faith that the Lord must know what He was about, though His ways were beyond comprehension to a believer in peaceful means of attaining justice. As Whittier retired, Lowell became militant. His love of peace, just as inbred as that of Whittier, gave way before his stronger love of country, and to save that, war became a righteous and solemn duty. His beautiful words to Mr. Charles Norton, at the close of the war, reveal what depth of feeling Lowell had for the ideal of country: "The news is from Heaven. I felt a strange and tender exaltation. I wanted to laugh and I wanted to cry, and ended by holding my peace and feeling devoutly thankful. There is something magnificent in having a country to love. It is almost like what one feels for a woman, not so tender perhaps, but to the full as self-forgetful."

Neither Bryant nor Emerson contributed much to the poetry of anti-slavery and the war. A handful of short poems between them, for the most part not inspired by any definite historical incidents, but by the burning ideals of the period. Bryant's chief war poems are "Our Country's Call" and "The Death of Slavery."

The first shows Bryant a believer in war when the dire necessity arises, although he had held a middle ground during the many years of agitation preceding that necessity. For fifty years he, as the editor of the *New York Evening Post,* had insisted upon the right of absolutely free discussion in the matter, and

while he did not take the ultra-radical views of the Garrisonites, he set his face against any extension of slavery. His temperate attitude was not the result of any leaning toward the institution, but grew out of his faith that the moral development of the Nation would lead naturally to its peaceful extinction. The final stanza of the poem shows what his feelings became, when he finally realized that the change could not be brought about by peaceful methods.

The second of these poems is a somewhat conventional piece of work, but if not inspired in utterance, its sentiment rings true and shows how thoroughly in sympathy Bryant was with the final accomplishment of the purpose of the anti-slavery movement.

What Emerson has done in poetry, for the time, is marked by his usual qualities of exaltation and philosophical perception. In his "Voluntaries" he shows the same eagerness expressed by Lowell, that the Nation may have heroes willing to sacrifice themselves in war. His emphasis is, however, more upon the ideal of Freedom than upon that of Country. In the third of these, he exclaims:

> "In an age of fops and toys,
> Wanting wisdom, void of right,
> Who shall nerve heroic boys
> To hazard all in Freedom's fight?"

to which he answers:

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
> The youth replies, I *can.*"

In the fifth voluntary, his thought soars entirely away from the actual of relative right and wrong to the Eternal Rights:

"Blooms the laurel which belongs
To the valiant chief who fights;
I see the wreath, I hear the songs
Lauding the Eternal Rights.
Victors over daily wrongs:
Awful victors, they misguide
Whom they will destroy,
And their coming triumph hide
In our downfall, or our joy:
They reach no term, they never sleep,
In equal strength through space abide;
Though, feigning dwarfs, they crouch and creep,
The strong they slay, the swift outride:
Fate's grass grows rank in valley clods,
And rankly on the castled steep,—
Speak it firmly, these are gods,
All are ghosts beside."

With Emerson, feeling vanishes in light. Poetry of this calibre might grow out of one fight for freedom as well as another, but that of Whittier and Lowell could have arisen out of nothing but the special events of our own struggle, and the especial experiences and enthusiasm of these two men, and on this account their poems will to the end of time fire the patriotism and loyalty of those who believe profoundly in the "Amerikin idee," as Hosea calls it.

Though so little of their patriotism came out in their verse, these two poets did splendid work in other directions. Bryant, as the editor of the *New York*

Evening Post, made a deep impression at the time. As George William Curtis has written, "He acknowledged every lawful defense, every plea of expediency, every appeal of possible calamity. He had deprecated agitation which seemed to him only to exasperate feeling and rivet bonds more closely. But now he saw—not as a Democrat, not as a New Yorker, not as a Northerner—he saw as a man, that humanity was in danger, where he could help; he saw as an American, that America was imperilled; he saw as a lifelong lover of liberty, that liberty was vitally assailed; and as a man, as an American, as a lover of liberty, he declared, in the spring of 1856, against the extension of slavery, and five years later his whole political faith burst forth in one indignant peal of patriotism."

Emerson's temperament was not that of one who rushes into practical methods of reform, yet he used his influence to good purpose by speaking upon many occasions in sympathy with anti-slavery ideals. He believed that the most righteous way of solving the problem would be for the Nation to buy the freedom of the slaves. In an address before the anti-slavery society in New York, he drew a glowing picture of the manner in which slavery was to be abolished. He said in part: "Every man will bear his part. We will have a chimney tax. We will give up our coaches and wine and watches. The church will melt her plate. The Father of His Country shall wait, well pleased, a little longer for his monument. Franklin will wait for his, the Pilgrim Fathers for theirs; and the patient Columbus, who waited all his mortality for justice, shall wait a part of immortality also. . . . The

rich shall give of their riches, the merchants of their commerce; the mechanics of their strength; the needlewomen will give, and children can have a Cent Society. . . . Every man in this land would give a week's work to dig away this accursed mountain of slavery, and force it forever out of the world."

Like Bryant, when he found that no such ideal method as his was going to be possible, he was ready to meet the occasion. He felt that the struggle for freedom was developing a heroism and moral grandeur noble to see. It is pleasant to think of Emerson and Lincoln closeted together in Washington, discussing the subject. This was in 1862, when Emerson had been invited to speak on "American Civilization." The lecture was given at the Smithsonian Institute. Lincoln and his cabinet were present, and we are told the lecture made a profound impression. Emerson is described as having seemed inspired through nearly the whole of it, especially the part referring to slavery and the war.

Emerson read his Boston Hymn at a Jubilee Concert in Boston, when, on January 1, 1863, the emancipation proclamation was issued, and the "Voluntaries" were published later in the year. Mr. George Willis Cooke, in his most interesting life of Emerson, has well summed up Emerson's place in the great conflict:

"Emerson was neither a zealous agitator nor an enthusiastic worker in this great controversy; for he was unfitted for both by nature and by reason of his views of human progress. . . . As the agitation proceeded, and brave men took part in it, and it rose to a spirit of moral grandeur, he gave a heartier as-

sent to the outward methods adopted. His faith in Brown, his immediate insight into the rare qualities of that true hero, gave him a greater zeal and a larger confidence in the spirit and purposes of the North. Few literary men, with natures so meditative and withdrawn from all material pursuits, have given so much thought and effort to such a cause. A student, a poet, a seer, the spiritual interpreter of our times, with no capacity for joining in the conflicts of men, he yet looked with eager eyes upon every phase of this great movement, watched it with growing hope, had faith in the triumph of freedom and love, gave such aid as he could, and all his sympathies, to those seeking the emancipation of the poor and oppressed."

There is little to relate of either Longfellow or Holmes in this struggle. They neither of them took any active interest in the agitation, yet when the time came each contributed his literary quota. Longfellow's slim book of anti-slavery poems, sentimental and romantic as they are, yet aroused at the time a tremendous amount of enthusiasm,* and had their share in strengthening feeling against the evil. Holmes was for a long period not to be convinced by the arguments of Garrison that the negro had any claims; besides, his sense of the ridiculous was aroused by the peculiarities of reformers, one of the disadvantages of a predilection for being more funny than you ought to be. But by the time the war for the Union arrived his opinions had undergone a change, and he blazed out into a strenuous and excited patriot.

He seems only once to have made a public speech

*See author's "Longfellow's Country."

on the subject, and that was a Fourth of July oration, delivered in Boston in 1863. His appreciation of all the points at issue is shown in this oration, and we may feel assured that Holmes was saved from the early error of his ways, and that it was not only in order to save the Union that his patriotism was awakened. His Hymn, after the emancipation proclamation, touches a note which shows how completely his antipathy to the early anti-slavery cause had died out:

"Ruler of Nations, judge our cause
If we have kept Thy holy laws,
The sons of Belial curse in vain
The day that rends the captive's chain.

"Then, God of vengeance! Israel's Lord!
Break in their grasp the shield and sword,
And make the righteous judgments known
Till all Thy foes are overthrown."

The most characteristic of Holmes's war poems is "The Sweet Little Man," dedicated to the stay-at-home rangers. He has a chance in this to indulge his vein of sarcasm and humor at the expense of the stay-at-home in war time:

"All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey-wing duster,—
That is the crest for the sweet little man!"

From this sketch of the part taken by our poets in the history of their own time and its use as subject matter in their poetry, it will be seen that their in-

dividual characteristics come out as distinctly in these poems as in the work spoken of in the previous chapters. The fact that they were all on the same side does not, in the least, affect their manner of treating the subject. We see the same careful, painstaking Whittier, painting *genre* pictures now instead of landscapes. The color tone varies with the intensity of the themes, and all are illuminated with the glow of varied personal emotion. Lowell, too, in spite of the dramatic setting of "The Biglow Papers," is the same Lowell, expressing himself in terms of knowledge and thought, even under the deepest stress of emotion. And he has, here as elsewhere, splendid moments, when his thought is so instinct with emotion that he touches the highest pinnacle of art. He climbs up to sit beside Emerson as the see-er of visions, and takes along with him the glint of the precious metals and the jewels which he has mined in less inspired moments. Emerson, true to his own line, "Onward and on the Eternal Pan, resteth never in one shape," lets go the ladder by which he has climbed, and, looking forth from his high place, sees only the naked thought "so majestical" that binds men's actions with the infinite.

For Longfellow's romantic temperament the subject is too near at hand to be treated effectively. We know too much about the realities to be satisfied with anything but pictures from life. We can accept Acadians who reveal Swedish characteristics, wear Swedish gowns and dwell in Swedish houses, but negroes of the war-time were too vitally human to be permanently acceptable to art in the garments of sentimentality. It might almost be set down as law

that past history may, nay, must be resuscitated by the poet in romantic form to live as art, but present history to convince as art must be true at least to actual conditions, if not to incident. In this lies Whittier's strength in his anti-slavery poems, while it is very possible that the over-exaggeration of Birdofreedum, who is typical, not real, in "The Biglow Papers," may cause that gentleman to be less appreciated as time goes on.

Bryant was even less qualified than Longfellow to shine in subjects for poetic treatment based upon contemporary events. That is probably the reason why his contribution is so slim. With anti-slavery and the war a hundred years in the past, he could probably have written a stirring poetical synthesis of the whole episode, in which all details should be left to the reader's imagination.

Finally, who shall say how much of Holmes's patriotic fervor was due to those same military displays at Harvard, which he enjoyed as a small boy? Certain it is that his war poems are almost naively warlike, and in spite of their undoubted sincerity of patriotism, give one a little the impression of having been written for the occasion rather than inspired by it.

As one proceeds in the study of these New England poets, the wonder grows that at the very dawn of American literature, there should have been a group of men, all with an English background, who showed such distinct individuality in their temperaments and poetic methods.

Peace Jubilee

FRIENDSHIP:

PERSONAL AND LITERARY

"This is the place; whether its name you spell
Tavern, or caravansera, or hotel.
Would I could steal its echoes! You should find
Such store of vanished pleasures brought to mind:
Such feasts! the laughs of many a jocund hour
That shook the mortar from King George's tower;
Such guests! What famous names its record boasts
Whose owners wander in the mob of ghosts!
Such stories! Every beam and plank is filled
With juicy wit the joyous talkers spilled,
Ready to ooze as once the mountain pine
The floors are laid with oozed its turpentine.

. . . .

"I start; I wake; the vision is withdrawn,
Its figures falling like the stars of dawn;
Crossed from the roll of life their cherished names,
And memory's pictures fading in their frames;
Yet life is lovelier for these transient gleams
Of buried friendships; blest is he who dreams!"

HOLMES.

IV

Friendship: Personal and Literary

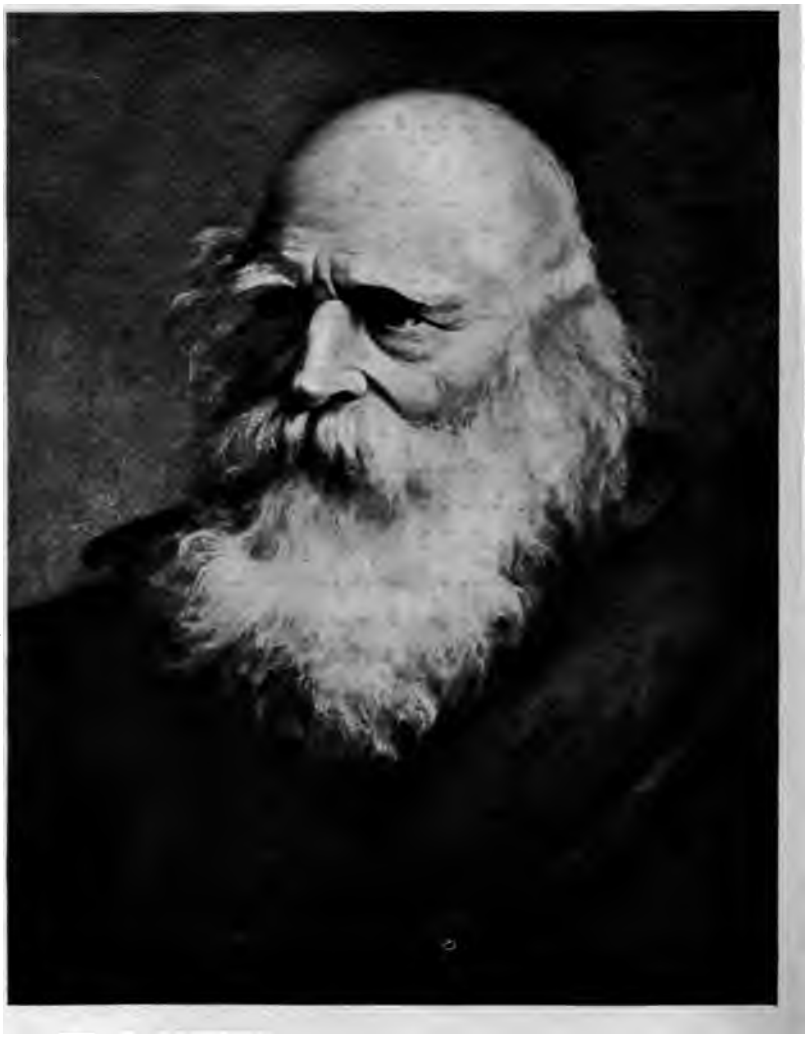
IT is a pleasant thing to think upon, that all of "our poets" were knit together in strong personal bonds of friendship. Their meetings and partings remind one of the motions of the planets in our own solar system. Never entirely outside of one another's influence, the sympathies between them varied in distance, as the distances between the planets, and like the planets, sometimes two, sometimes three, sometimes all of them moved into lines forming conjunctions or oppositions and quadratures, to use astronomical language, upon which occasions, being human, the phenomena to be observed are dinners, either at home or in delightful clubs, letters from distant climes at those times when, like other men, they went on "pilgrimages," or the more serious approaches caused by some political crisis or important literary plan.

Bryant having taken up his life-work in New York, was, like Neptune, upon the outer skirt of the system and, though much respected and honored by all, did not so frequently meet with them. Whittier also was somewhat isolated, both by reason of his distance, in Amesbury, from the centre of activity, and on account of his poor health. The others lived within easy reach of one another. Longfellow and Lowell,

a ten-minutes' walk apart, in Cambridge; Holmes, not beyond walking distance, in Boston, and Emerson an hour's ride away, in Concord. If Emerson was not literally the centre around which all the others revolved, he was at least near the centre, like Mercury, lost in sunlight. No matter what criticisms his brother poets, in their all-seeing wisdom, might have to make of Emerson's verse, or upon his transcendental philosophy, they could not open their mouths to speak of the man himself without uttering poems. One and all they paid tribute to his unique and wonderful personality. Longfellow never wrote anything more exquisite than his words about Emerson in his diary:

"Emerson is like a beautiful portico, in a lovely scene of nature. We stand expectant, waiting for the High Priest to come forth; and lo, there comes a gentle wind from the portal, swelling and subsiding; and the blossoms and the vine-leaves shake, and far away down the green fields the grasses bend and wave; and we ask, 'When will the High Priest come forth and reveal to us the truth?' and the disciples say, 'He has already gone forth, and is yonder in the meadows.' 'And the truth he was to reveal?' 'It is nature; nothing more.' "

Holmes tells of the delight of sitting beside Emerson at dinner. He is not so purely poetic as Longfellow in his comparisons. He is charmed by Emerson's delicious voice and his fine sense of wit, but he does not think of a beautiful portico in a lovely scene of nature. His semi-scientifico-poetic mind thinks of a cat or an ant-eater when he watches the delicate way Emerson steps about among the words of his



BRYANT. 1794-1878

vocabulary. " . . . If you have seen a cat picking her footsteps in wet weather, you have seen the picture of Emerson's exquisite intelligence, feeling for its phrase or epithet,—sometimes I think of an ant-eater singling out his insects as I see him looking about and at last seizing his noun or adjective,—the best, the only one which would serve the need of his thought."

Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, showing how widespread was the recognition of a quality in Emerson quite apart from that of all other men. It was felt by the humble as well as by his brother poets and others of high degree in intellectual matters. Indeed, the former were not only won by his angelic presence, but often showed a more spontaneous perception of his wisdom than those sophisticated in the ways of thought, as, for example, the congregation at East Lexington, which desired so much to have Emerson for their minister that they could not settle upon any one else. When one of the members was asked why this was so, she replied: "We are a very simple people and can understand no one but Mr. Emerson." One of the *mots* of these old days which seemed particularly to delight Longfellow, who found it very difficult to comprehend Emerson's flights of thought, was a remark of Jeremiah Mason, who, when asked if he could understand Emerson, replied: "No, I can't, but my daughters can."

"A sharp thing," Longfellow called this retort, but that was so long ago, in the mediæval mists of the last century (1838), that it was before men had come any appreciable distance toward the recognition that a man's daughters might be his intellectual equals, much less that they, like the child in Maeterlinck's "Les

Aveugles," might perceive the truths of the future more clearly because not blinded by intellectual or religious prejudices.

If we want to see all the poets in line at once, there is no better place to look for them than at a dinner of the "Saturday Club," of which five of them were members. Bryant was, of course, too far away to be included and, for some reason, could not be induced to dine with the club, even when he was in Boston. Longfellow records the fact, but does not give any reason. Besides the poets, the membership of this club included a number of brilliant men, among whom may be mentioned Hawthorne, Motley, Agassiz, Dwight, Sumner, Dana,—and others of a later time—nearly all of them names to conjure with. No wonder Lowell could write home from England that nowhere had he had better talk than at the "Saturday Club."

The members, if we may judge by the constant references to it in letters or diaries, took great delight in this little coterie, but of them all, Holmes seems to have been its most devoted member, and from him we get more glimpses of its sessions than from any one other member. It is even hinted that he expanded in its sympathetic atmosphere to such a degree as occasionally to make the mistake of talking too much. That might have been trying to Lowell, who also had a great gift of speech, but when we are told that in his talk at the "Saturday Club" Holmes was more delightful than his own Autocrat or his own Professor, we feel that to hear him must have been more interesting even to Lowell than to talk himself. Hawthorne's teeth must have gleamed as he furtively

looked up from his plate and cast upon Holmes the sunbeams of his appreciative smile. We may be perfectly sure, too, that even if Holmes did have a tendency to monopolize, Lowell would sooner or later get his innings, while Emerson must have occupied considerable time picking out the right words, for it was at the club Holmes observed his skill in this particular. Speaking of Holmes's devotion to this club, his biographer says:

"Outside the sacred *penetralia* which were shut within his own front door, nothing else in Dr. Holmes's life gave him so much pleasure as did this club. He loved it; he hugged the thought of it. When he was writing to Lowell and Motley in Europe, he seemed to think that merely to name 'The Club,' was enough to give a genial flavor to his page. He would tell who were present at the latest meeting, and where they sat. He would recur to those who used to come, and mention their habitual seats,—matters which his correspondents already knew perfectly well. But the names were sweet things in his mouth, and, in fact, he was doing one of the deepest acts of intimacy in thus touching the chord of the dearest reminiscence which their memories held in common."

All this feeling finally burst forth in his later years in the poem, "At the Saturday Club," in which he describes how,—

"Loosed from its chain, along the wreck-strown track
Of the dead years my soul goes travelling back;
My ghosts take on their robes of flesh, it seems:
Dreaming is life; nay, life less life than dreams,
So real are the shapes that meet my eyes."

He draws but four portraits of the guests who have forever departed, Longfellow, Agassiz, Hawthorne and Emerson. In each case it is a speaking likeness. Through his eyes we see at least these four as they dined at Parker's at the "Saturday Club":

"Here sits our Poet, Laureate, if you will.
Long has he worn the wreath, and wears it still.

. . . .

Kind, soft-voiced, gentle, in his eye there shines
The ray serene that filled Evangeline's.
Modest he seems, not shy; content to wait,
Amid the noisy clamor of debate,
The looked-for moment when a peaceful word
Smooths the rough ripples louder tongues have stirred.
In every tone I mark his tender grace
And all his poems hinted in his face;
What tranquil joy his friendly presence gives!
How could I think him dead? He lives! He lives!

. . . .

"But who is he whose massive frame belies
The maiden shyness of his downcast eyes?
Who broods in silence till, by questions pressed,
Some answer struggles from his laboring breast?

. . . .

Virile in strength, yet bashful as a girl,
Prouder than Hester, sensitive as Pearl."

Emerson we seem to see with especial distinctness. His rare skill in finding the right word is again noted, more poetically than in the former instance. He is a king now, choosing jewels for his bride when he speaks.

"From his mild throng of worshippers released,
Our Concord Delphi sends its chosen priest,
Prophet or poet, mystic, sage or seer,
By every title always welcome here.
Why that etherial spirit's frame describe?
You know the race marks of the Brahmin tribe,—
The spare, slight form, the sloping shoulder's droop,
The calm, scholastic mien, the clerkly stoop,
The lines of thought the sharpened features wear,
Carved by the edge of keen New England air.

"List! for he speaks! As when a king would choose
The jewels for his bride, he might refuse
This diamond for its flaw,—find that less bright
Than those, its fellows, and a pearl less white
Than fits her snowy neck, and yet at last,
The fairest gems are chosen, and made fast
In golden fetters; so, with light delays
He seeks the fittest word to fill his phrase;
Nor vain nor idle his fastidious quest,
His chosen word is sure to prove the best."

This club, according to Dr. Holmes, started with a trio or quartette consisting of Emerson and two or three of his admirers, who fell into the habit of dining together occasionally at Parker's. Others gathered around them, and at last the little group grew into the famous club. Edward Everett Hale declares that the club originated with a dinner given by Mr. Phillips to a few men, including Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and Emerson, at the time of the founding of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Underwood, who was Phillips' literary man, declares, on the other hand, that this dinner gave rise to the Atlantic Club, or

Atlantic dinners, and that he ought to know, because the invitations and reminders were always in his hands. Holmes insists that there never was such a thing as the Atlantic Club. Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., Holmes's biographer, feeling, evidently, the helplessness of this state of contradictions, tries to clear the matter up thus: "Certain it is that nearly all the frequent (male) contributors to the magazine, who lived within convenient reach of the Parker House, were members of the club, or doubtless might have been so had they desired; and that for a long while a multiplicity of nerves and filaments tied the magazine and club closely together. Equally certain it is that from the outset a few members of the club were never contributors to the magazine, and that all these nerves and filaments have long ere the present day been entirely severed."

An entry in Longfellow's diary, February 28, 1857, three months before the first *Atlantic* dinner, which was May 5, and is also recorded by Longfellow, throws some light on the matter: "Saturday. In town. Dined with Agassiz at his club, which he wishes me to join, and I think I shall." Lowell, Emerson and Longfellow had talked about forming a club to dine once a month as far back as February, 1850, when, under date of the twenty-second, there is an entry in Longfellow's diary to that effect.

Whatever may have been the origin of the Saturday Club, Holmes himself celebrates not only that club, but writes a poem for an *Atlantic* dinner in 1874, which proves that, even in his mind, the two series of dinners were quite distinct from each other.

Finally, another entry in Longfellow's diary, May

14, 1859, is to the effect that he dined that day at the *Atlantic Club*. He adds, "the *Atlantic* is not the Saturday Club, though many members belong to both."

Upon one occasion the "Atlantic Club" ventured to ask also its women contributors to a dinner. Longfellow speaks of this, and remarks that Mrs. Stowe wore a green wreath on her head, which he thought very becoming. Colonel T. W. Higginson gives an amusing account of this dinner in his "Cheerful Yesterdays." Mrs. Stowe and Miss Prescott were the only ladies who accepted. The former did so with hesitation, and only upon the condition that no wine should be drunk.

The presence of ladies and the absence of wine seemed to have a very depressing effect upon the other *Atlantic* contributors; so much so that one after another they sent out their water glasses with a mysterious whisper to the waiter, who returned with them filled with a rosy liquid. He recalls that the brilliant Holmes devoted himself largely to demonstrating to Dr. Stowe that all swearing doubtlessly originated in the free use made by the pulpit of sacred words and phrases. The equally brilliant Lowell was trying to prove to Mrs. Stowe at the same time that "Tom Jones" was the best novel ever written. It is not surprising that, owing to the mischievousness of these two, Dr. Stowe told Whittier that he and Mrs. Stowe found the conversation at the club not quite what they had been led to expect, though no doubt they were all very distinguished men.

Besides Saturday Club dinners and *Atlantic* dinners, our poets, two or more of them, often met at dinners for gala occasions. One of the most interest-

ing of these must have been the celebration by the Burns Club of the centennial of that poet's birth, January 25, 1859. Emerson was there, and gave a fine address, in which he expressed the highest appreciation of Burns. Lowell was there also, and he tells of the effect made upon him by Emerson's speech: "Every word seemed to have just dropped down to him from the clouds. He looked far away over the heads of his hearers with a vague kind of expectation, as into some private heaven of invention, and the winged period came at last to obey the spell. 'My dainty Ariel,' he seemed murmuring, as he cast down his eyes as if in deprecation of the frenzy of applause, and caught another sentence from the sibylline leaves that lay before him ambushed behind a dish of fruit, and seen only by the nearest neighbors. Every sentence brought down the house as I never saw one brought down before; and it is not so easy to hit Scotsmen with a sentiment that has no hint of native brogue in it. I watched—for it was an interesting study—how the quick sympathy ran flashing from face to face down the long tables like an electric spark, thrilling as it went, and then exploded in a thunder of plaudits. I watched till tables and faces vanished, for I, too, found myself caught up in the common enthusiasm, and my excited fancy set me under the *bema* listening to him who fulmined over Greece."

Judge Hoar said of this address that it surprised him as much to hear of Emerson's speaking on Burns as it did to hear of Holmes writing a life of Emerson. Emerson evidently shared in this surprise, according to a note of his in Sanborn's Recollections. He could

not comprehend why his address had aroused such enthusiasm, for he had never had much opinion of Burns, but had read him over to better purpose. Still he had but a short time in which to prepare himself. Lowell himself contributed a poem, and Whittier, though not present, sent one, which was read by Emerson.

Whittier owed more of a debt to Burns than the others, for it was Burns who first brought him to a consciousness of beauty, and aroused his latent talent for poetry. His school-teacher, Mr. Coffin, who was in the habit of reading to Whittier and his mother and aunt, brought, one evening, a volume of Burns. It is recorded that Whittier was spellbound with delight; the teacher left the book with him, and, as Whittier tells, in a charming poem to Burns, written some time before the Burns celebration, from that time—

"I saw through all familiar things
The romance underlying;
The joys and griefs that plume the wings
Of Fancy skyward flying.

"I saw the same blithe day return,
The same sweet fall of even,
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn
And sank on crystal Devon.

"I matched with Scotland's heathery hills
The sweetbrier and the clover;
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills
Their wood hymns chanting over."

Holmes was there also, with a poem. With one accord they eulogize the art and humanity of Burns, and, excepting Emerson, with that conscientiousness characteristic of the admirers of Burns, do not fail to touch upon his faults, albeit lightly, and then forgive him for them. Even the ascetic Whittier has no heart for censure,—

> "To-day be every fault forgiven
> Of him in whom we joy!
> We take, with thanks, the gold of Heaven
> And leave the earth's alloy."

Emerson follows, literally, this ideal, and speaks only of that which was fine and beautiful in the character and poetry of Burns. It is depressing when enthusiasm for the good and the beautiful must be tempered by the consciousness of pitiful failures, and, except for purposes of psychological analysis, to regard the highest in a human being as his real self, and let the rest go, as Emerson does, is wiser and truly more forgiving than to dim the picture with smoke, and then try to brush off the soot. This was probably the secret of the magnetism exerted by Emerson on that day, of which Lowell speaks in such admiring terms. Emerson stretched forth his hands to Burns, not only because of his art, not only because of his humanness, but because he thought of him as a powerful force in the great progressive movement of the modern world. On this point he said: "Not Latimer, nor Luther, struck more telling blows against false theology than did this brave singer. The Confession of Augsburg, the Declaration of Independence, the

EMERSON. 1803-1882
From a photograph by Ethel C. Brown

French Rights of Man, and the Marseillaise, are not more weighty documents, in the history of freedom, than the songs of Burns."

Longfellow was prevented by a fit of lumbago from attending this dinner, whereat he was greatly chagrined, and from his diary we catch a glimpse of him eagerly reading the newspaper account the next morning.

Among important gala occasions, were birthday or farewell dinners to each other, at which the whole group were, if possible, present. One of these was a farewell dinner to Lowell when he went abroad in the spring of 1855. The dinner was at the Revere House in Boston, and was presided over by Longfellow, who speaks of it as a joyous banquet, one of the pleasantest he had ever attended—a meeting of friends to take leave of one whom they all loved. Lowell, too, gives a glimpse of this joyous occasion, at which Holmes not only repeated charming verses, but sang songs. One of the guests, Rölker, added much to the hilarity of the after-dinner festivities by reciting two stanzas, beginning "A helf to ve nortward boun." "He gave it with so much sentiment," Lowell says, "that we were all entirely overcome, and laughed so immoderately that the brave Rölker at length sat down." The dinner ended with all singing "Auld Lang Syne" in true college style, and Lowell, at the advanced age of thirty-six, talks about feeling young again. The verses by Holmes are to be found in his collected poems, "Farewell to J. R. Lowell," the concluding stanzas of which show in what a happy vein the poem was written:

"Nay, think not that Friendship has called us in vain
To join the fair ring ere we break it again;
There is strength in its circle,—you lose the bright star,
But its sisters still chain it, though shining afar.

"I give you one health in the juice of the vine,
The blood of the vineyard shall mingle with mine;
Thus, thus let us drain the last dew-drops of gold,
As we empty our hearts of the blessings they hold."

There is another dinner in honor of Lowell to be recorded,—that celebrating his seventieth birthday, a few years after his return from his ambassadorship in England, in 1889. It was given at the Tavern Club, and presided over by Mr. Norton. Holmes was there, and read a poem, but of the other poets none was left except Whittier, who does not seem to have been present. He was, however, among those who sent tributes to the Lowell Birthday number of the *New York Critic.*

At Whittier's seventieth birthday celebration, December 17, 1877, Lowell was far overseas, looking forward to participation in the brilliant ceremonies attendant upon the marriage of the young Spanish king, and soon to experience his first bull-fight. He expresses in a letter to Longfellow, about this time, a feeling of homesickness. He misses his old friendships. He might well regret not being present at the great banquet given at the Hotel Brunswick by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* to their contributors and other distinguished guests, in honor of Whittier. Mr. H. O. Houghton presided, with Whittier, Emerson and Longfellow at his right, Holmes, Howells and Warner at his left. The *Literary World*

printed the same month a Whittier Birthday number, to which all the distinguished literati of the country sent greetings. Among those of his old friends who sent poems were Longfellow, Dr. Holmes, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Lydia Maria Child, Lucy Larcom; and among those who sent letters were Richard H. Dana, W. C. Bryant, George Bancroft, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Whittier was deeply touched, says his biographer, at this outpouring of the hearts of his literary friends, and uttered his characteristic "Response"! He was not so enthusiastic about the dinner, and when told of it refused at first to go. He wrote to his niece, "They are wanting to make a fuss over my birthday on the 17th. I think I have put a stop to it." However, he was induced to attend, and upon his introduction by Mr. Houghton, the company arose and cheered. Whittier's little speech was not very spontaneous. He really did not altogether like being a centre of interest on account of his age, a fact he had confided to his niece, to whom he had said: "It is bad enough to be old without being twitted of it." The writer has attended birthday dinners to some of to-day's brilliant literary lights, and has been impressed with the fact that the speakers descant upon the age of the person they would honor much more than is necessary, or is in quite good taste, as if age were the one single attribute of humanity. When the cheering subsided, therefore, Whittier made this uninspired little speech:

"You must know you are not to expect a speech from me to-night. I can only say that I am very glad to meet with my friends of the *Atlantic*, a great many contributors to which I have only known through

their writings, and that I thank them for the reception they have given me. When I supposed that I would not be able to attend this ceremony, I placed, myself, in my friend Longfellow's hands, a little bit of verse, that I told him, if it were necessary, I wished he would read. My voice is of 'a timorous nature and rarely to be heard above the breath.' Mr. Longfellow will do me the favor to read the writing. I shall be very much obliged to him, and hope at his ninetieth anniversary some of the younger men will do as much for him."

Longfellow then read the "Response":

"Beside that milestone where the level sun,
  Nigh unto setting, sheds his last low rays
On word and work irrevocably done,
Life's blending threads of good and ill outspun,
  I hear, O friends, your words of cheer and praise,
Half doubtful if myself or otherwise,
  Like him who, in the old Arabian joke,
  A beggar slept and crowned Caliph woke.
Thanks not the less. With not unglad surprise
I see my life-work through your partial eyes;
Assured, in giving to my home-taught songs
A higher value than of right belongs,
You do but read between the written lines
The finer grace of unfulfilled designs."

Emerson, who was not given to writing verses on his friends, although there are one or two occasions when he did, read Whittier's "Ichabod," which had been written in protest of Webster's speech in support of Compromise and the Fugitive Slave Law. There was not one among our poets who did not feel at the

time Webster made this speech, as Whittier expresses himself in the first stanza of this poem:

> "So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
> Which once he wore!
> The glory from his gray hairs gone
> Forevermore!"

—but few of them who would have been so willing to treat him with the gentleness shown in the second and subsequent stanzas unless, indeed, it might be Emerson, though even he pictured the car of slavery, with all its abominations, and Webster as a leading horse, straining to drag on this car. Whittier preferred to think of Webster as dead:

> "All else is gone; from those great eyes
> The soul is fled:
> When faith is lost, when honor dies,
> The man is dead!
>
> "Then, pay the reverence of old days
> To his dead fame;
> Walk backward, with averted gaze,
> And hide the shame."

Emerson, in a couplet, strikes this uncompromising blow:

> "Why did all manly gifts in Webster fail?
> He wrote on Nature's grandest brow, *For Sale.*"

Holmes also read a poem which, as well as paying tribute to Whittier, takes very clever poetical "snap-

shots" at his colleagues, Longfellow, Emerson, and Lowell. Here is Longfellow:

"Though in Hebrew, in Sanscrit, in Choctaw you write,
Sweet singer who gave us the Voices of Night,
Though in buskin and slipper your song may be shod,
Or the velvety verse that Evangeline trod,

"We shall say, 'You can't cheat us,—we know it is you,'
There is one voice like that, but there cannot be two,
Maëstro, whose chant like the dulcimer rings:
And the woods will be hushed while the nightingale sings."

Holmes exclaims: "How we all know each other!" and, we may add, how he makes us know them! Emerson, Lowell, and Whittier follow in order, and better photographs of their essential qualities could not be found:

"And he, so serene, so majestic, so true,
Whose temple hypæthral the planets shine through,
Let us catch but five words from that mystical pen,
We should know our one sage from all children of men.

"And he whose bright image no distance can dim,
Through a hundred disguises we can't mistake him,
Whose play is all earnest, whose wit is the edge
(With a beetle behind) of a sham-splitting wedge.

"Do you know whom we send you, Hidalgos of Spain?
Do you know your old friends when you see them again?
Hosea was Sancho! you Dons of Madrid,
But Sancho that wielded the lance of the Cid!

"And the wood-thrush of Essex,—you know whom I mean,
Whose song echoes round us while he sits unseen,
Whose heart-throbs of verse through our memories thrill
Like a breath from the wood, like a breeze from the hill.

"So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure,
We hear but one strain and our verdict is sure,—
Thee cannot elude us,—no further we search,—
'Tis Holy George Herbert cut loose from his church!

"We think it the voice of a seraph that sings,—
Alas! we remember that angels have wings,—
What story is this of the day of his birth?
Let him live to a hundred, we want him on earth!"

The homage he received upon this occasion was prized by Whittier, but he expressed himself as being humbled rather than exalted by praise which he modestly said he did not deserve, for "As the swift years pass, the Eternal Realities seem taking the place of the shadows and illusions of time."

How different was Lowell's feeling upon the similar occasion! He wrote to Mrs. Leslie Stephen, "I was dined on my birthday, and praised to a degree that would have satisfied you, most partial even of your sex. But somehow I liked it, and indeed none but a pig could have helped liking the affectionate way it was done. I suppose it is a sign of weakness in me somewhere, but I can't help it. I *do* like to be liked. It gives me a far better excuse for being about (and in everybody's way) than having written a fine poem does. *That'll* be all very well when one is under the mould. But I am not sure whether one will care for it much."

There is no record of a public or semi-public dinner to celebrate Longfellow's seventieth birthday, which fell in the same year as Whittier's. On his seventy-second birthday he, however, received a tribute well worth while. The school children of Cambridge, as all the world knows, presented him, at a festival gathering of all the schools, with a chair made from the chestnut tree under which the village smithy stood.* He mentions a farewell dinner at Fields' in his honor, when he went abroad in 1868, "very beautiful with flowers and all pleasant things," and that Lowell and Holmes were present, and a dinner in honor of his fiftieth birthday, given by the Sons of Maine. At the Fields' dinner Holmes read his verses, beginning,—

"Our Poet, who has taught the Western breeze
To waft his songs before him o'er the seas,
Will find them wheresoe'er his wanderings reach,
Borne on the spreading tide of English speech,
Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the farthest beach."

The *Atlantic* breakfast to Holmes, in honor of his seventieth birthday, was another great occasion. It was given December 3, 1879, although his birthday fell in July. But that was an unseasonable time for social functions. Howells presided at this, and one feels that a newer generation has come upon the scene. Ladies were also included upon this occasion, and, their shyness of former years having vanished, they appeared in such numbers that it has been described

*See "Longfellow's Country."

as a brilliant gathering of men and women, and was regarded as even more successful than Whittier's dinner. Thus the world moves. None of our group contributed poems to the occasion, but some of them must have been present, for Holmes, writing to Lowell about it, says:

"My friends were there in great force, except Longfellow, who sends me an affectionate note this morning, telling me how he was prevented by a sharp and sudden attack of influenza from coming. Of course, a banquet from which the two L's are absent is shorn of its brightest ornaments, but we did—they did, I should say—as well as possible under the circumstances, and this morning I look back on all the fine things that were said and sung about me, and feel like a royal mummy just embalmed. The only thing is that, in hearing so much about one's self, it makes him think he is dead and reading his obituary notices."

Longfellow refers to many a little private dinner at his own home or elsewhere, at which one or other of the poets were present, the other guests being Felton, Sumner, Agassiz, Hawthorne, Fields or Dana—all intimately associated with one another, and, of course, there were sometimes guests not so constantly of their company.

The record of these dinners gives one a general view of the social doings in which our poets were for many years constantly associated. The view is, however, only an external one; their true meaning for one another comes out in their more personal relations. While they were all friends, each being so much interested in the work of all the others that in their Saturday Club and *Atlantic* relations they were

dubbed "The Mutual Admiration Society," there were especial affinities between them at certain periods of their lives.

In his college days, Longfellow contributed verse to a magazine called the *U. S. Literary Gazette.* In the *Galaxy,* another magazine, his name was mentioned favorably, along with Bryant's. One of his poems, "Autumnal Nightfall," was considered so beautiful that it was thought to have been written by Bryant himself, and, as Longfellow's correspondent from the *North American Review* said, "If you are aware of the estimation in which he is held here, you will think this a high compliment." These are indications that the early influence of Bryant upon Longfellow was a strong one. In the fifteenth number of the *Gazette,* November, 1824, Longfellow still being an undergraduate, there appeared upon the same page of the magazine two sonnets by Bryant, and a poem, entitled "Thanksgiving," by Longfellow. The Bryant influence is plainly visible in this early poem, which begins,—

> "When first in ancient times, from Jubal's tongue,
> The tuneful anthem filled the morning air"—

and ends with an especially imitative strain,—

> "Have our mute lips no hymn—our souls no song?
> Let him that in the summer day of youth
> Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,
> And him that in the nightfall of his years
> Lies down in his last sleep and shuts in peace
> His dim, pale eyes on life's short wayfaring,
> Praise Him that rules the destiny of man."

Many years after this Longfellow spoke of his early admiration in a letter to Bryant:

"Let me say what a stanch friend and admirer of yours I have been from the beginning, and acknowledge how much I owe to you, not only of delight but of culture. When I look back upon my early years I cannot but smile to see how much in them is really yours. It was an involuntary imitation, which I most readily confess, and say, as Dante says to Virgil,—'Tu se 'lo mio maestro, e 'l mio autore.' "

The meeting between the poets did not occur, however, until about a dozen years after the association of their names in the *Gazette,* and then by accident, in Heidelberg. Hearing that Bryant was there with his family, Longfellow called upon him; the visit was immediately returned. They took some long walks together over the hills, and we are told that Bryant's mild, expressive eye, his calm countenance, and his thoughtful spirit were very attractive to Longfellow. Unfortunately for an acquaintance so auspiciously begun, Bryant was suddenly called home, and, leaving his family in Germany, returned to America. Longfellow took many pleasant little trips with Mrs. Bryant and her family during the remainder of their stay, and thus ended a meeting which might have ripened into intimacy. An occasional meeting and a few letters make up the sum total of their subsequent relations to each other. One of the meetings, unexpected, like the first, was at "The Verandah," the famous summer hotel near Portland, whither Longfellow went in the summer of 1847. "Who should appear at the dinner table to-day but the Bryants!" writes Longfellow; and another was when Bryant

visited Boston in 1861, when calls were exchanged and dinners given to the distinguished visitor. At this time Longfellow writes that he never saw Bryant so gentle and pleasant.

Longfellow, of course, drifted away from the early poetic influence of Bryant, but he continued to feel genuine admiration for Bryant's verse, while the latter expresses the warmest admiration for his younger contemporary, to whom he wrote, after reading a collection of Longfellow's poems, published in 1846: "They appear to me more beautiful than upon former readings, much as I then admired them. The exquisite music of your verse dwells more than ever on my ear; and more than ever am I affected by their depth of feeling and spirituality, and the creative power with which they set before us passages from the great drama of life."

The relations between Bryant and Lowell were not quite so smooth as those between Bryant and Longfellow. Bryant did not have a proper regard for Lowell's poetry, and in a review of it in the *New York Evening Post,* praised only one poem, "The Morning Glory," which happened to be by Mrs. Lowell. He also hinted that Lowell had borrowed from him in his poem, "To the Past." No wonder Lowell was a little provoked, although he declares he was only amused, for the two poems have nothing in common but the title. Bryant sees the Past as an abstraction, and ends with a personal and rather sentimental touch. Lowell sees the Past in historic symbols, and leads up to its meaning intellectually for the present. Lowell's "amusement" is expressed certainly with some tartness, if not with rancor: "I

steal from him, indeed! If he knew me he would not say so. When I steal I shall go to a specie vault, not to a till. Does he think that he invented the past, and has a prescriptive title to it? Do not think I am provoked. I am simply amused. If he had *riled* me, I might have knocked him into a cocked hat in my satire. But that, on second thoughts, would be no revenge, for it might make him President, a cocked hat being now the chief qualification. It would be more severe to knock him into the middle of next week, as that is in the future, and he has such a partiality toward the past." We never think of Bryant now except as the venerable, much beloved poet, who was one of the bulwarks of the Nation at a time when it was sorely in need, and consequently Lowell's words about him seem unnecessarily irreverent.

At that time, however, Bryant was still a comparatively young man, and had not gone through the trial fire of the war. It happened, too, that Lowell was writing his "Fable for Critics," and had just finished his characterizing of Bryant, which he says is funny and, as far as he could make it, unmitigably just. The criticism of Bryant does not to-day impress one as being either remarkably funny or absolutely just, but rather as flippant and unpenetrating, with no clear perception of either his good points or his faults. He strikes his hardest blow in the first stanza:

"There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified
As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignified,
Save when by reflection 't is kindled o' nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.

He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation
(There's no doubt he stands in supreme iceolation),
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on."

Lowell speaks of adding some complimentary verses after the comic part when he is in a happier mood, by which he probably means the closing lines:

"If I call him an iceberg, I don't mean to say
There is nothing in that which is grand in its way;
He is almost the one of your poets that knows
How much grace, strength, and dignity lie in Repose;
If he sometimes fall short, he is too wise to mar
His thought's modest fullness by going too far."

To do Lowell justice, he was never quite easy in his mind about his treatment of Bryant in this fable, and declared some eight years later that he did not do Mr. Bryant justice in it, and that he regretted what he had said lest it might seem personal, adding that it had something of youth's infallibility in it, or, at any rate, of youth's irresponsibility. He recommended Bryant, over himself, about this time also, to W. J. Stillman, the editor of the *Crayon,* to whom he wrote: "I wish your journal to succeed. Remember that success is the only atmosphere through which your ideas will look lovely to the public you wish to influence. Bryant's name will help you more than mine; therefore, take him first."

Bryant wrote at least one poem which aroused in Lowell a feeling of genuine enthusiasm, "Among the Trees." Of this he wrote to Fields: "It was pleasant to see him (Bryant) renewing his youth like the

eagles, in that fine poem about the trees. He deserves to have a tree planted over his grave, which I wouldn't say of many men. There was a very high air about those verses, a tone of the best poetic society, that was very delightful. Tell Mrs. Fields that I think they justify his portrait."

Lowell made final amends to Bryant in his poem, "On Board the '76," for Bryant's seventieth birthday, which shows a remarkable appreciation of his services to the cause of freedom during the war, considering the fact that he (Lowell) never read the *New York Evening Post,* and had supposed that it was mainly Godwin's. The closing stanzas of this stirring poem blot out the flippancy of Lowell's earlier utterances:

"But there was one, the Singer of our crew,
  Upon whose head Age waved his peaceful sign,
But whose red heart's-blood no surrender knew;
  And couchant under brows of massive line,
The eyes, like guns beneath a parapet,
Watched, charged with lightnings yet.

"The voices of the hills did his obey;
  The torrents flashed and tumbled in his song:
He brought our native fields from far away,
  Or set us 'mid the innumerable throng
Of dateless woods, or where we heard the calm
Old homestead's evening psalm.

"But now he sang of faith to things unseen,
  Of freedom's birthright given to us in trust;
And words of doughty cheer he spoke between,
  That made all earthly fortune seem as dust,
Matched with that duty, old as Time and new,
Of being brave and true.

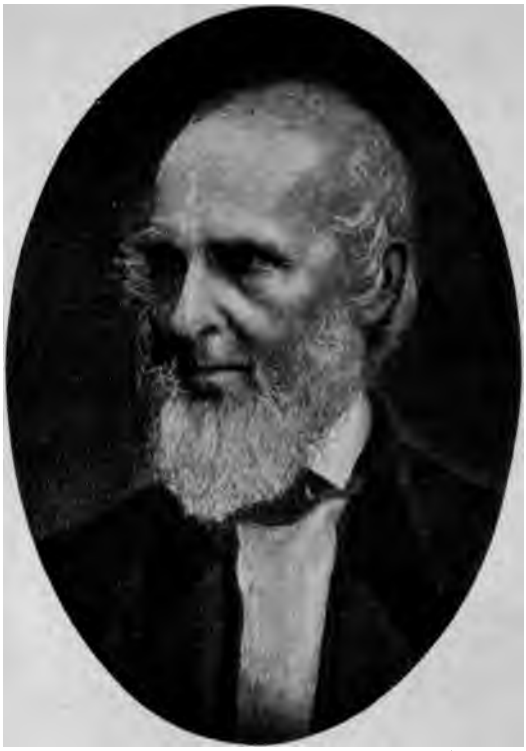
"We, listening, learned what makes the might of words,—
Manhood to back them constant as a star;
His voice rammed home our cannon, edged our swords,
And sent our boarders shouting; shroud and spar
Heard him and stiffened; the sails heard, and wooed
The winds with loftier mood.

"In our dark hours he manned our guns again;
Remanned ourselves from his own manhood's stores;
Pride, honor, country, throbbed through all his strain;
And shall we praise? God's praise was his before;
And on our futile laurels he looks down,
Himself our bravest crown."

Whittier contributed a poem to this anniversary festival, in which he emphasized entirely Bryant's services in the cause of freedom. Holmes, on the other hand, dwelt more especially upon his qualities as a poet, though he touches in one or two stanzas upon his loyalty to the cause:

"How can we praise the verse whose music flows
With solemn cadence and majestic close,
Pure as the dew that filters through the rose?
How shall we thank him that in evil days
He faltered never,—nor for blame, nor praise,
Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier lays?"

Whittier was the only other member of the group, between whom and Bryant there was any special contact. Lowell may not have known of his work in the *Post,* an almost incredible fact, considering his interest in politics; but Whittier was in touch with it and him, and, what is more to the purpose, probably wielded a strong influence at the start in turning



WHITTIER. 1807-1892

Bryant's face away from party politics to the larger national issues. It was not discovered until after Whittier's death that he was the author of a poem, published in the Haverhill *Iris* of September 29, 1832, entitled "To a Poetical Trio in the City of Gotham." It was an appeal to Bryant and two other well-known poets of the day, Leggett and Lawson, to give up their Jacksonianism, and come out boldly for freedom.

It was not many years before Whittier had the delight of seeing two of the trio, Bryant and Leggett, working with the unpartisan fervor which delighted him.

Whittier and Lowell were, of course, brought especially close in the early days before the war, when they were working for the cause of anti-slavery. A year before the episode recorded in the last chapter, when Lowell's anti-slavery poem in the *Courier* was thought to be by Whittier, Lowell had asked Whittier to contribute to a magazine, the *Pioneer,* which he was to edit. In his letter to Whittier, Lowell says that any little poem he may have by him will be acceptable. Lowell cannot offer to pay Whittier much at first, he explains, but trusts that the hope of aiding a good endeavor will be a sufficient inducement. His interest in Whittier's political ambitions is also shown in the same letter, for he says: "I wish I were in your district to vote for you as a member of Congress." The friendliness toward his work and toward the man himself was an abiding attitude in Lowell's life. As Whittier said of him, in relation to some proposed change in a stanza of a poem sent to the *Atlantic,* "If friend Lowell, however, thinks the lines not quite up to the subject, or to his estimate of my

ability, he is a true man and a true friend, and will act accordingly."

When Whittier was sending contributions to the *Atlantic*, letters often went with them to the editor, Lowell, and sometimes Lowell made friendly suggestions in regard to improvements in his verses. In his "Fable for Critics" Lowell does not hesitate to point out Whittier's faults, which grew, he declares, out of,—

> "A fervor of mind which knows no separation
> 'Twixt simple excitement and pure inspiration."

But there is more praise than blame in all that he said. Besides, many times his pen was wielded in prose to the honor of Whittier, whom he had characterized in anti-slavery days in the *Pioneer* as "the fiery Koerner of this spiritual warfare, who, Scævola-like, has sacrificed on the altar of duty that right hand which might have made him acknowledged as the most passionate lyrist of his time." At another time, after Whittier had split off from the Ultra Abolitionists, and joined the Liberty Party, Lowell's praise of his poetry, in a long review contributed to the *Standard* of a volume just published, made the editor of that paper, Mr. Gay, think it incumbent upon him to point out in an editorial note the fact that Whittier had been found in a different camp from that of the "older abolitionists," and to animadvert on the subject.

We hear of at least two visits made by Lowell to Whittier, and probably there were more. One of these was in July, 1850, in company with Bayard Taylor, who writes in a letter to a friend: "Friday

morning early, Lowell and I started for Amesbury, which we reached in a terrible northeaster. What a capital time we had with Whittier, in his nook of a study, with the rain pouring on the roof, and the wind howling at the door." The other, in September, 1868, Lowell tells about in one of his letters, when he drove with a friend to Amesbury and called on Whittier. Whittier piloted them to a fine bluff over the Merrimac, where they had a beautiful view. Besides such visits as these they, of course, met at the clubs, though not frequently, for Whittier loved not company over well. According to Colonel T. W. Higginson, when he did go to the club he appeared simple, manly, unbecomingly shy, yet reticent and quiet, and with no power for holding his own in a conversation led by Lowell and Holmes. Nevertheless, the same observer says he had plenty of wit and keenness, and no one could give a more interesting summary of what had happened in the course of the dinner than Whittier.

All that Whittier was, in Lowell's estimation, both as poet and man, is briefly and pertinently summed up in his sonnet to Whittier, sent from Europe for Whittier's seventy-fifth birthday, and read at the presentation by the Society of Friends to the Friends' School at Providence of a portrait of Whittier:

"New England's poet, rich in love as years,
Her hills and valleys praise thee, her swift brooks
Dance in thy verse; to her grave sylvan nooks
Thy steps allure us, which the wood-thrush hears
As maids their lovers', and no treason fears;
Through thee her Merrimacs and Agiochooks
And many a name uncouth win gracious looks,

Sweetly familiar in both Englands' ears:
Peaceful by birthright as a virgin lake,
The lily's anchorage, which no eyes behold
Save those of stars, yet for thy brother's sake
That lay in bonds, thou blewest a blast as bold
As that wherewith the heart of Roland brake,
Far heard across the New World and the Old."

Whittier and Longfellow were not closely associated, though they had a high regard for each other, more frequently expressed by Whittier than Longfellow. While Whittier and Lowell were fierce in their anti-slavery enthusiasms, Longfellow, who shrank temperamentally from participation in any sort of political controversies, was browsing in the lore of European culture or delving into the myths of American Indians. He frequently bemoans the fact that his friends, especially when Sumner was of the party, would drift into political talk at his dinner table. Yet all the time, his sympathy was with the noble workers in the cause. It comes out over and over again in the entries in his diary. At the time of the capture of a fugitive slave in the streets of Boston and his return to his master in New Orleans, Longfellow speaks with regret of not having been at the monster meeting at Faneuil Hall to hear the speeches of Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and Howe. Again, he speaks of Sumner's making a Free-soil speech in Cambridge, and exclaims "Ah, me! in such an assembly! It was like one of Beethoven's symphonies played in a sawmill! He spoke admirably well. But the shouts and the hisses and the vulgar interruptions grated on my ears. I was glad to get away." And this is what he

has to say of January 6, 1863: "A great day. The President's Proclamation for Emancipation of Slaves in the rebel States, goes into effect. A beautiful day, full of sunshine, ending in a tranquil, moonlight night. May it be symbolical of the Emancipation! There was a grand meeting in Boston, at which Emerson recited a poem. I was not there."

Perhaps his strongest expression of sympathy with the slave is in a letter to Sumner: "Your report on the rejection of colored testimony I read with a kind of agony, to think what we had been inflicting upon those whose despair is dumb. This dreadful stone of Slavery! Whenever you lift it, what reptiles crawl out from under it!"

When all this passive sympathy broke out in expression in his poems on slavery, his friends were joyful. Sumner wrote him that by these poems his name was fastened to an immortal truth; Lowell made them an opportunity for waving the anti-slavery banner in his *Pioneer,* but Whittier determined to turn such sympathy at once to some practical advantage. He immediately wrote, thanking Longfellow for the poems, which had been published as a tract and were doing important service in the liberty movement, and asked him to allow his name to be used as a candidate for Congress on the ticket of the Liberty Party. Longfellow's answer to this request states in an unequivocal manner just where he stood. After saying he was not qualified for the duties of such an office, and that he did not belong to the Liberty Party, he added that he rejoiced in the progress of true liberty, and in freedom from slavery of all kinds, but that he could not think of entering the political arena. Par-

tisan warfare, he declared, was too violent and too vindictive for his taste, and he would be but a weak champion in public debate.

All through his life Whittier frequently expressed admiration of Longfellow's work in letters both to him and to other friends. One instance of this is especially interesting. It seems that Whittier had intended to write upon the subject of the banishment of the Acadians from Nova Scotia, but he put it off until he found that the subject had been suggested to Hawthorne, and had, in consequence of Hawthorne's not desiring to use it, been taken up by Longfellow. After "Evangeline" appeared, Whittier said he was glad he had been delayed, for Longfellow was the right person to write the poem. Whittier was of the opinion that if he had attempted it, he would have spoiled the artistic effect of the poem by his indignation at the treatment of the exiles. He wrote a very appreciative notice of the poem, and received from Longfellow a letter of grateful acknowledgment.

They seem to have been in the habit of praising each other in letters to their lady friends. For example, Longfellow writing to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, says: "There is something more in education than is set down in school books. Whittier has touched this point very poetically in that little lyric of his called 'In School Days.'" And Whittier, writing to Annie Fields, says of "Morituri Salutamus": "How good Longfellow's poem is! A little sad, but full of 'sweetness and light.'"

When Longfellow died, Whittier felt it deeply. When asked by Aldrich to write a poem for the *Atlantic,* he replied that it seemed as if he could never

write again. "A feeling of unutterable sorrow and loneliness oppresses me." Though he wrote no poem for the *Atlantic,* he expressed the depth of his admiration and affection for Longfellow in a letter to his niece: "Pure, kindly, and courteous, simple yet scholarly, he was never otherwise than a gentleman. There is no blot on the crystal purity of his writings." And on the fly-leaf of a volume of Longfellow's poems he wrote the following stanzas:

"Hushed now the sweet consoling tongue
Of him whose lyre the Muses strung;
His last low swan song has been sung.

"His last! And ours, dear friend, is near;
As clouds that rake the mountains here,
We, too, shall pass and disappear.

"Yet howsoever changed or tost,
Not even a wreath of mist is lost,
No atom can itself exhaust.

"So shall the soul's superior force
Live on and run its endless course
In God's unlimited universe."

Longfellow speaks of one meeting with Whittier at his publisher's, and remarks that he grows mellower and milder as does his poetry.

Between Whittier and Dr. Holmes there seems to have been a special liking. The two men must have been antipodal in many of their feelings,—Whittier, the man of the people, a simple farmer, a Quaker opposed on principle to war; a democrat, not only in

theory but in practice, with a distaste for show and public functions; and Holmes, the aristocrat and conservative, the boy who delighted in military display, the man sought after as a brilliant star to grace all kinds of social functions, public and private. When Whittier first met Holmes he declared that he liked him and that there was rare humor in the man. And it was Whittier who started the poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," on its career of popularity, when he said of it that the little poem was "booked for immortality." In his letters to the *Atlantic,* he is constantly throwing out little snatches of praise for Holmes. Holmes seemed to take equal delight in Whittier's poems, many of which he could not read (by his own confession) without weeping.

In a letter to Whittier, thanking him for his appreciation of the Andover poem, he retorts, "To cover my egotisms, let me say to you unhesitatingly that *you* have written the most beautiful school-boy poem in the English language. I just this moment read it, because I was writing to you, and before I had got through 'In School Days' the tears were rolling out of my eyes."

In another letter, thanking Whittier for a volume of his poems, Holmes writes: "My wife wanted me to read one,—a special favorite of my own, 'The Witch of Wenham,' but I told her 'No'—I knew I should break down before I got through with it, for it made me tearful again, as it did the first time I read it."

In the next paragraph of the letter we perhaps get a glimpse not only of the qualities of Whittier, but of the genuine Holmes, when his soul fluttered out of

LONGFELLOW. 1807-1882

his conservative shell, as it was prone to do if religion was in question. Not only Whittier's very real poetic gift touched him, but he could find himself thoroughly in sympathy with a religion free from dogma as Whittier's was. Their approach here is typical of the sympathy many Quakers have felt in Unitarianism, to the extent even of joining themselves to that body of religionists:

"I was going to say, I thank you, but I would say rather, I thank God that He has given you the thoughts and feelings which sing themselves as naturally as the wood-thrush sings his silver bell—to steal your own exquisitely descriptive line. Who has preached the gospel of love to such a mighty congregation as you have preached it? Who has done so much to sweeten the soul of Calvinistic New England? You have your reward here in the affection with which all our people who are capable of loving anybody regard you. I trust you will find a still higher, in that world, the harmonies of which find an echo in so many of your songs."

In the light of artistic and religious affinities, the mere accident of a different mental attitude toward social or political ideals becomes as nothing. They could love each other, although Holmes once found the anti-slavery people a queer lot, and in spite of the fact that they were on opposite sides upon the question of woman suffrage.

Touchingly Whittier acknowledges, a little later, a birthday greeting from Holmes:

"Among the many kind greetings which reach me on this anniversary, thine has been the most welcome, for a word of praise from thee is prized more highly

than all." He speaks of a feeling that the four singers are isolated from the rest of humanity in lonely companionship. He realizes that fame is nothing and "that love is the one essential thing, always welcome, outliving time and change, and going with us into the unguessed possibilities of death." Then he speaks especially of their literary life abreast of each other: "We began together in *Buckingham's Magazine*, and together we are keeping step in the *Atlantic*. Not evenly, indeed, for thy step is lighter and freer than mine. How many who began with us have fallen by the way! The cypress shadows lie dark about us, but I think thee contrive to keep in the low westering sunshine more than I can."

When he wrote to the *Critic* in celebration of Holmes's birthday, the praise, though almost extravagant, is evidently Whittier's sincere conviction, after a lifetime of friendship, and intimate familiarity with Holmes's work:

"Poet, essayist, novelist, humorist, scientist, ripe scholar, and wise philosopher, if Dr. Holmes does not at the present time hold in popular estimation the first place in American literature, his rare versatility is the cause. In view of the inimitable prose writer, we forget the poet; in our admiration of his melodious verse, we lose sight of 'Elsie Venner' and 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.' We laugh over his wit and humor, until, to use his own words,—

'We suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon a shoot,
As if Wisdom's old potato could not flourish at its root';

and perhaps the next page melts us into tears by a pathos only equaled by that of Sterne's sick Lieuten-

ant. He is Montaigne and Bacon under one hat. . . . To those who have enjoyed the privilege of his intimate acquaintance, the man himself is more than the author. His genial nature, entire freedom from jealousy or envy, quick tenderness, large charity, hatred of sham, pretense, and unreality, and his reverent sense of the eternal and permanent, have secured for him something more and dearer than literary renown—the love of all who know him."

These two great friends and admirers of each other, found themselves alone together at the last. After Lowell's death they seemed to have almost a feverish anxiety to see each other. Holmes wrote, "I am longing to see you, and if you are coming to Danvers, you must expect me to drive over for an hour's talk with you. As I have often said, we, that is, you and I, now are no longer on a raft, but we are on a spar." Whittier replied, "I am most happy to know that I may expect a visit from thee as soon as the present wet weather permits. I need not tell thee how glad I shall be to see thee before I let go that 'spar' and leave it to thee alone." In another letter Whittier calls attention to the fact that in Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," printed 1842, he finds the names of John Greenleaf Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes next each other "in their due order as they should be." In the following year Whittier died, a few weeks after writing his last poem, one for Holmes's birthday—not a very good poem, but infinitely pathetic. Holmes wrote a poem in memory of Whittier's death, breathing the same spirit of love and appreciation which we have seen reflected in his letters.

We think of Lowell and Holmes associated together, especially in the *Atlantic Monthly*—one as the first editor, and the other as the contributor who did the most to bring about the initial success of that magazine. Its inauguration at a dinner has already been spoken of. It was started at a propitious time, when society, which had hooted at the abolitionists, as it is apt to hoot at everybody who breaks through the peaceful self-satisfaction of its unconscious mediævalism, was waking up to the fact that slavery, after all, was not exactly the sort of thing it wanted to countenance. As society and its hangers-on make up a large proportion of the population of every city, it is well-nigh impossible for a Garrison, or even a Phillips, to bring success to a cause unless the "broadcloth" element does have such an awakening. The new magazine was started for the express purpose of enlisting upon the side of the righteous cause society and public opinion. The group of men who would stand and had stood for the moral rectitude of the nation were also those whom the public honored for their genius. The combination was irresistible, the magazine made an immediate impression. Awakened social opinion was ready to support it, and applauded this fine combination of genius with moral purpose. The geniuses, in jovial conclave, decided that Lowell was the man to be editor-in-chief, to which he replied: "I will take the place, as you all seem to think I should, but, if success is achieved, we shall owe it mainly to the doctor."

Underwood, in his delightful reminiscences of Lowell, relates that the new editor-in-chief then turned to him and said, in an aside: "You see, the

doctor is like a bright mountain stream that has been dammed up among the hills, and is waiting for an outlet into the Atlantic." (The name was suggested by Holmes.) "You will find he has a wonderful store of thoughts, serious, comic, pathetic, and poetic, of comparisons, figures and illustrations. I have seen nothing of his preparation, but I imagine he is ready. It will be something wholly new, and his reputation as a prose writer will date from this magazine."

Holmes never forgot this. He spoke of it at the *Atlantic* breakfast in his own honor, twenty-two years later, magnanimously declaring that if it had not been for the *confident* words of Lowell he might not have taken up his pen in serious earnest, and so have missed the chance of saying some things he was glad to have said, and which others had been willing to listen to.

Again, many years after, upon the death of Lowell, Holmes wrote to Charles Eliot Norton, of the stimulation he had received from Lowell at this time, who urged upon him the use of certain gifts, his by nature, for the use of the public. Although Lowell was ten years his junior, he recognized the younger man's literary experience and wisdom, and from the impulse given him by Lowell's belief in him, he dated his best efforts and his nearest approach to success in literary pursuits.

From the letters which passed between these two, many a pleasant picture of their friendly relations may be collected. They did not so uniformly feed each other with honey and sugar as did Whittier and Holmes, perhaps because in the one case the sympathy was temperamental, in the other, intellectual.

Although there were intellectual differences between Lowell and Holmes, they were sufficiently on the same plane mentally to enjoy intellectual sword play. Lowell might dare to laugh at the "old square-toed heroics" of Holmes's verse, and Holmes might retort "upon the rattlety-bang sort of verse in which Lowell sometimes indulged." He found a good deal of this sort of verse in "The Vision of Sir Launfal," his praise of which was considerably shadowed with blame. What propriety, he wants to know, is there in introducing the Baltimore oriole in the tableau of that old feudal castle? And furthermore, "There are objective instances, as the Rev. Homer Wilbur's critic would say, of a want of unity, which shows itself 'subjectively' in various other passages, where the old story, which should have been brocaded throughout with old-world and old-time imagery, is overlaid with fine new philanthropizing and philosophizing generalities." The critical doctor has the grace to admire the description of the brook, the "most ingenious and exquisitely finished piece of pen fancy-work I have seen for a long time," but why did he not equally object to Beaver Brook, which was almost as near Lowell's home as the hang-bird on the elm-tree bough? Lowell tells, himself, of the scene that inspired his description of the brook, in a letter to his friend, Mr. Briggs. He was walking home in the moonlight on a frosty night, when the stillness of the fields was broken only by the "tinkle of a little brook which runs too swiftly for Frost to catch it."

Dr. Holmes's criticisms are eminently "square toed" no doubt, yet, who would like to have the hang-bird and the dandelion banished from Sir Launfal's

Beaver Brook

Vision? What is the use of poetry if it must be as literal as prose? Is it not a fairyland wherein the poet-magician surely has a right to wave his wand if he will, and make old-world trees animate with Baltimore orioles, and old-world fields emblazoned with dandelions?

If Holmes occasionally found rattlety-bang lines in Lowell, he quite blotted out the effect of his objections in many another instance, such as the time, at the *Atlantic* breakfast, when he was in so great a state of excitement because a newspaper misprinted a word in a speech praising Lowell, making him speak of Lowell's "notable" instead of "noble poems," that he immediately wrote to the absent Lowell, saying: "The wretches printed 'noble,' *notable!* The idea of my applying that lukewarm word to the grand poems which so largely merit the adjective I gave them. I was so vexed that if I had not slept off my breakfast I should have had an indigestion."

A much more serious onslaught than this was made by Lowell upon Holmes when he took him to task because he was not a more serious and ardent reformer. We know only from a letter of the doctor's in defense of himself, what the grounds of Lowell's criticisms were. Lowell evidently thought that Holmes had too great a respect for war as a means of settling national or international difficulties, that he had shown contempt for the abolitionists, that he had failed to show himself a believer in temperance, that he was not as sympathetic about the poor as he ought to be, and that he did not help along reform in general. This is a formidable array of shortcomings to be accused of, but the gentle doctor replied

with so much kindliness and dignity, that no doubt Lowell was convinced he was not so bad as he had been painted, if he were not quite so strenuous in upholding the Lowellian ideals as he might be. About war, Holmes felt that it had been a powerful stimulant in bringing out the strength of the human intellect, and although he confessed to a growing disgust to this mode of settling national quarrels, he could not shut his eyes to the beauty of the heroism and self-devotion of which the battle-field had often been the occasion. This was in 1846. Lowell was many years later to learn, in agony of spirit, the meaning of the beauty of heroism.

On the subject of slavery, he said that he had to plead guilty to a thoughtless line in his Phi Beta Kappa poem, meant for a harmless jest, but that he would not write such a verse now, for reasons we may see, which might seem rather weak to Lowell. These were "partly because this party had grown more powerful, perhaps," but partly also because he now knew it would give offense to many good persons whose motives and many of whose principles he held in profound respect.

He also pleaded guilty to having written some poems of a convivial turn, but offset that by calling attention to one written for a temperance celebration in New York, and also by stating the fact that he had taken a hundred and fifty dollars less rent for a store on Long Wharf rather than let it for a grocery, because he knew rum would be sold from it. He continues that he believes in all practical measures for helping the poor and that he is by no means the thoroughgoing conservative Lowell seems to think him.

Lowell was evidently especially troubled over the poem Holmes had read before the Mercantile Library Association, "The Rhymed Lesson," because he had not made it an occasion for an anti-slavery address.

There is much sound sense in several of the points Holmes makes here in his defense. For one thing, so much vituperative eloquence was so constantly being employed on this subject, that nothing was so flat and unprofitable as weakly flavored verses relating to it. Therefore, he confined himself to things that interested him more, giving many moral lessons in the course of the poem, among others, the duties of religious charity. The audience being largely of young people, the poet interspersed his moral lessons with gay sallies, in each of which was hidden some pearl of a moral. The result is not especially happy, from an artistic point of view, and at the time evidently missed fire, from a moral point of view as well, since Holmes declares that one set of critics proscribed him for being serious and another for being gay. He assured Lowell, however, that he listened to his suggestions with respect, that he meant to reflect upon them, and hoped to gain something from them. It is not unlikely that Lowell's criticisms helped to broaden his perceptions of the good work others were doing, though it never led him to take an active part in that work.

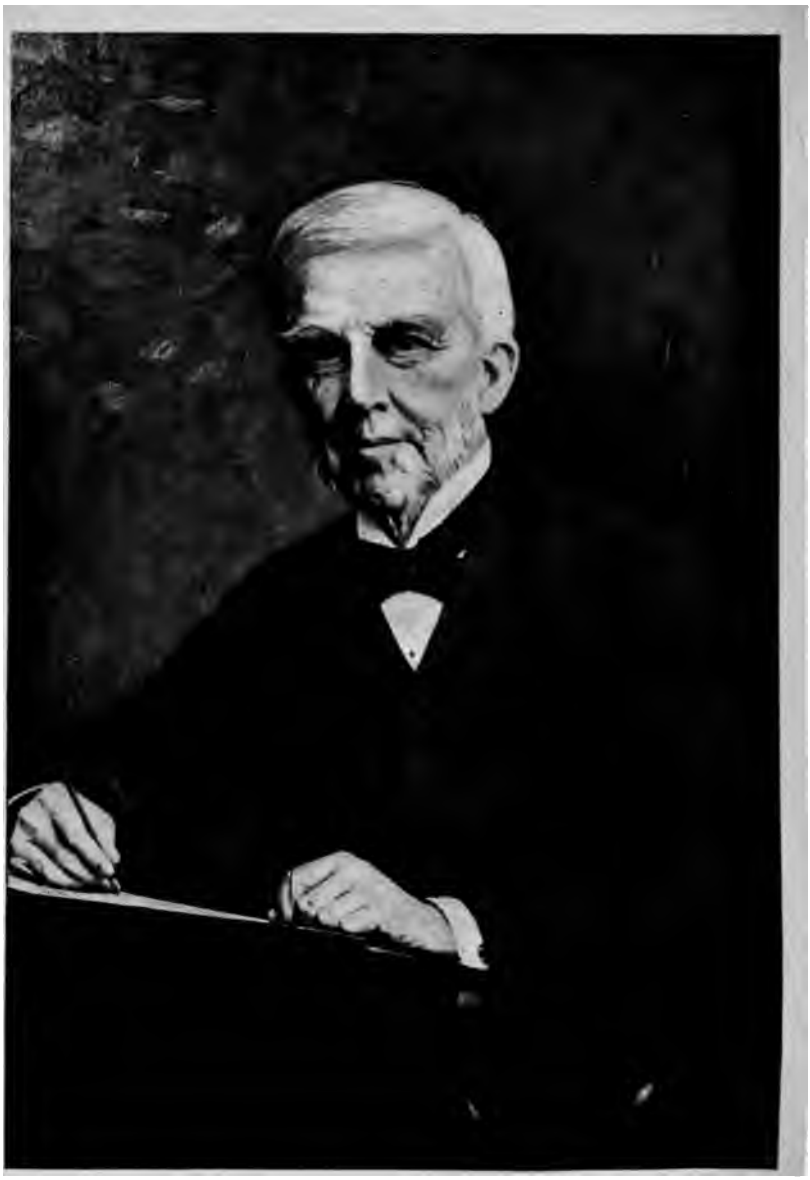
There is no more attractive picture than that of Holmes constantly writing letters to Lowell when he was ambassador to England, and as constantly assuring him he need not answer if he is too much overwhelmed with affairs. His unselfish interest and ad-

miration, his evident longing to hear at first hand of his friend's doings abroad, and his determination that he will not ask for a letter, show Holmes in a very lovable light.

In another letter we have an intimation that these two sometimes enjoyed cattle shows together. It is a refusal on the part of Holmes to accept Lowell's invitation to one; but Holmes's regret, together with his evident familiarity with and remembered enjoyment of such shows, leads one to hope that they may have been to many in company with each other, and that Lowell shared Holmes's delight in looking at prize pumpkins and squashes, or at the "sampler worked by a little girl aged five years and three months, and the patchwork quilt wrought by the old lady of eighty-seven years, four months and six days."

Some years later we have a chance to take a peep at Dr. Holmes seated in his study. Conspicuous on the table is Underwood's Memoir of Lowell, wherein he is, as the doctor says, "embalmed, living, in fragrant adjectives as sweet as the spices that were wrapped up with the mummy of the grandest of the Pharaohs." On the wall is a large painting of Lowell, the effect of which is "very Titian-like." There is also a group in which both Lowell and Holmes appear. The atmosphere is so pervaded by Lowell that no wonder Holmes, as he sits there, wonders why he should be writing to Lowell as if he were at a distance.

After the record of these later years of devotion to Lowell which Holmes showed, it is somewhat pathetic to read in his letter to Charles Eliot Norton, at Lowell's death, the admission, "I could claim no such intimacy as yours with James, and yet I feel his loss



HOLMES. 1809-1894

very deeply. He always showed a very kindly feeling towards me, and I owe to him more than to almost any other friend. He early tried to interest me in some of those larger movements in which he was himself active. I recognized the generous aim of his effort, and received his communication not ungraciously. But the little fruit on my poorly built espalier was very slow in ripening, and after that first attempt of his he left me for a long time to ripen as I might."

There seems to have been no especial intimacy between Holmes and Longfellow, but from the remarks which Holmes lets fall about him in his letters to various people we learn that Holmes found him a most agreeable companion. Of his first meeting with Longfellow, in 1832, he wrote: "I have met Professor Longfellow two or three times lately, and a very nice sort of a body he seems to be." The elements of his niceness come out in subsequent references to him. By piecing these together, we obtain a very complete portrait of the man as he appeared to Holmes, and a more lovable person it would be hard to imagine—the man luminous with gentle graces, whose graceful and lovely nature can hardly find expression in any form without giving pleasure to others, in whose society he found a singular charm—"a soft voice, a sweet and cheerful temper, a receptive rather than an aggressive intelligence, the agreeable flavor of scholarship without any pedantic ways, and a perceptible *soupçon* of humor, not enough to startle or surprise or keep you under the strain of over-stimulation, which I am apt to feel with very witty people." Furthermore, Longfellow was so modest it was almost impossible to get him to speak in public. Even at the

Saturday Club, he did not throw off his modest demeanor, though in his gentle, soothing way he said many excellent things.

Lowell is the only one of the group with whom Longfellow had a special intimacy, a natural result of their living so near together, and of their relations at Harvard. Lowell was a sophomore in 1836, when Longfellow became Smith Professor at Harvard, and was really the leader of a little literary renaissance for New England. As well as inspiring a love for continental literature in the students, he was a very companionable professor. He walked and talked with the students, or even smoked and played whist. It does not appear, however, that Longfellow and Lowell became at all intimate at this time, though an incident happened, which Lowell remembered thirty years later, as the beginning of an intercourse which ripened into a friendship, never marred by a single jar. The incident was Longfellow's acknowledgment of Lowell's class poem in a note, as the latter declared, much more friendly than it deserved. Probably Longfellow's poems on slavery was a means later on of drawing them together. At any rate, Lowell not only spoke of them with enthusiasm in the *Pioneer,* but he defended Longfellow against the attacks of the anti-slavery journals, when a Philadelphia publishing house, Carey & Hart, brought out a handsomely illustrated volume of Longfellow's poetical works with the poems on slavery left out. Of course, it was regarded as an act of cowardliness on Longfellow's part, but Lowell told Mr. Gay, of the *Standard,* who had been especially bitter, that he believed Longfellow had left them out because he re-

garded them of inferior quality. This looks a little like special pleading, and is a straw to tell how loyal a friend Lowell was getting to be of Longfellow, for that poet indicates no such cogent reason for leaving them out. In fact, all he does is to note the fact that he has been attacked, and that "They are rather savage." His biographer adds, in a note, that they were omitted, perhaps, by a too good-natured concession to the wish of the publishers. As a cheap edition of the poems was issued by Harper's about the same time, in which these poems were included, the savagery of the anti-slavery journals was rather uncalled for.

From this time on, the entries in Longfellow's diary telling of meetings with Lowell are frequent. He meets him casually on his walks abroad. Lowell drops in to dinner with Longfellow, or Longfellow climbs to Lowell's "celestial study, with its pleasant prospect through the small square windows, and its ceiling so low you can touch it with your hand." They discourse of anti-slavery matters, about which Lowell is very ardent, or they read each other's poems with much more of admiration than criticism. Later on Longfellow goes to Lowell's lectures on poetry, soon after which Longfellow resigns his professorship and Lowell becomes Smith Professor of Literature at Harvard. About this Longfellow writes to his friend Freiligrath, "The Professorship has been disposed of to Lowell, the poet, a great friend of mine, who astonished the town last winter with a course of lectures on poetry. Whereupon the college immediately laid hold of him and made him my successor." Two years before this the two poets were drawn more

closely together on account of the incident of Mrs. Lowell's death and the birth of Longfellow's younger daughter, upon the same day, which Longfellow memorialized in one of his most exquisite poems, "The Two Angels," which opens with this beautiful description of the angel of death and the angel of life:

"Two angels, one of Life, and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

"Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light."

When Lowell goes abroad soon after, Longfellow drives into town with him to see him off. If he wrote to Longfellow during this absence, the letters have not been published. He does, however, send his love in a letter to Norton, with a message to the effect that to know Longfellow is to be somebody over there. As the author of various works he was nothing in particular, but as Longfellow's neighbor—it was as good as knowing a lord. In any case, Longfellow was just as glad to see him upon his return, and asked him at once to come down on a visit to Nahant.

A few other gracious incidents of their intimacy shine out through the peaceful routine of every-day life. When Lowell was minister to Spain he had the pleasure of writing to Longfellow of his election to la Real Academia Española, and when ambassador

to England, he took part in the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey.

Perhaps the most attractive of the relations in which we see these two poets is in the Dante Club, which was formed for the purpose of reading and criticising the proof-sheets of Longfellow's translation of Dante. The nucleus of the club included Norton, as well as the two poets, and occasionally other students dropped into the symposiums. They met in Longfellow's study, and, as Mr. Norton tells, they paused "over every doubtful passage, discussed the various readings, considered the true meaning of obscure words and phrases, sought for the most exact equivalent of Dante's expression, objected, criticised, praised, with a freedom that was made perfect by Mr. Longfellow's absolute sweetness, simplicity, and modesty, and by the entire confidence that existed between us. . . . They were delightful evenings; there could be no pleasanter occupation; the spirits of poetry, of learning, of friendship, were with us." These delightful hours of study ended at ten o'clock with a supper, at which one or two guests were often present.

Among the many appreciative things said by Lowell of Longfellow's verse, which he seemed truly to love, as if it were an emanation from the gentle and scholarly personality of the poet, is his criticism of the "Wayside Inn": "The introduction is masterly—so simple, clear and strong. Let 'em put in all their *ifs* and *buts;* I don't wonder the public are hungrier and thirstier for his verse than for that of all the rest of us put together."

Where has Emerson been during this sketch of

poetic affinities? Lost in sunlight, like the planet Mercury, yet an ever-present influence. Lowell, because of his versatility, came more closely into touch with every member of the group than most of them came into touch with each other. His moral fervor brought him into the same field of interest as Whittier, his intellectual sprightliness endeared him to Holmes, his scholarship and love of literature for its own sake were the bonds of union between him and Longfellow, while his profound reaches of thought made him, perhaps, more comprehending of Emerson's philosophy than the others.

Emerson, on the other hand, seems to have been equally the friend of all and yet equally aloof from all. A curious indication of the proof of this comes out when we realize that in their combined poetical works no poem appears which celebrates any birthday festival or other function in his honor, and among his poems are none to celebrate theirs. Lowell tells of Emerson having sent some verses once to him in a letter for his birthday, but he lost the letter. Truly, so far as the public is concerned, not with "ribbons" did these "celebrate their loves." Yet he was one of the most constant attendants at the Saturday Club dinners, and if he did not write poems to his friends he often attended the festal occasions in their honor, and sometimes made speeches or, as in the case of Whittier, read that poet's "Ichabod." There is no doubt he came and went freely among them. Longfellow frequently records that Emerson dined with him, sometimes in Cambridge, sometimes at Nahant. He meets him, too, at little afternoon teas at the Howes', yet he seems always to have been the bright

particular star, too etherial for ordinary clay to approach very closely. Some one records that no one would ever dream of giving Emerson a friendly slap on the shoulder. But we may imagine him moving round in his sunlit orbit, and coming nearer sometimes to one, sometimes to another of his colleagues. The slavery agitation brought Whittier and Emerson into sympathy, as it had Lowell and Whittier. Though Emerson had in his inmost soul a philosophical attitude toward the problem, he did his duty as far as in him lay, and we find him, in 1854, inviting Whittier to a meeting in Boston for the purpose of considering the political situation and devising some plan of bringing together the men of all parties who would work together on the slavery issue. Their love and knowledge of nature must also have been a bond of sympathy between them, but Whittier evidently felt his limitations in comparison with Emerson when it came to the point of interpreting nature. All of this is evident in a letter of Whittier's to Emerson, wherein, after describing how royally he has been living amid the autumnal opulence of nature, he exclaims: "Oh, that I could put into words the hymn of gratitude and unspeakable love which at such a season is sung in my heart. I wish thee could have been with us the other day on the Merrimac. We wanted an interpreter of the mystery of the glory about us."

In response to such genuine feeling as this Emerson could evidently not help but warm up sometimes, as when he begs Whittier to come to Concord and pay him a visit. As an inducement he prays him to come on Friday, and "we will carry you down to the

Saturday Club," which he complains Whittier does not honor as often as he might.

Emerson is reticent about praising Whittier's poetry, though he liked some of it; but Whittier said he regarded Emerson as foremost in rank among American poets and that he had written better things than any of them. Whittier's one grief in regard to Emerson was his uncertainty upon the question of immortality. Emerson would not even give Whittier the satisfaction of discussing the subject. He had always avoided it, until shortly before he died, he asked Whittier to come to Concord and see him, and they would let their buckets down deep into the well and see what they could bring up,—but they were never to see each other again.

About Emerson's poetic faculty Longfellow was always the most enthusiastic. From the first, he insisted that he was more of a poet than a philosopher. His diary is full of outbursts of appreciation over the poetry in Emerson's lectures and addresses; for example, he says in one place: "He mistakes his power somewhat, and at times speaks in oracles darkly. He is vastly more of a poet than a philosopher." Again, "He is one of the finest lecturers I ever heard, with magnificent passages of true prose poetry. But it is all *dreamery* after all." He persists in this attitude, and when his essays appeared he notes that they are "full of sublime prose poetry, magnificent absurdities, and simple truths. It is a striking book; but it is impossible to see any connection in the ideas."

He was delighted with Emerson's volume of poems, at once recognizing their rare qualities. He and his wife sat up until late at night reading this volume,

where they found, through the golden mist and sublimation of fancy, bright veins of purest poetry.

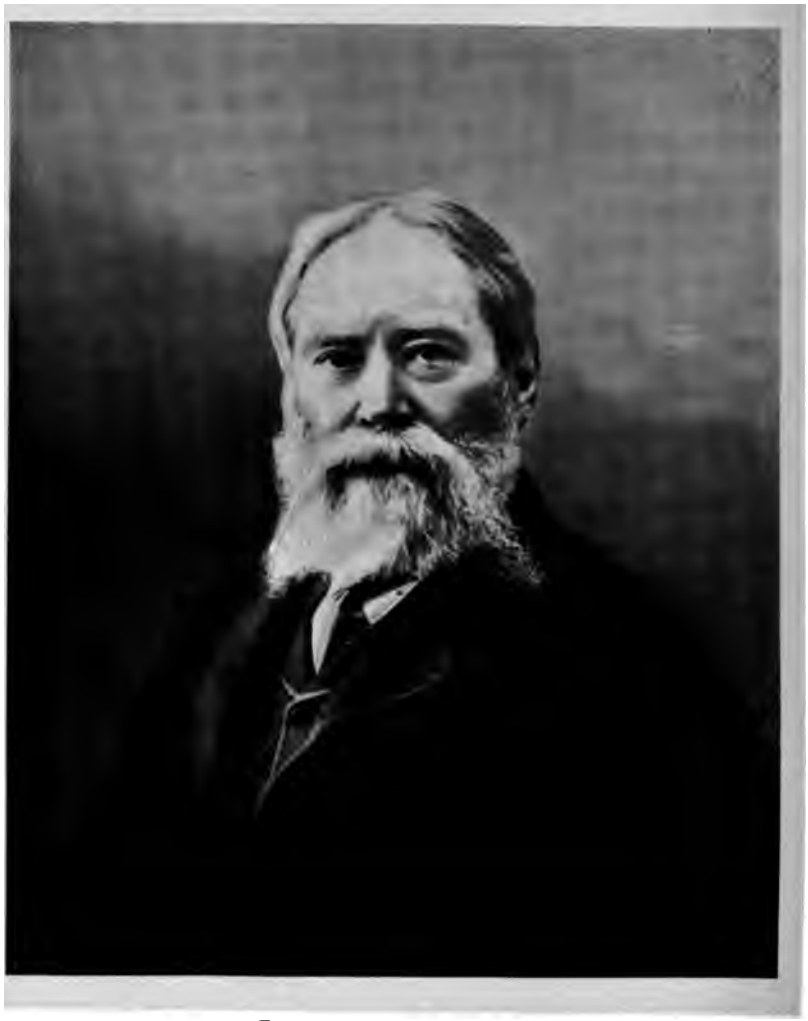
Holmes was no more in sympathy with the Emersonian philosophy than Longfellow was, although he came to have a pretty thorough intellectual comprehension of it, because of his conscientious study when he was preparing the life of Emerson. It has always been a cause for wonderment that Holmes, of all men, should have been chosen to write the life of Emerson, for they were in every way so different, it could hardly be expected that Holmes would penetrate to the true meanings of Emerson's life or thought. Emerson, the lover of the ideal and the abstract; Holmes, of things concrete and actual. "It was interesting to see two men," writes Holmes's biographer, "bred from like stock, belonging in the same generation, living amid the same surroundings, both engaged in knocking off the fetters of old thought and belief, yet doing their work along lines so widely apart, in methods so utterly diverse, reaching such different kinds of men through such different influences, and never moving even tentatively towards any alliance in effort."

After he had finished the life, Holmes wrote of the fact that for many months he had been living in daily relations of intimacy with one who seems nearer to me since he has left us than while he was here in living form and feature. Imaginative power was a ground, however, upon which these two poets might meet. Holmes may not, as Judge Hoar said, have gotten hold of all there was in Emerson, any more than Emerson had understood all there was in Holmes, but he did have a recognition of the fact that Emerson, if not a great poet, fell very little short of it. And

so it is that the chapter in the "Life of Emerson," on his poems, is the most valuable. Of course he carps a little, finds fault with Emerson's best things and overpraises those which are more commonplace, calls "The Seashore" only a fragment, and the "Concord Hymn" perfect; though, to do him justice, he adds that the latter might have been written by Collins. Still, as he himself admits, after all criticisms, selections, analyses, comparisons, "We have to recognize that there is a charm in Emerson's poems which cannot be defined any more than the fragrance of a rose or a hyacinth." His final summing up of Emerson's poetry as a whole is so appreciative of its distinction that it might have been written by an all-seeing angel instead of by a very human doctor-poet:

"His poetry is elemental; it has the rock beneath it in the eternal laws on which it rests; the roll of deep waters in its grander harmonies; its air is full of æolian strains that waken and die away as the breeze wanders over them; and through it shines the white starlight, and from time to time flashes a meteor that startles us with its sudden brilliancy."

Lowell's acquaintanceship with Emerson began when, as a boy, he was suspended from college for a little while and sent to rusticate in Concord. Lowell had heard Emerson lecture before this time in Boston, and had been impressed by Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard in his junior year, which he seems to have remembered principally for the picturesquesness of the occasion, due to the very advanced doctrine to which Emerson gave utterance: "What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows cluster-



LOWELL. 1819-1891

ing with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent!"

When he came to Concord, Emerson evidently treated the rusticated and decidedly egotistical student with great kindness, and took him off on long walks, one of which, to the cliffs, Lowell especially remembered. While here in Concord, Lowell was writing his class poem, and in spite of his admiration for and indebtedness to Emerson, he expressed in it his youthful disapproval of Emerson's famous Divinity School address of July 15, 1838:

"Woe for Religion, too, when men who claim
To place a 'Reverend' before their name,
Ascend the Lord's own holy place to preach
In strains that Kneeland had been proud to reach,
And which, if measured by Judge Thacher's scale,
Had doomed their author to the county jail!
When men just girding for the holy strife,
Their hands just cleansed to break the bread of life,
Whose souls, made whole, should never count it loss
With their own blood to witness for the cross,
Invite a man their Christian zeal to crown
By preaching earnestly the gospel down,
Applaud him when he calls of earthly make
That ONE who spake as never yet man spake,
And tamely hear the anointed Son of God
Made like themselves—an animated clod!"

Thirty years later Emerson was again asked to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa address. Things had changed. Emerson had become the prophet of a cult, the centre of admiring multitudes, and Lowell, though not a disciple, was a profound admirer. Edward Everett Hale speaks of having observed the cordiality

of Lowell's congratulations when Emerson had finished. Lowell's enthusiasm was genuine, and expressed itself in the same sort of exalted language, which, we have seen, was generally aroused in Emerson's poetic friends when they heard him speak:

"Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual even with him. It began nowhere and ended everywhere; and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way, something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. There was a tone in it that awakened all elevating associations. He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was our fault and not his. It was chaotic, but it was all such stuff as stars are made of, and you could not help feeling that if you waited awhile all that was nebulous would be hurled into planets, and would assume the mathematical gravity of system. All through it I felt something in me that cried, 'Ha, ha! to the sound of trumpets!' "

Lowell did not accept Emerson's poetry with the spontaneous enthusiasm of Longfellow, nor yet with the sympathetic appreciation of Holmes. "As a poet we must give Emerson up," he wrote, with his mind glued so fast to Emerson's rhythmical oddities that he forgot for the time the splendor of the inspired moments. His criticism in "The Fable for Critics" seems, on the whole, to have expressed his permanent opinion:

"I'm speaking of metres; some poems have welled
From the rare depths of soul that have ne'er been excelled;

They're not epics, but that doesn't matter a pin,
In creating the only hard thing's to begin;
A grass-blade's no easier to make than an oak;
If you've once found the way, you've achieved the grand stroke;
In the worst of his poems are mines of rich matter,
But thrown in a heap with a crash and a clatter;
Now it is not one thing nor another alone
Makes a poem, but rather the general tone,
The something pervading, uniting the whole,
The before unconceived, unconceivable soul,
So that just in removing this trifle or that, you
Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the statue;
Roots, wood, bark, and leaves singly perfect may be,
But, clapt hodge-podge together, they don't make a tree."

Lowell sometimes worried Holmes with his rattlety-bang lines, and Emerson worried Lowell with his hodge-podge. This impression received by Lowell must have been, in many cases, due to his lack of comprehension of Emerson's underlying unity of thought. The feeling to-day among lovers of poetry is that the spontaneous delight in his poetry felt by Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes is a surer index of Emerson's place as a poet than the careful analyzing of Lowell. Emerson may have had no ear for accent, as he himself is said to have acknowledged, but he put ideas so freshly and spontaneously that a misplaced accent now and then is of little moment.

Yet Lowell was glad to have poems from Emerson for the *Atlantic,* and even wanted to print three or four in one issue, but when he was obliged to choose, took "Days," which, he said, was as "limpid and complete as a Greek epigram."

Emerson, we judge, from his expressions of appreciation, thought Lowell more of a poet than Longfellow or Holmes or Whittier, probably because he had more of that seer-quality at times than any one except himself. When Longfellow sends him a book of verse, his thanks are certainly not couched in very enthusiastic language, but he would like to see Longfellow, for he has some things he would like to say to him about poetry. Of Lowell, he could say, however, after reading such a poem as his "The Washers of the Shroud": "We will not again disparage America, now that we have seen what men it will bear. What a certificate of good elements in the soil, climate, and institutions is Lowell, whose admirable verses I have just read! Such a creature more accredits the land than all the fops of Carolina discredit it."

Associated with our poets upon intimate terms were men not only distinguished in other branches of literature, like Hawthorne and Motley, Fenton and Thoreau, but men of other professions, like Sumner, Agassiz, Judge Hoar. To describe the relations and inter-relations existing between them all would require a portly volume. Agassiz, the scientist, seems to have been especially beloved, and has been celebrated by Lowell in his fine poem, as well as by Emerson in his "Adirondacks." He, with Hoar, Lowell, Emerson and a few others, made up the Adirondacks Club, which Emerson describes, on an outing, in the poem:

"We flee away from cities, but we bring
The best of cities with us, these learned classifiers,
Men knowing what they seek, armed eyes of experts.

We praise the guide, we praise the forest life:
But will we sacrifice our dear-bought lore
Of books and arts and trained experiment,
Or count the Sioux a match for Agassiz?"

Holmes also celebrates Agassiz in "The Saturday Club."

At this club we had our first glimpses of the poets whom New England delights to honor. The picture of their social life together may well be rounded out by an account of an *Atlantic* dinner, written by Mr. Underwood, in his "Reminiscences of Lowell":

"The bright, powerful, and inspired faces that surrounded the ellipse come to mind almost like a sight of yesterday. Each guest in turn seems to fix his eyes upon the onlooker in this miraculous camera. The group is immortal; the separate faces so many varying expressions of genius. Brilliant lights and softly luminous shades seem to play around the table, until the colors and forms are mingled as in the heart of a picture by Turner. There was Holmes, in the flush of his new fame as the Autocrat,—a man whose genius flamed out in his speech and expression as clearly as in his original and sparkling works. There was Lowell, with features of singular power, and eyes which dazzled and charmed. In merriment he was irresistible; in higher moods his face shone like a soul made visible. There was Emerson, thoughtful, but shrewdly observant, and with the placid look of an optimistic philosopher, whose smile was a benediction. Longfellow, with a head which Phidias might have modelled, by turns calm or radiant, seldom speaking, but always using the fit word. Whittier, with noble

head and deep-set, brilliant eyes, grown spare and taciturn from ill-health, an ascetic at table, eager only for intellectual enjoyment.

. . . . . .

"There was no lack of serious and even spiritual conversation. Holmes's fire often fused reasoning with eloquence, and his sentences had such force, proportion, and finish that they would not have needed revision for print. Lowell always talked well and often brilliantly. He soared naturally, as if the high regions of imagination were his familiar haunts. And the hearer never felt that Lowell had done his best, for there was something like a restrained intensity, which gave the impression that he was always greater than anything he had done. Every competent observer felt that his career would be a crescendo. Emerson was fond of listening, but after a set-to he often made a philosophical summary or *scholium* that was beautiful and memorable."

The life of these men together, literary and social, gives us a delightful impression of mid-nineteenth-century New England. The more one studies it the more one feels its gracious and uplifting influences. If there were any jealousies or jars or smallnesses of any kind among them they certainly do not come out in the records of their lives. They were as splendid a group of men, intellectually and morally, as the world has even seen; sufficiently original in genius and temperament to make distinctive places for themselves in English literature, and to bring into it the note, in varying tones, of Democracy triumphant, not only in politics, but in social life—the true meaning of which is freedom to be just and honorable; to be help-

Harvard in Earlier Days

ful to and appreciative of all human efforts; to cultivate one's own talents to the uttermost, with modest faith in them and a recognition that all others may do the same. What these men and their colleagues have so well begun, it behooves younger generations to follow. The chief element of a great literature is loyalty to lofty ideals. If this is present, as it was to an unusual degree in all these poets, there may be flaws discoverable in imaginative handling and technique, but they concern us no more than a few irregularities of feature in one whose soul we love.

THOUGHT:

EMOTIONAL AND INTELLECTUAL

"As the birds come in the Spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air;

"As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;

"As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;

"As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;
As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge;

"So comes to the Poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm that belongs
To the vast Unknown."

—LONGFELLOW.

V

Thought: Emotional and Intellectual.

THE final measure of a poet's meaning for his time and country is to be found, not in his treatment of nature, of romance, nor of history, but in the tone of thought and feeling which pervades his work, oftentimes hidden behind the doings or the thoughts of beings quite alien to himself, but at others appearing clearly on the surface, and yet again given voice to in direct lyrical or philosophical expression. An inquiry into the personal attitude of our poets in relation to New England thought will prove, I think, not uninteresting.

The main stream of thought in New England was that of the Puritans, in whose minds existed a strange chaos of religious bigotry and superstition. On the one hand, the belief that human nature was born depraved and only to be rescued by Divine Grace, gave rise to an austere conception of life, from which everything tending in the direction of artistic enjoyment was banished. On the other hand, the belief in witchcraft and magic, though all handed over to the devil, and to be feared and fought to the death, actually exercised the good office of keeping their imaginative faculty from becoming entirely atrophied. One very important means for the temper-

ing of Puritanical narrowness, thus existed, little as he suspected it, in the pristine Puritan's own mind. One of the chief external influences destined to aid in the final blossoming of so emancipated a belief as that of Unitarianism, was the element of which the Merry Mounters might be regarded as typical, namely, a spirit of fun brought in by unregenerate Episcopalians, who combined with their religion a zest for the joy of living. Another was the element of religious tolerance emphasized by the Quakers. Whatever else was needed to make Puritanical New England not only Unitarian, but Transcendental, came in through the gates of education with German and French philosophy, and whatever was needed to reduce it to its present monistic and pragmatic state of unstable equilibrium came in with science and scholarship.

One other element existed from the start, and that was the desire for freedom. It is true that it was a desire for freedom to be as bigoted and intolerant as possible, but even such a desire as this was a seed capable of growing, and when it was watered by the doctrine of toleration, however irritatingly administered, and shone upon by the joy of living, however clouded with frivolity that sun might be, it was bound to expand until it included a wish that all as well as some should be free, and should enjoy; hence further expansion!—freedom must include social as well as political and religious freedom; joy must include the higher forms of art as well as dancing around a maypole, as the giddy company of Merry Mount did, and a familiarity with the lore of thought beyond the utmost range of the learned Cotton Mather's vision.

How much of this thought and feeling has been reflected in the poetry of our little New England group? In how much of it have they been the leaders? These are important questions which cannot be more than glanced at in the scope of one chapter, but once having entered upon this fascinating road, the reader may follow it as far as inclination leads.

Bryant's inheritance and his early environment were Puritanic, but from some unknown quarter came the endowment of a love for beauty, which is the first need of a poet. It is more than likely that the austerity of his childish surroundings affected his poetic sympathies, so that he was especially impressed with those English poets who loved to discourse upon death in their verse. At any rate, it was after he had been reading Blair's poem, "The Grave," and others of similar purport, that he had his inspiration for the poem which brought him his first recognition as a poet, "Thanatopsis." The thought of nature in connection with death was no new one. It belongs to the earliest days of literature. The Greek Idyllic poets, Bion and Moschus, sang their laments in terms of nature symbolism, imitating the earlier laments for Adonis, the prototype of spring, sung by Theocritus, which was itself an imitation of the folk-loric songs to Linus, an earlier shepherd-prototype of spring. Spenser, Milton, Tennyson—all have connected with nature symbolism their poems on the death of friends. With these, however, it was an occasional note; in Bryant it becomes one of the constant sources of his inspiration and a dominant note in his philosophy of life, which must have for its completeness a constant relationing between life on this earth and life after

the resurrection. This, then, appears to be the channel into which the Calvinistic influences of Bryant's inheritance and environment flowed. Opposed, however, to this consciousness of death, was his delight in the beauty of nature, so intense a delight that he has a peculiar consciousness of the living principle in nature. He reminds one of a pristine savage in the so-called animistic phase of life when everything not only seemed to be endowed with spirit but actually was endowed with spirit. We have already seen that this consciousness of the sentiency of inanimate nature did not lead him to much individualized description of trees or flowers. But a small bouquet of exact flower-portraits may be gathered from his poems, and trees appear in groups and forests, yet they live and feel and smile in manifestation of the divine power flowing through them. Whether this joy in nature was entirely the natural reaction of a finer-fibred mind from the dolefulness of Puritan ideals, or whether it was nourished in any way by external influences sifting down from Merry Mount ideals, it was certainly a harmless way for it to show itself. The relation between these two tendencies, as it comes out in the poetry, is interesting. While the joy in living nature sings itself alone in many poems, the consciousness of death never appears without being tempered by the joy element in nature, serious and dignified though it be in expression. In "Thanatopsis," for example, his contemplation upon the fact of all the human activity which has returned again to the bosom of nature does not lead to melancholy thoughts, but to thoughts of the magnificence of the couch, and the illustriousness of the company with

whom all shall lie down in one sepulchre. He invokes mankind to approach death not like a quarry slave scourged to his dungeon, but with a perfect trust like one who lies down to pleasant dreams. Other phases of the problem of death attract his attention. One of the most striking of these is discussed in a poem written almost ten years later, "A Hymn to Death," in which he declares that he has come to sing the praises of death, and to teach the world to thank death. He then shows that death is the avenger of all wrongs, the purger of evil from the earth. From the first of time death has been on the side of virtue. The poem is, in fact, a striking statement of a belief in the evolution of goodness through the survival of the fittest, since death kills the evil. Looked at in its large aspects as a historical process, it awakens the poet's enthusiasm. It seems, however, to be a philosophical principle stumbled upon by the poet, and growing perhaps out of the really narrow Calvinistic notion that God is constantly punishing evil-doers by death and preserving the good (many examples of which may be found in Cotton Mather); for the sudden death of his exemplary father shows him an example of death destroying the good. His philosophy cannot stand up against this seeming contradiction, his mood changes and he lets the poem stand only as a record of an idle revery. The subject of death is approached from another point of view in "A Forest Hymn." In this the poet's mood is in sympathy with the never-ending life of nature, by which he feels that the hate of death is conquered. Once more he seems to stumble upon a philosophical or scientific principle, that of the persistence of energy, in spite of change

and decay. A religious turn is given to the thought here as in the other poem. The persistence of nature's indwelling life is a symbol of the eternal existence of God, while in the "Hymn to Death" the poet's consolation for the death of his father lies in the thought of his future resurrection. Examples might be multiplied to show that Bryant's attitude toward death was not a morbid one. It was the necessary complement of life; and whatever problems might arise through the contemplation of it, the final solution lay in the assurance of a future life, the possibilities of which the poet has shown in a poem to his wife in heaven, called "The Future Life." Thus his joy in the beauteous life of nature taught him a truer and serener attitude toward death than that of his Calvinistic ancestors. The past became linked in his mind with the future. The terrors and evils of history would be blotted out by death, and death itself blotted out by the resurrection into eternal life, symbolized by the persistent life of nature, whose myriad forms revealed the power and love of God.

When Bryant gives himself up entirely to his delight in nature, his Calvinism disappears entirely. His romances, however, are apt to have sad endings.

Brilliant imagination was certainly not characteristic of Bryant, yet when his muse carried him up among the clouds and the stars, he could have visions of an almost Shelleyan order. In his "Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus," he banishes reason, not, to be sure, with an outburst of passion, but in his usual serene manner, and declares he will give himself up to the fair illusions of the past, and believe that such a meeting of the planets has a direct influence on the

affairs of men. It is a curious fact that his most imaginative work came late in his life.

The clouds, which had always a strange fascination for him, were the inspiration of two charming fragments, written in 1862, "A Tale of Cloudland," and "Castles in the Air," which surpass all he had written previously in the display of delicate fancy. We can hardly believe it is Bryant who tells us of a lovely vision of a cloud-sprite, with round, white arms, a gauzy scarf of blue streaming from her shoulders, and a coronet of twinkling points like sparks of sunshine. The mother of the maiden who is made to see this vision, reprimands her for being a dreamer, and for imagining that any but the Creator Himself is concerned in the marshalling of the clouds; but the intrepid little maiden declares that though she speaks ever reverently of the Creator, she believes that in the middle air there abides a race, who do His will, and, full of thought and kindness, attend to the showers and the shadows which relieve the heat of the noon-day sun. Truly, this first of American poets, with the same instincts as those of primitive man, has passed from a feeling that there is spirit in all inanimate nature, to a phase in which he personifies this spirit. Imagination, having been degraded by the bigotry of religion into witchcraft and black magic, the implements of the evil one, is born again and is now become art, the handmaid of Divine power.

In "Castles in the Air" is a succession of pictures as gorgeous as a description from Keats's "Endymion." In "Sella" he lets his imagination revel in the depths of the sea, peopled by kind, not cruel, sea-nymphs, one of whom guided Sella thither in

magic slippers. Afterwards her brothers, not liking Sella's long absences in the realm of the sea maidens, stole Sella's slippers and threw them far out in the stream. Sella grieved deeply, but conquering her sorrow, she becomes a sort of goddess of every human invention for the artificial supply of water—wells and aqueducts and water-works—an earthly counterpart in fact of the cloud-sprite in the "Tale of Cloudland," who took charge of the showers.

Could Bryant have known that in this imaginative story he was again following the lead of primitive man by inventing a myth of civilization? If it were a real primitive myth, we should torture our understanding to discover what metaphorical meaning there was in the slippers, but being the invention of a nineteenth-century primitive imagination, we are content to believe them just magic slippers and nothing more.

In "Little People of the Snow," written in 1864, occurs again the personifying of nature—the snow-nymphs lead off little Eva and show her the beauty of their snow-palace, in which the poet has another opportunity for imaginative description. They bring her back to earth, but the journey into the palace of the snow-people has been too much for poor little Eva, and her friends find her frozen to death.

The birthright of the founders of New England, a belief in freedom, finds expression, as we have already seen, in his verse. It leads him not only to a recognition of the meaning of political liberty, but to an expression of religious toleration, as seen in his poem, "The Crowded Street." All upon the street are watched over by Divine love and thought, includ-

ing even the lowest, and all are being guided to their appointed end.

Freedom in the abstract, as in his poem, "The Antiquity of Freedom," does not appear to Bryant as a youthful goddess, but as a bearded man armed to the teeth, who has fought and received scars in many wars and must fight many more against his enemy, Tyranny, until the birth of a new earth and heaven shall arrive. This conception of freedom is a fine one, emphasizing as it does the human side, and yet not interfering with the thought of the spirit of freedom as ever young and beautiful, like the goddess Lowell pictures.

Cold, Bryant may be, as Lowell insists, but it is only a surface coldness. Dignity and restraint would better describe the qualities which one finds in his verse. In the few legends and tales he tells, as well as in his poems of patriotism, this is doubtless a blemish. They lack human fervor, but that he was a man of deep and true feeling is proved both in his love of nature and his loyal devotion to his wife, expressed in such poems as "The Life That Is," "The Future Life," and "October." This devotion stood the test of death, and he dares to look forward to loving her in heaven, because he can trust his own constant soul.

His fundamental conceptions of life and death never changed. He remained away from New England the same man, and his poetry was affected only in its external aspects by its somewhat more detailed descriptions of the scenery he encountered in his travels than those of his home scenery had been.

Though he did so little to impress upon his work the special atmosphere of New England, we feel that

his poetry expresses a philosophy and a reticence of emotion which had its roots deep in early New England thought and custom, and that his wide views down the ages of history, through floods of years, his journeys with the clouds and out among the constellations of space, were engendered by his childhood rambles over his own wide hills.

Freedom, which was a belief with Bryant, becomes with Whittier a passion that plunges him early into the arena of agitation and reform. Of the whole group, Whittier is most completely a democrat. Thomas Whittier, his ancestor in New England, belonged to the earliest days, having sailed from Southampton in 1638, and settled in what is now Amesbury. Later he moved to Haverhill, and built the house in which Whittier, nearly two hundred years later, was born. He was of Huguenot descent, and though he does not appear ever to have become a Quaker himself, he was one of those brave people whom Whittier so likes to depict—a friend of the Quakers. He was among a number of citizens who, in 1652, signed a petition to the general court, for the pardon of one Robert Pike, whose grave misdemeanor was that he had objected to an order prohibiting Quakers from exhorting "on the Lord's Day" even in their own houses. For this he was heavily fined, while the petitioners in his favor were threatened with loss of rights as "freemen" unless they withdrew their names. Among the sixteen who refused to withdraw their names was another ancestor of the poet, Christopher Hussey, and among the prohibited exhorters was another, Joseph Peasley. Thus the tempering spirit of toleration was a far-back in-

THE WHITTIER HOMESTEAD AT HAVERHILL
From a photograph by Ethel C. Brown

heritance of the poet. It is not surprising either that this tolerant Thomas Whittier should have been so good to the Indians of his neighborhood, that during the border wars when every other inhabitant of Haverhill was liable to be scalped at any moment, his house and family were safe from molestation. So secure did he feel, that it is said he never even bolted his doors at night.

Whittier's inheritance and environment were much more closely affiliated with the romantic aspects of New England life than Bryant's were, owing to the fact that his ancestors had remained in the seaboard cradle of New England, while Bryant's had isolated themselves in the wilds of western Massachusetts. Therefore when Nature touched John Greenleaf Whittier with its wand of genius, he found close to his hand a richness of material both, as before noted, in the romance and history of the region, as well as in its varied scenery. Circumstances, too, fortunately kept him there, in the midst of associations which the rapid growth of the big cities tended to blot out; hence all things worked together to make Whittier, more than any other of the six poets, not only the landscape painter of New England, but the balladist of its early life and traditions. Fortunately, too, history during his own life furnished him the outlet for that fervor of freedom burning within him, and he became the impassioned singer of the anti-slavery movement.

Still, while he was working for the dearest wish of his soul, and after it had become a reality in the freeing of the slaves, there was much of life to be lived and much poetry to be written. The direct

expression of his passion for freedom passes frequently into the more inclusive democracy of his "Songs of Labor and Reform," and indirectly it comes out in the romantic ballads, relating tales of his own day. For example, in "Maud Muller," there is the Judge of high degree, in whose mind there ever remains the vision of the simple little country maiden whom he should have wedded instead of the proud and fashionable wife he did not love. There is Amy Wentworth, the descendant of Colonial knights and ladies gently born, who scorns her perfumed suitor, and dreams of her sailor-lover.

There is the city belle in "Among the Hills," who weds the farmer. Whittier was quite aware of what he was doing in relating such tales of true love, so opposed to the ordinary conventional ideas, for at the close of this poem he declares that it would be a good thing if we found the truth of fact and fancy more often plighted, and simple and homely hearths graced with beauty. The choice of the story of the countess gives another opportunity for a love story in which rank is thrown aside.

The complete presentation of his views on democracy are given in the poem of that name, wherein is recognized the latent manhood of every human creature, however seemingly debased. From the poems following in this division, "Songs of Labor and Reform," we may gather Whittier's point of view about such problems as capital punishment, and imprisonment for debt, still possible in his lifetime. Against both of these he raises his voice. There is hardly a "cause" which is agitating reformers to-day, from the peace movement down to a just treatment

of labor by capital, upon which Whittier does not touch, his sympathies being invariably upon the side of the oppressed. As in the slavery question, he looks for the growth of a moral sentiment, which will deal with the problems in the interest of humanity and justice.

The prevailing didacticism of this group of poems disappears in a series, especially entitled "Songs of Labor." They are poems in honor of shoemakers, fishermen, lumbermen, ship-builders, drovers and huskers. The dignity and beauty in all these callings is placed before us with the same sure touch as he would use to show us a landscape. These poems bring home the truth that the power of the artist to convince is greater than that of the preacher. If the capitalists of to-day could but be shown in some mighty vision the inborn beauty of labor, would the labor unions need to fight so hard to prove what Whittier said so many years ago, "The interests of the rich man and the poor are one and the same, inseparable evermore"?

Whittier speaks with equal clearness of his religion in his religious poems. The still small voice speaking within each human being tells him more surely of God than any man-made ritual. This tenet of Quakerism is most simply and beautifully expressed in "First-Day Thoughts." Along with the Quaker detestation of form went a tolerance toward the inner truths of religious thought—the natural outcome of their belief that God had spoken to all nations and races to some extent, while His full revelation to mankind was realized only in the person of Jesus. The poem in which these ideas are most fully developed is "Questions of Life," in which Quaker

belief on this subject is summed up in the following lines:

> "I listen to the sibyl's chant,
> The voice of priest and hierophant;
> I know what Indian Krishna saith,
> And what of life and what of death
> The demon taught to Socrates;
> And what, beneath his garden-trees
> Slow pacing, with a dream-like tread,
> The solemn-thoughted Plato said;
> Nor lack I tokens great or small,
> Of God's clear light in each and all;
> While holding with more dear regard
> The scroll of Hebrew seer and bard,
> The starry pages promise-lit
> With Christ's Evangel over-writ,
> Thy miracle of life and death,
> O Holy One of Nazareth!"

Other poems reveal his belief in the Trinity and his faith in Christ as the Redeemer. His feeling in regard to immortality, the problem so often broached between him and Emerson, does not reach a farther certainty than trust that "All is of God that is, and is to be; And God is good."

All of Whittier's religious poems together, however, do not convince of his spiritual perception with the force that his unusual poem, "The Vanishers," does. It was written shortly after his sister's death, and in it he uses an old Indian belief in spirits as a symbol of his own feeling. Any one who has experienced a conviction of the certainty of immortality through the death of a friend will feel that this

poem, delicate in fancy as it is, rises almost to the dignity of a revelation.

That nothing might be wanting in the New England Whittier knew and loved, he has, in his "Poems Subjective and Reminiscent," given us some glimpses of his own heart, and his own life, which have done perhaps more than any of his other poems to endear him to the present generation. Here we see the little barefoot boy flitting gaily about amid his flowers and bees, his berries and all the "tenants of the wood." Can this be the Whittier we know, who was to take upon himself so serious a work for his country? Then there is the picture of the actual school-house he attended; and what child to-day does not wonder if there was a real little girl who once beat Whittier in spelling and wished she had not been so clever? Children may well like this little poem, which always drew tears to the eyes of Oliver Wendell Holmes, though perhaps no child would understand just why.

There, too, occurs Whittier's one poem based upon a personal experience of a feeling that certainly approached, if it did not actually become love, "Memories." Whatever intensity the feeling may have had, when he writes the poem, it has become a tender and sweet memory, still with power to bring a glow to his cheek and to his heart, but hardly a regret. Doubtless, the "hopes" and "dreams" inspired by this attachment made possible the tender sympathy with which Whittier always treated the subject of love. In spite of the fact that he never married, and in spite of the serenity which belonged to his outlook upon life, no one could accuse him, as they have Bryant,

of coldness. The concreteness of his imagination gave him so many objects in which to be interested that love flowed from his heart in many directions. His moral fervor was but another name for love.

The most important of these personal poems is "Snow Bound," which was received with such enthusiasm when it appeared that it sold for some time at the rate of a thousand copies a day.

In this record of a snow storm and the way in which the time was spent by his own family during its progress, Whittier has given an imperishable picture of New England country life in his youthful days. He has prefixed the poem with some lines from Cornelius Agrippa, in praise of a wood-fire, and also some lines from Emerson's poem, "The Snow Storm":

> "Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
> Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
> Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
> Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
> And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
> The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
> Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
> Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
> In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

Whittier's description of the snow storm is an amplification from this of Emerson's. "Announced by all the trumpets of the sky" gives, with a single metaphor, the preliminary omens Whittier describes one after another. The effects of the storm in stopping up the farmhouse doors, the group around the fire, and various descriptions, are also, for the most part, ex-

pansions from Emerson's one or two comprehensive strokes. In this process of expansion Whittier has, in his imaginative comparisons descriptive of the snow effects, added a grace all his own, a "kind of spiritual picturesqueness," as Lowell said, giving to the work "a peculiar charm." The subject of the poem is not the storm, however. It is not of the snow but of the snow-bound that Whittier writes. The snow storm is the incident that occasions the poem, by grouping the isolated family around the farmhouse fire, hence the pertinence of the motto from Cornelius Agrippa.

Whittier has himself aptly described the scene about the fireside, with the allusions that enliven the description, as Flemish pictures of old days, which he hopes will touch the heart of the "worldling" to whose memory such "winter joys" of his boyhood will be recalled; but he declares they will have a historic interest also for many others who have never known its like, and for whom it is a transcript of old-time customs. Lowell said of these Flemish pictures that they "describe scenes and manners which the rapid changes of our national habits will soon have made as remote from us as if they were foreign or ancient. Already, alas! even in farmhouses, backlog and firestick are obsolescent words . . . already are the railroads displacing the companionable cheer of crackling walnut with the dogged self-complacency and sullen virtue of anthracite."

Since Lowell wrote this, the whirligig of time has brought round the modern revival of the fire on the hearth. We are not to-day so altogether unacquainted with the "companionable cheer" of crackling wood,

as Lowell fancied; though it must be admitted, the office of the fireplace has changed somewhat. Now, such a fire is the sport of a coolish summer evening in a seaside or country cottage; then it not only cheered, but did all the cooking and, incidentally, was supposed to keep people warm.

The curious reader may still see at Haverhill the identical hearth around which the particular group of people, told of in the poem, gathered. Still stands, a little off the road, in a good state of preservation, the old Whittier homestead, built by Thomas Whittier, in 1680. The long kitchen presents much the same appearance as it did in the poet's time. Around the hearth stands a mysterious array of pots and kettles which, in those days, used to do duty as ovens for baking meat and so on. On the crane hang more ponderous kettles, and we get the impression that Whittier, whose boots (his very own boots) are standing on the hearth, is about to have a very sumptuous dinner. We fancy, too, that we can smell the fresh bread baking in the oven in the chimney, beside the fireplace. As soon as he has partaken of everything from these many kettles, served in some of his mother's wedding china, which is standing on the dresser in an opposite corner, we can see him sit down to the desk, which has been in the family for four generations, and is as fairly furnished forth with little drawers and pigeonholes as the hearth is with kettles, and write such a description of the house to-day as he actually did write; for still it nestles under a long range of hills which stretch off to the west. And still is it surrounded by woods, though probably not so thick as formerly, and still is there a vista of low,

WHITTIER MEMORIAL, HAVERHILL
From a photograph by Ethel C. Brown

green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland. Through these still a small brook, noisy enough as it foams, ripples and laughs down its rocky falls, winds by the garden-side silently, and scarcely visible, to a still larger stream. Out of the window by which the desk stands we may look over at the barn, not so far off as we had imagined it, though it might seem a good way to those obliged to dig a path to it through the snow, as the boys in the poem do.

Finally, after a peep into his mother's bedroom, up two little steps from the kitchen, and hardly larger than an ordinary stateroom, we shall settle down into this good woman's rocking-chair, not forgetting the "gray wizard's conjuring book," the fame of which had spread far and wide through the countryside, into which the children stole a frightened look. Whittier himself informs us that, among the strange people his mother knew in her girlhood, was Bantam the Sorcerer, whose conjuring book, which he opened solemnly to consult, was a copy printed in 1651, of Cornelius Agrippa's "Magic." Mrs. Field mentions in her reminiscences of Whittier that his mother had a firm belief in witchcraft in her younger days, even going so far once as to join with his aunt in making a wax image of a minister they did not like, and in melting it with fire, believing, as they did so, that the disliked man would die. However this may be, the devoutness of her Quakerism is illustrated in the poem by the incident of her grave look when she recited some tale from Sewall or Chalkley—ministers and shining lights of the Friends' denomination. As we dream in this old rocking-chair, every member of the

household, described so vividly by Whittier, seems to start out of the past. We hear the mother telling her tales of her youthful experiences, and how the Indian hordes came down at midnight on Cocheco town; we listen to his father's numerous and various adventures by land and by sea. We warm up at the thought of the romantic survivals in the heart of the spinster aunt. And now we see the two sisters, so strongly contrasted by Whittier. The elder was impulsive, earnest, prompt to act, and almost sternly just, but the younger seems to have been an incarnation of love. For her, the poet's affection is expressed as for no other member of the household. She was his companion not only in his rambles through the country-side, but she was his intellectual companion as well, for she herself had poetical accomplishments of a high order. In describing this sister, he forgets for a time the fireside scene, and expresses only his love for her, falling into reflections upon her death. Most vividly portrayed of all the group are the schoolmaster and the woman guest. Being outside the family, the poet probably found it easier to analyze these two. The schoolmaster was one Joshua Coffin, at one time engaged in a dangerous mission connected with slavery, and worthy, therefore, of the poet's enthusiasm when he exclaims, "Of such as he shall freedom's young apostles be." He is full of fun and harmless mischief; but, when necessary, can be a man of action. He is learned, but possesses that grateful softener of learning—humor.

Not the least interesting of the group is the guest, Harriet Livermore, who seems a strange inmate of this quiet household. When Whittier was a little boy

she taught in the little old brown schoolhouse at East Haverhill. At one time she thought of becoming a member of the Society of Friends; but an unlucky burst of rage discouraged the Friends from admitting her. She ended by becoming a Methodist Perfectionist, and was in the habit of insisting that she was incapable of sinning. She became an itinerant preacher. In her journeyings she visited Jerusalem three times, and Egypt, and at another time climbed Mt. Libanus to visit Lady Stanhope, who had married a sheik of the mountains. Whittier found her a woman, tropical and intense, a blending of a vixen and a devotee:

> "Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
> Had facile power to form a fist;
> The warm, dark languish of her eyes
> Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
> Brows saintly calm and lips devout
> Knew every change of scowl and pout;
> And the sweet voice had notes more high
> And shrill for social battle-cry."

Thus pass the figures who were gathered in that plain and unpretentious little room before us, immortalized by a poem, which they in turn have made immortal, because it gives a bit of true life from the past.

This poem may well stand as a type of Whittier at his best, for in it is combined his poetic appreciation of the beauty of nature, his keen perception of the values of character, and a reflective note called out by his experiences of change and death, hallowed

by love and religion. He does not dwell upon the past, but looks forward to the enlarging life of humanity, which the developments of later years had made possible. The poem was written in 1866; when he speaks, therefore, of "The Century's Aloe" flowering to-day, he is thinking of the larger life opening for America through the winning of the Cause to which he devoted so many years of his life. While this moral triumph means new life for the world, in the love borne to those dear to him who had vanished from earth with the out-lived past, lies the dearer hope of immortality for him who can see "The stars shine through his cypress trees."

In all the decades—one may almost say centuries—since this house was built, there has been so little building in the neighborhood that it is still true no house can be seen in any direction from it. Even from the uplands behind the house, few habitations are visible, though the view extends over rolling and dimpled country for many miles, to distant hills. Yet the place has such an intimate charm about it that it does not seem at all lonely; perhaps because in our sub-consciousness persists the fact that under the tree-tops nearest at hand is the ever-present trolley, which will whirl us off to the railroad station in the heart of Haverhill in a ride of not more than fifteen minutes.

In Longfellow's poetry there is no militant note of any sort. He has the perfect calm of the philosopher —not one who has passed through the storm and stress of strangling problems in the realm of ethics and thought, and reached a haven where all is harmonized, but one who has never been aroused to the fact that there were any such problems. He was born into an

atmosphere already Unitarian, his bringing up was in that faith, and from it he did not depart. The transcendental flights of Emerson were not only not attractive to him, but were beyond his comprehension. In New England, during the life of Longfellow, Unitarianism had almost the prestige of an established religion. The best intellects filled its pulpits, and the best society worshiped in its pews. The depraved and sinful humanity of the Puritans had given place to the essentially good humanity of the Unitarians. After searching the Scriptures diligently, they did not find sufficient proof of the Trinity, but they found in Jesus the perfect model of manhood, therefore others could attain unto a similar perfection. The Quakers learned of God through the revelation of the still, small voice within them. The Unitarians learned of Him similarly, in the words of Channing, from their own souls: "In these is the fountain of all divine truth. An outward revelation is only possible and intelligible, on the ground of conceptions and principles, previously furnished by the soul." And again, "The grand ideas of Power, Reason, Wisdom, Love, Rectitude, Holiness, Blessedness, that is, of all God's attributes, come from within, from the action of our own spiritual nature."

Longfellow's religion being so thoroughly that of his times, there was no possibility of religious militancy in his verse. Its ethics, too, being that of Christianity, did not require expounding, but only reiterating; therefore, what thought there is in his poetry takes for granted a settled system of religion and ethics, and falls into a mere pointing of morals, according to accredited opinion. That this moral is

often appended at the end of a poem, instead of being emotionally worked into the body of it, brings much of Longfellow's thought under the ban of didacticism. There is a certain advantage, however, in a poet's having no far-reaching ideals to uphold. It leaves his poetic faculty quite free to roam through life or literature on the search for romantic incidents and episodes, which he may work up into forms of beauty, epic, or narrative, or dramatic. Of course, if he be a great poet, we hunt for signs and portents in such poems, of the underlying ideals of the man. If he be not so great, we are content to take the story for itself.

Modern criticism finds itself committed to a curious paradox in dealing with Longfellow's poetry. It admits that he was, and still is, the most popular of American poets, at the same time that it declares his work to be purely academic. This last assumption is based upon the fact that the bulk of his subject matter is derived from the literature of the past. This is, of course, true, as it is of most of the poets whom we have been accustomed to call great. What poet is there who does not take any story which appeals to his sense of beauty, as subject matter? As Longfellow's treatment of his stories, even when from history, are notoriously inaccurate, he was certainly not academic, as far as a careful regard for facts is concerned. On the contrary, he was romantic, first and last; and this quality it is which makes him popular—that is, his power of telling a story so that it will appeal to the sentiments of the average heart—sentiments that do not grow out of profound knowledge either of men or things, nor yet out of complex

LONGFELLOW'S STUDY, CRAIGIE HOUSE

emotions, but which are, nevertheless, the sincere feelings of those who experience them.

When Longfellow was writing, there were probably more of these simple natures than there are to-day, though there are still many to whose sympathies the poet speaks directly. And possibly to the future critic, so supremely developed that he does not befog himself with his own profundity of thought and his own complexity of emotion, the spontaneity of Longfellow's sentiment upon its own plane may again become evident and to be enjoyed by him, whom I may call the *super* or *beyond-profound,* as well as by the simple. When to Longfellow's romantic temperament is added his conventional morality, pervaded by an undoubted religious atmosphere, yet one never antagonizing by being crystallized into an expression of any particular sect or creed, the remaining element for complete popularity is added. And is it not this conventional aspect of Longfellow's mind which the modern critic has called academic? Lowell, in spite of his greater richness of mood and, at times, greater exaltation of emotion, shows, in his tendencies to ruminate over various facets of his subject, more than Longfellow, the effect of academic training.

Though Longfellow's poetry rarely approaches purely spiritual regions of thought, his long poem, "Christus," was one which reflected most nearly his inner life. But even here, his plan was conventional. Three phrases of religious growth are symbolized, "Faith, Hope and Charity." If we were not told, on good authority, that Longfellow had never departed essentially from his Unitarian views, his treatment of

the "Divine Tragedy" would indicate him to be a devout Trinitarian. The presentation of this first phase in Christianity is entirely in the light of this doctrine. It is a poem in dramatic form, rather than a drama, and tells very simply, and often beautifully, of the events in the life of Christ, with an occasional imaginative addition in the development of the minor characters. Still, neither in this, in the "Golden Legend," the second part, nor in the third part, "The New England Tragedies," is there any attempt at philosophical or spiritual interpretation. Stories reflecting the thought and action of each period they are, and nothing more. Even in the interludes, the poet does not contrive to throw in any vision beyond that actually in character with the Abbot Joachim, and Martin Luther, from which we might discover his own spiritual outlook.

The only passage in which Longfellow seems to be expressing himself is at the end, in an epilogue, put into the mouth of "SAINT JOHN *wandering over the face of the Earth.*" Here, a religion of deeds, not creeds, is declared to be the only grace for saving humanity. Saint John, weary with his wanderings, having seen kingdoms crumble into dust, and still neither peace nor love triumphing, exclaims:

> "What then! doth Charity fail?
> Is Faith of no avail?
> Is Hope blown out like a light,
> By a gust of wind in the night?
> The clashing of creeds and the strife
> Of the many beliefs, that in vain
> Perplex man's heart and brain,
> Are naught but the rustle of leaves

When the breath of God upheaves
The boughs of the Tree of Life,
And they subside again!
And I remember still
The words and from whom they came,
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will."

This is the conclusion to which Longfellow's careful study of the historical growth of Christianity brought him, and with it goes a simple faith in Christ as the supreme doer of deeds, and an example to be followed which is far from Calvinism, and truly reflects the spirit of Unitarianism:

"And Him evermore I behold
  Walking in Galilee,
Through the cornfield's waving gold;
In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,
  By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.
He toucheth the sightless eyes;
  Before Him the demons flee;
To the dead He sayeth: Arise!
  To the living: Follow me!
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone
  To the centuries that shall be!"

The strongest note struck by Longfellow is in his feeling for art. It finds expression in one of his latest poems, "Michael Angelo," through whose passion for his own art, the conviction grows that, here, in art—the poet's art—burned the torch of Longfellow's own loftiest enthusiasm. This is borne out by the fact

that he was, most exclusively of the whole group, a literary man.

He chafed at his professorship as long as he held the chair at Harvard, and was only completely satisfied when his time became all his own, and he could devote as much of it as he wished to his creative work. If his genius did not bear him often into the rarefied regions of the loftiest poetry, he had at least the aspirations of the true poet, and an unquenchable thirst for poetic beauty, and so he makes Michael Angelo say:

> "Not events
> Exasperate me, but the funest conclusions
> I draw from these events; the sure decline
> Of art, and all the meaning of that word;
> All that embellishes and sweetens life,
> And lifts it from the level of low cares
> Into the purer atmosphere of beauty;
> The faith in the Ideal; the inspiration
> That made the canons of the church of Seville
> Say, 'Let us build, so that all men hereafter
> Will say that we were madmen.' "

In his poems, "Prometheus" and "Epimetheus," Longfellow's poetic fervor is again emphasized, and though he may not have been of the bards he mentions, who, in sublime endeavor, scale the walls of heaven—there are few such—we can say of him, with absolute sincerity in his own words:

> "Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted
> Honor and believe the presage,
> Hold aloft their torches lighted,
> Gleaming through the realms benighted,
> As they onward bear the message!"

From what has been said, it is evident that Longfellow's poetry was an outcome of the gentlest and most cultured influences of his time, that it reflected the orthodox liberalism in religion and the pure morals which distinguished the best classes in New England in the first half of the nineteenth century, but that he was in no sense a leader either in spiritual vision or in the making of the momentous events of the times. He was, however, owing to his professorship at Harvard, a leader in the awakening of an interest in literature and poetry for its own sake, and in his work this forward-looking ideal is strongly and directly expressed more than once, while one feels that the impelling motive of all he did was devotion to his own art of bard.

We go to Whittier if we wish to receive vivid impressions of the sterner side of public life in New England, but for impressions of the multifarious activities that belong to the normal social and public life of New England—seen in institutions which record their growth by anniversaries; diplomatic doings which blossom out in banquets; clubs, which rejoice in periodical dinners, we go to Oliver Wendell Holmes. It may seem a waste of time for a poet to devote so much of it to poems for occasions, yet it is no small thing to have been so successful in this kind of poetic effusion that no festival occasion was considered complete without a poem from Holmes. Tournaments and Courts of Love had their troubadours and jongleurs in the middle ages; why should not Unitarian societies and mercantile library associations, and the proprietors of the Long Wharf in Boston have theirs in the nineteenth century?—not to speak of innumer-

able birthdays, arrivals and departures of distinguished people, from the Grand Duke Alexis to Agassiz, from Humboldt's birthday to President Everett's inauguration at Harvard. Considering how constant the demands were upon his occasional muse, who is, for the most part, a laughter-loving goddess, though she could be gracefully serious at need, it is remarkable what a high grade of cleverness and humor, spiced with sarcasm sometimes, and salted down with wisdom at others, he succeeded in maintaining. Open at random to any of his poems for occasions, and you will fall upon some choice bit, which will at once amuse and show what a penetrating observer of human foibles the merry doctor was. Take this, for example:

"Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays
The pleasing game of interchanging praise.
Self-love, grimalkin of the human heart,
Is ever pliant to the master's art;
Soothed with a word, she peacefully withdraws
And sheathes in velvet her obnoxious claws,
And thrills the hand that smooths her glossy fur
With the light tremor of her grateful purr."

Or this piece of pure fun and nonsense, from "A Modest Request":

"The Speech. (The speaker, rising to be seen,
Looks very red because so very green.)
I rise—I rise—with unaffected fear—
(Louder!—Speak louder!—Who the deuce can hear?)
I rise—I said—with undisguised dismay—
Such are my feelings as I rise, I say!

Beacon Street House of Holmes
From a photograph by Ethel C. Brown

Quite unprepared to face this learned throng,
Already gorged with eloquence and song;
Around my view are ranged on either hand
The genius, wisdom, virtue of the land;
'Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,'
Close at my elbow stir their lemonade."

It is safe to say that if all the records of nineteenth-century New England were swept away, and from the ruins should be excavated a copy of Holmes's poems, it would furnish all that would be needed in the way of material for the reconstruction of a picture showing the genial manners and customs of the religion-enfranchised descendants of the Puritans.

Besides these larger aspects of social life, one will find an almost complete record of the formal and social life of Harvard College, from the time of his graduation to his death. Constantly he was called on for poems, both at the formal ceremonies and at the annual meetings of his class, which graduated in 1829.

Holmes was not, like Longfellow, bred in Unitarian doctrine. He even studied at Andover, the stronghold of Calvinism, after the progressive spirit of Harvard had left Calvinism behind. He was not the man, however, to withstand the spirit of the age, and so he departed from the ways of his father, and became a sound Unitarian. His Unitarianism, however, did not take him finally in the direction of the more spiritualized religious attitude of Emerson. He could truly say, "I like a church," for not only was he a constant attendant at King's Chapel, but one of his most cherished ambitions was to write fine hymns. Looking through his work, one will find quite a num-

ber of his occasional poems written in this form. Holmes was, in fact, a curious outcome of New England civilization. His orthodox inheritance was probably responsible for his conservatism in many directions. He not only loved the "trappings" of the church, but he loved the people who had grandfathers, though he does admit that a man without a family portrait may, after being proved, turn out to be respectable. Still this is very far from the all-embracing democracy of Whittier. He was slow to see the worth of social reform; he regarded mystical vagaries as mere fancies; yet the Pilgrim's birthright of a desire for freedom concentrated itself upon his necessity for a more rational basis of religious thought than he found in Calvinism. Having arrived at this point, so characteristic of the time, was there any element of progressive thought which he especially emphasized? Emotionally, as we have seen, he was chiefly social in his poetic expression, but there is a distinctively new note brought by him into the poetry of the period, a note which is due probably both to the rationalistic bent of his mind and to his scientific training. Such a poem as "The Living Temple" is based on the accurate scientific knowledge of the professor of anatomy, and that he has transmuted this knowledge into genuine poetry should silence all those who insist that science cannot be poetic. Take, for example, this description of the brain, and its marvelous powers:

"Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds;
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will.

Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!"

Besides those poems in which the scientific lore of the physician is prominent, there are others in which allusions of a special scientific nature occur, showing a familiarity on his part with other branches of science than his own. Imitative coloring in nature is touched on in these lines from "The Mind's Diet":

"When the fiirst larvæ on the elm are seen,
The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are green;
Ere chill October shakes the latest down,
They, like the foliage, change their tint to brown."

And here is a stanza "compounded" of allusions based upon a knowledge of cosmic and geological evolution:

"Eternal Truth! beyond our hopes and fears
Sweep the vast orbits of thy myriad spheres!
From age to age while history carves sublime
On her waste rock the flaming curves of time,
How the wild swayings of our planet show
That worlds unseen surround the world we know!"

The poem which reflects most completely his habitually scientific attitude of mind is the long one from "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," "Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts." Holmes is intensely in earnest in this poem, and from it one may glean more of this poet's genuine thought than from any other of his

poems. In this the young astronomer discourses upon a number of subjects with the true scientific spirit. His ambition is to discover a planet to which his name shall be linked. Far better such a garland of fame, which time cannot change, than the laurel of the hero, whose fame will be stamped out by some stronger hero. He rises, however, to the higher stand that it is even greater to leave your work to humanity without your name. In the second division "Regrets," the mood is one, at first, of scorn for mankind's little life as contrasted with the life and death of worlds. The astronomical imagery here is very fine. The possible future of the earth is foreseen:

> "When the old hulk we tread shall be a wreck,
> A slag, a cinder, drifting through the sky."

Or, as the new-born seer, with greater wisdom foretells, the time must come when its growing mass,—

> "Pelted with star-dust, stoned with meteor balls,
> Heats like a hammered anvil, till at last
> Man and his works and all that stirred itself
> Of its own motion, in the fiery glow
> Turns to a flaming vapor, and our orb
> Shines a new sun for earths that shall be born."

What profits all earthly fame in view of this catastrophe? The result of this meditation is to awaken in the astronomer's mind a wish to exchange all the myriad lifeless worlds he visits for one poor patch of earth, where he may in word or deed serve mankind.

In the third division the astronomer decides to tell in verse to his Muse the story of his life. A boy run

wild from books and teachers, he had been sought by an aged scholar, learned in astronomy, whose pupil he became. He grows to be master of all the wise man's learning, and in the end, the guardian of his fame, his staff and his guide, until at last the old man died. Left alone to watch the silent worlds that crowd the sky, he became the searcher of the causes of all things. The following lines express exactly the scientific attitude of mind of the nineteenth century, and may be taken as an index to the poet's own:

"Thus have I learned to search if I may know
The whence and why of all beneath the stars
And all beyond them; and to weigh my life
As in a balance,—poising good and ill
Against each other,—asking of the Power
That flung me forth among the whirling worlds,
If I am heir to any inborn right,
Or only as an atom of the dust
That every wind may blow where'er it will."

He goes on in the same scientific spirit to declare that his search for truth will be absolutely fearless, his life shall be a challenge, not a truce! Under the divisions "Worship" and "Manhood," are meditations upon the nature of God. He shows, as a Spencer or a Fiske might, the differing conceptions of God which have been held by mankind, except that his thought is instinct with the passion of the poet. He does not spare to express his scorn for the crude conceptions of the past, especially when they are those of his ancestors, near enough at hand to bring home fully the horrors of their cruelty,—horrors

"That blot the blue of heaven and shame the earth
As would the saurians of the age of slime,
Awaking from their stony sepulchres
And wallowing hateful in the eye of day."

The triumph of man to-day is that he is himself a god,—conscious that no conception of God is final, but that it must ever become higher and purer as man's developing spirit reveals to him loftier ranges of moral and spiritual beauty:

"Ye are as gods! Nay, makers of your gods,—
Each day ye break an image in your shrine
And plant a fairer image where it stood."

As the poet works out his own conception of the nature of the divine mind, he argues that mankind and even the brutes have rights as well as God. A God who, like the artist-potter, fashions the clay upon his wheel, to be broken or preserved, according to his will, can demand only such love as the dead clay might feel to the hand that shapes it. By endowing mankind and the brute creation with life, God has given them rights. He cannot believe that God has left the human soul entirely a prey to its own weakness. He *must* believe that God,—

"Is better than our fears, and will not wrong
The least, the meanest of created things."

Somewhat sad are the moods in which the poet speaks of the ephemeralness of truths, and the persistence of a need for idols to symbolize divine truth.

He is overwhelmed for the time with a sense of human limitations.

This feeling, however, gives place to one of belief in humanity through the power of love,—a love so great that it would long to leave the bliss of heaven to give a little water to one beloved on earth who had yet missed eternal bliss, and in this realization of the power of human love lies the assurance of a divine love as tender and compassionate as woman's love, long-suffering, gentle, ready to meet the wanderer ere he reach the door he seeks, forgetful of his sin.

Holmes was not a believer in the suffrage for women, yet in his highest conception of God he included a love such as belongs only to a woman's heart:

> "Not from the sad-eyed hermit's lonely cell,
> Not from the conclave where the holy men
> Glare on each other, as with angry eyes
> They battle for God's glory and their own,
> Till, sick of wordy strife, a show of hands
> Fixes the faith of ages yet unborn,—
> Ah, not from these the listening soul can hear
> The Father's voice that speaks itself divine!
> Love must be still our Master; till we learn
> What he can teach us of a woman's heart,
> We know not His Whose love embraces all."

The course of reasoning followed in this poem is sufficient to prove that, of the group of poets under consideration, Holmes was the only one possessing the modern scientific temper. Fearlessly, in the light of all scientific knowledge, he seeks truth and arrives, not at the materialism, which has been the portion of

men less endowed with emotional perception and sense of justice than he,—but at a clarified conceptic of God and religion.

When we place together such poems as "Gran mother's Story of Bunker Hill," showing his dr matic power, "The Living Temple," showing h power of transmuting accurate scientific knowledg into genuine poetry, and "Wind-Clouds and Sta Drifts," showing not only the scientific sweep of h mind, but his power of philosophical meditation, w are fairly startled by the versatility displayed, and ca but regret that he was not more loyal to his seriou muse. With such power, as is shown in these poem at command, he might have made himself as uniqu and as great a poet as Robert Browning. He was, ur fortunately, too close to the Calvinism he detestec His new-won freedom of conscience gave to a socia life which he might enjoy without fear of damnatior too great a fascination, hence he will be known as poet of clever dinner-verses, instead of as one wh could think great thoughts, portray life with dramati power, and draw, through his scientific knowledg upon a new source of metaphor and allusion wit consummate power.

Lowell, like Longfellow, was farther removed fror Calvinism than Holmes, and, probably for tha reason, does not express any such rooted aversio to the creed of his forefathers as Holmes doe Neither, on the other hand, does he like churchly mar ifestations of religion. His poem, "The Cathedral, may very fittingly be compared with "Wind-Cloud and Star-Drifts," with a view to discovering wha shades of difference there were in the religious att

"Elmwood," Lowell's Home

tude of the two poets. Avowedly subjective, as most of Lowell's poetry is, he shows himself in this poem to be an intuitionalist. He believed in a faculty which makes man directly cognizant of the Divine:

"This life were brutish did we not sometimes Have intimations clear of wider scope, . . . yearnings of unsullied desire, Fruitless, except we now and then divined A mystery of Purpose, gleaming through the secular confusions of the world."

He declares that though he still prays at morning and at evening, he does not know which to hold worst enemy,—

"Him who on speculation's windy waste
Would turn me loose, stript of the raiment warm
By Faith contrived against our nakedness,
Or him who, cruel-kind, would fain obscure,
With painted saints and paraphrase of God,
The soul's east-window of divine surprise.
Where others worship, I but look and long;
For, though not recreant to my fathers' faith,
Its forms to me are weariness, and most
That drony vacuum of compulsory prayer,
Still pumping phrase for the Ineffable,
Though all the valves of memory gasp and wheeze."

He perceives, like Holmes, that each age must worship its own thought of God, but he does not go forth upon the search for his image led by science. Where Holmes expresses faith in the fearless search for the truth, which he finally finds in the human heart, Lowell sets up faith against science:

"Shall we treat Him as if He were a child
That knew not His own purpose? nor dare trust

The Rock of Ages to their chemic tests,
Lest some day the all-sustaining base divine
Should fail from under us, dissolved in gas?"

In other words, to Holmes it seems rational to believe in God. Justice and love demand it. For Lowell, no logical argument against the existence of God could shake his faith. By sympathy of nature he declares, I

"Have evidence of Thee so far above,
Yet in and of me."

This is good Unitarian doctrine, and proves that Lowell was not at all beyond his time in thought, while Holmes, in making science the handmaid of religion, was fully abreast if not ahead of his time.

Akin to Longfellow in his unadventurous, religious thought, Lowell was more akin to Whittier in his moral fervor, expressed in his love of the ideal of freedom and of the ideal of country. From this last feeling was developed his especial meaning for his age, which was not like Whittier's, to be the evangel of democracy in its farthest-reaching aspects, but to be the critic of that country which he loved; to hold up to scorn and satire the meannesses, the low ideals, the underhanded policies which have endangered the social and political fabric, and to long with intense longing that his country might have a future made noble by integrity of character and beautiful by sincerity in art, without which, it may be added, Whittier's most golden dreams of democracy and Emerson's most spiritual visions of freedom will ac-

complish no more for humanity than the autocracies of the past.

In Emerson we have the final blossom of the spiritual development of New England. Descended from a line of Unitarian ministers, himself a Unitarian minister, his strongly individualistic mind could not remain within the folds of a flock even so little penned in as that of this liberal church. In his search for knowledge, the thought of all idealistic thinkers became his. Plato and Brahma were his familiar spirits, his dæmons,—while German and French philosophers were the attendants upon the car of his Muse. From all of these he took just the nutriment best suited for the development of his own genius, with the result that in him is most completely manifested the truth that out of ethics, philosophy and science may be fashioned an art which will express beauty in forms of the most lofty inspiration.

Fully to understand what meaning Emerson's poetry has, not only for his own land, but for all time, it will be instructive to consider for a moment some aspects of the war which has been waged for many centuries between the disciples of beauty, based upon emotion, as the sole element necessary to poetry, and the defenders of ethics, philosophy and latterly science, as legitimate ores from which poetry may be minted.

Plato, no doubt, thought he had said the last word on the subject over two thousand years ago, when he, in a certain sense, combined the opposing elements by declaring that poetry should deal only with ennobling subjects, in order that the youths should be taught heroism and other Greek virtues. He would

have turned Beauty herself into a bespectacled mistress of ethics, and who would dare to say that in this character she might not bewitch all who gazed upon her?

Dreary recollections of long-drawn arguments on this or kindred subjects haunt the waking hours of those unnamed brave who have had the courage to explore the Sahara which so conspicuously fills up the greater part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in German literature.

One might have thought that Goethe, combining in his own intellectual personality as he did, both the poetic and the scientific insight, might, like a Colossus, have placed one foot on the head of each faction and crushed them out forever. But not a million Goethes could stamp out this perennially interesting subject of discussion; the wise and the foolish of all lands still continue to hurl their weapons of wisdom into the thick of the *mêlée,* and from time to time the true poet comes in, like the third dog in the nursery tale, and carries off the bone.

No harmonizing solution is proposed, but there remains an unexplained residuum, which will send men off forever on fresh phases of the discussion; just as no system of metaphysics ever has or ever will be proposed which will not leave some end hanging to give man for ages hence opportunities to formulate new theories.

To the onlooker, however, this battle between Beauty and, metaphorically speaking, the Beast, appears rather as a skirmish of light infantry, than as a foe-annihilating cannonade of heavy artillery; and if only the magic spell which the wicked fairy, Prej-

udice, has cast upon the Beast, could be dispelled, Beauty might recognize him as her own most worthy spouse.

Those, perhaps, come nearest to expressing a fundamental truth who hold that beauty should be the aim of poetry, though they do not, it is to be feared, always see the far-reaching grasp of their own statement; for is not beauty the most inclusive of all abstractions? Truth may be foul, body and soul; goodness is not necessarily beautiful in body; but beauty must be beautiful, body and soul, or it is not entirely itself. But, though truth is often relatively ugly, within it lie latent the possibilities of goodness, and, ultimately, of beauty—the exquisite, pearly tints of the orchid, the perfect form, are immanent in the unsightly root.

Instead of declaring, with Keats, that truth is beauty, it is more in harmony with the conception of a developing universe to say that truth is everywhere in process of becoming beauty, and finally will merge in its "ultimate prime" into the full noontide splendor of perfect beauty whose soul is love.

Goodness shall also find its completest blossoming in beauty. He is a wise thinker who says that a good action is not perfectly moral until it is perfectly natural, perfectly spontaneous; and consequently, when a purely ideal moral stage is reached, ethics, with its rules leading to the production of goodness, will disappear. Beauty is indeed like the "Nunpholeptos" of Browning's poem, the white light of the manifestation of the absolute, in which converge the prismatic rays of all other less complete abstractions.

But since the limited human mind in its strivings

must be debarred from attaining the white light of beauty, how shall the poet decide where lie the imbedded seeds of beauty, which he, with his individual apportionment of imaginative power, is to develop? This is a point around which the forces on both sides rally with renewed vigor.

To refer again to Plato, in the "Laws," he commends the Egyptians for establishing laws of beauty which for thousands of years were religiously followed, and suggests that it would be a good thing for the Athenians to do likewise; but who will not be thankful that the Egyptian standards were not accepted for all time, or that Greek standards were not conclusive? Had the Egyptian standards reigned supreme we should never have had the wondrous developments of Greek art; and had the Greeks reigned supreme, where would have been the marvels of the Gothic age? In short, beauty, in the words of George Eliot's Guildenstern, is "not a seedless, rootless flower; it has grown with human growth, which means the rising sun of human struggle, order, knowledge—sense trained to a fuller record, more exact —to truer guidance of each passionate force."

It would be foolish to declare that there is any subject in which an anointed poet may not find and draw forth into blossom the latent seed of beauty.

The great world-artist has put beauty into myriads of forms of inconceivable variety. Here blooms the modest quaker-lady, making spring fields bright with its delicate hue caught from morning skies. It has no perfume, no use,—only a dainty form and color; but hard by, the violet, with a deeper passion

EMERSON'S HOME

lent it by the purple glow of less cloudless skies, freights the air with its sweet scent. Form, color, perfume,—all lend their aid in the production of this image of beauty. And far above extend the sheltering trees with sturdy trunks and knotty branches, with bark so rough that quaker-ladies and violets well might shudder could they look upon it; and doubtless they would never realize that the strength and grandeur of the trees would not be possible with stems as soft and green as theirs. They might even doubt the beauty of the tree, for, with their tiny vision, how could they grasp it in its entirety?

The human artist, following the bent of his Godfather, and in spite of quaker-lady and violet opinion, also puts beauty into many and varying forms. With his magic wand, he transforms mere words into lyrical forms as delicate, as useless—shall I say?—as altogether lovely—and therefore not useless—as the quaker-lady.

Another sweep of the wand and there appears a sonnet laden with the perfume of the deepest, most sacred passions of the human heart. Another, and lo! a mighty tree, a "Prometheus Unbound," whose spreading branches are supported on the stout stem of philosophical thought, or a "Ring and the Book," where the play of mind on mind, soul on soul, is the sublimated soil from which the blossom of beauty springs.

With none of these manifestations of beauty are we willing to part, nor are disparaging comparisons between them possible. Behold in each and every case a mystery not to be fathomed. Wherever beauty is,

there has a spark of Infinity been given visible semblance.

The real soul of a work of art is not dependent on the thought, the goodness, the truth, the metaphysics, the ethics, or the lack of all these which the poet puts into it, any more than the beauty of a statue depends upon the raw material of which it is made. The materials, whatever they are, are but means to an end; and all materials supplied by Nature, whether of the emotions, the intellect or the mind, may contribute to artistic expression, the end of which is beauty.

The only test of whether the poet has succeeded in combining those materials with which he has chosen to body forth his conception into an image of beauty, is the recognition of an intangible something which, when the reader reads, makes his blood flow quickly and the inexplicable sensation, which is called delight, suffuse his being. To some, doubtless, only the quaker-ladies and violets of poetry give pleasure,—that is all of beauty to which they respond; but there are others whose emotions thrill upon the perusal of a consciously philosophical poem, like, for example, "The Sun," in "Ferishtah's Fancies,"—not because of the beauty of the truth contained in it, but because out of the materials chosen the poet has moulded images of beauty. As Emerson says, "The laws of this translation we do not know, or why one feature or gesture enchants, why one word or syllable intoxicates; but the fact is familiar that the fine touch of the eye, or a grace of manners, or a phrase of poetry, plants wings at our shoulders; as if Divinity, in his approaches, lifts away mountains of obstruction, and

deigns to draw a truer line, which the mind knows and owns."

No more interesting example could be found as an illustration of the truth of the foregoing suggestions than the poetry of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was a passionate lover of beauty, which he called the "most enduring quality and the most ascending quality . . . the pilot of the young soul":

> "Whom the Infinite One
> Has granted His throne."

Though he attempts no definition of beauty, warned, as he says, by the ill-fate of many philosophers who had essayed its definition, his conception of beauty is deep and far-reaching. It must be organic, not external; the form which beauty takes must be the natural result of a beautiful conception, and the measure of beauty depends upon its suggestion of brotherhood with the universal, for "all beauty points at identity. . . . Into every beautiful object there enters somewhat immeasurable and divine, and just as much into form bounded by outlines, like mountains on the horizon, as into tones of music or depths of space."

Upon this view the poet becomes not so much a conscious fashioner as an inspired singer, in whose ear "God whispers," and the result is a poem which unfolds itself as naturally as a flower into its appropriate form of beauty.

The office of the poet is, in Emerson's opinion, the most exalted among those in the gift of the Muses. "He is the healthy, the wise, the fundamental, the

manly man, seer of the secret; against all the appearance, he sees and reports the truth, namely, that the soul generates matter." Not only then must the poet be a philosopher in the vague, general sense in which the term is used, he must be an idealistic philosopher; the "ineffable mysteries of the intellect," wherein is reached the loftiest pinnacle to which beauty may attain, must be his exalted theme.

It must be admitted that this is a noble conception of the poet's office; yet one cannot but see that it is, in a certain sense, limited by Emerson's own vision. Poets are no longer members of a struggling humanity who catch occasional glimpses of celestial splendor; indeed, his poet is an image of Divinity itself. There seems to be little room in his mind for the poet whose function has been to polish but a facet of the rough truth in the infinite gem of beauty; thus he can find it in his heart to complain that, "Homer, Milton, Shakespeare do not fully content us. How rarely they offer us the heavenly bread! The most they have done is to intoxicate us again and again with its taste."

The poetry of Emerson naturally reflects his convictions in regard to the poet. His idealistic philosophy is the very body of it. Consciously he sets out to translate "God's whispers" into messages, audible to the rest of mankind, and according to the followers of Milton's wornout saying, that poetry should be simple, sensuous, and passionate, one should be prepared to find this philosophical poetry dull stuff. Yet, those who find it otherwise may also claim Milton on their side, for in one of the loveliest of his own poems, "Comus," he declares:

"How charming is divine philosophy;
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute."

If this had been an *a priori* statement of Milton's, awaiting proof, no more convincing proof could have arisen than the poetry of Emerson. It matters not whether his philosophy was intuitional or the result of slowly acquired knowledge (probably he did not know himself how much of it could be explained by natural mental processes), the fact remains, that it ought to silence all carpers against philosophy in poetry,—that Emerson took it for his main theme, and draped it in such imagery as has fallen to the lot of few themes in poetry.

That a beautiful conception finds its appropriate expression not only in the spontaneity of its imagery, but in that of its rhyme and rhythm, was Emerson's belief. He says, speaking of melody, rhyme and form, "The difference between poetry and stock poetry is this, that in the latter the rhythm is given and the sense adapted to it; while in the former the sense dictates the rhythm; I might even say that the rhyme is there in the theme, thought, and image themselves. . . . The verse must be alive and inseparable from its contents, as the soul of man inspires and directs the body."

Upon this theory Emerson wrote his poetry; and, while in many cases the result is satisfactory, there are others where, in spite of poetical figures, the expression is sadly marred through awkward rhyming and clumsy rhythm. Emerson himself would most likely have laid the blame upon the thought; for, with his

supreme reliance upon intuition, he seems, like most idealists, to be blind to the opposite aspects of things. Doubtless a beautiful conception must be in the mind of a painter before he can produce a beautiful picture, but what would become of his picture if he were not acquainted with the laws of perspective? "God's whispers" may be His supreme marks of favor to His chosen few; but He has given an inheritance of intellect to mankind which even the favored should not overlook in the light of His higher gifts. A poet should surely fashion his intuitions in the sunlight of his knowledge. The Divine gift is given that the Divine inheritance may exert its functions to the uttermost, never as master, but as faithful servant.

Though we may doubt that a fine thought always naturally finds its most appropriate expression without any conscious manipulation on the part of the poet, Emerson certainly possessed the knack, to an uncommon degree, of presenting his thought in wonderfully beautiful and appropriate language.

In the closing passage of "Wood-Notes," part of which has already been quoted, is a superb example of the characteristic intensity with which he makes a great thought flash into being. Here he describes the march of evolution, not from the standpoint of the scientist, who sees only the blind, inevitable forces of nature, but from the secret chamber of the idealist, who sees it as the constant, changing aspect of the eternal mind:

> "From form to form he maketh haste;
> This vault which glows immense with light
> Is the inn where he lodges for the night.

What recks such Traveller if the bowers
Which bloom and fade like meadow flowers
A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
Or the stars of eternity?
Alike to him the better the worse,—
The glowing angel, the outcast corse.
Thou metest him by centuries,
And lo! he passes like the breeze;
Thou seekest in globe and galaxy,
He hides in pure transparency;
Thou askest in fountains and in fires,
He is the essence that inquires."

The beauty of this passage is irresistible. We seem to feel the rush of the world-spirit through our own being in its inexorable flight into Eternity. If there is any criticism to be made, one would not pick on faulty rhymes, or halting lines, for any such are lost in the cumulative effect, which is striking; one would rather find some lack of warmth in the conception. After all, the world-spirit as represented by Emerson, is strikingly like the scientist's persistent energy. It recks not whether stars be stars, or flowers, flowers; alike to him the "glowing angel and the outcast corse." There is no hint that love is the ruling impulse of this mind. Its conditions are but appearances; in its essence, it is unconditioned,—a being which it makes the mind ache to think of. Just the touch lacking in this poem is added by Browning, when he speaks in "Paracelsus":

"How God tastes an infinite joy
In infinite ways—one everlasting bliss

From whom all being emanates, all power
Proceeds: in whom is life forevermore !"

But warmth is not an attribute of Emerson's poetry. It sparkles, rather, with the beauty of stars on a winter night.

Love is lifted by him into this same rarefied atmosphere; where, though the flame is pure and clear, it has not much tenderness:

"Higher far into the pure realm
Over sun and star,
Over the flickering Dæmon film,
Thou must mount for love."

If his failures in rhyme, and his sometimes monotonous metre, seem to militate against Emerson's own theory in regard to verse, when he essayed blank verse the organity of his thought with that form of expression receives justification. Then his high, pure thoughts flow forth without let or hindrance, his wondrous tropes are not marred by the exigencies of lines upon which the rhyming axe comes down with fatal regularity. "The Sea Shore" has already been instanced as a fine example of Emerson's blank verse, and was there ever a more exquisite bit than the little poem called "Days"! "Musketaquid" is another of his perfect poems. What exquisite turns of expression, and dainty alliteration in the opening lines of this poem. Take these, for instance:

"For me, in showers, in sweeping showers, the Spring
Visits the valley;—break away the clouds,—
I bathe in the morn's soft and silvered air,
And loiter willing by yon loitering stream.

Sparrows far off, and nearer April's bird,
Blue-coated,—flying from tree to tree,
Courageous sing a delicate overture
To lead the tardy concert of the year."

The simplest commonplaces of Nature were turned by Emerson's heavenly alchemy into beauteous pictures; for, let him go where'er he would, he heard "a sky-born music still," like the poet he describes:

"The free winds told him what they knew,
Discoursed of fortune as they blew;
Omens and signs that fill the air
To him, authentic witness bare."

As hinted before, the very loftiness of Emerson's conception of poetry limits his range. It is the universal, all-embracing truths that the poet is to sing. But to give the most vivid impressions of great universal truths, grand generalizations alone will not suffice; it is necessary to have clear pictures of innumerable, distinct phases of human experience, such as the dramatic poet offers. Universality is made most apparent through the contrasting of many individualities. Unlike Whitman, who was overmastered by the idea of the equal and exalted importance of every individual manifestation, Emerson was so overmastered by the general, universal relations existing among all phenomena of mind and matter that the particular or special relations between groups of phenomena and the importance of the individual are passed over. He sits on high like the Hindoo Brahma, the tide of the downward flow of Nature from the Godhead, with all its various and intricate mani-

We find that the realm of beauty over which Emerson holds sway, like those of his brother poets, has boundaries, yet within those boundaries is a magic garden, where leaf and twig are instinct with auroral light. He casts his mystic glamor on land and sea, and we feel ourselves touched for brief, sweet moments with the poet's own imaginative vision; we, too, can exclaim with him, "My books and chair and candlestick are fairies in disguise, meteors and constellations."

THE END

INDEX

INDEX

Acadia in Maine, 127, 129.
Agamenticus, 6, 63, 81.
Agassiz, 286, 287.
Agioochook, 63.
Algonquins, 79, 80, 81.
Amesbury, 6, 8, 9, 257.
Annexation of Texas, 185.
Anti-Slavery agitation, The, 169-205.
Appledore, 62.

Basin of Minas, 127.
Beacon Street, 36, 38.
Berkshire County, 21.
Berkshire Hills, 23, 53.
Block Island, 112, 113.
Boar's Head, 57.
Boston, 36, 41, 120, 121, 129, 147, 148, 171, 220, 222.
Boston Common, 157.
Boston mob, 172.
Brattle Street, 48.
Bryant and the American Revolution, 149-50; and the Civil War, 216, 217, 219; and Lowell: criticalness in regard to each other, 250-252; and the sea, 60-2; belief in future life, 298; conception of freedom, 301; consciousness of the atmosphere in, 27; effect of Puritanic inheritance on his thought, 295; flowers in, 29, 30; generalizing descriptions, 22-26; influence of upon Longfellow, 248-250; interest in death tempered by his joy in the life of Nature, 296, 298; joyousness in, 28; pantheistic conception of Nature, 20, 27; poems mentioned or quoted—"Castles in the Air," 299; "Crowded Street, The," 300; "Cummington Revisited," 23, 24; "Death of the Flowers," 30; "Death of Slavery, The," 216; "Forest Hymn, A," 297; "Future Life, The," 298, 301; "Green River," 21; "Hymn to Death," 297, 298; "Hymn to the Sea," 61; "Life That Is, The," 301; "Lines to a Waterfowl," 31; "Little People of the Snow," 92, 300; "Monument Mountain," 21, 22; "Nature Song," 24, 25; "October," 301; "Our Country's Call," 216; "Prairies, The," 35; "Return of the Birds," 32; "Sella," 92, 299; "Seventy-Six," 149, 150; "Song of the Stars," 28; "Song Sparrow, The," 32, 33; "Tale of Cloudland, A," 299; "Tides, The," 62; "Thanatopsis," 296; sentiency of Nature in, 24-27; seventieth birthday, 253, 254; stars and clouds the inspiration of his most delicate fancies, 299, 300; thought in, 295-302; use of Indian lore, 77, 90-92; vagueness of his Nature descriptions, 18.
Bunker Hill, 146, 150.

Caleb Cushing, 199.
Cambridge, 36, 41, 46, 48, 228, 258, 278.
Cape Ann, 6, 60, 110, 111, 112, 118.
Casco Bay, 81.
Cassandia Southwick, 118, 120.
Celebration by the Burns Club, 236.
Charles, 8, 36, 41, 47, 48, 49, 54.
Charlestown, 152.
Chocorua, 6.
Coffin, Joshua, described in "Snow Bound," 312.
Concord, 145, 147, 149, 158, 160, 228, 279.
Concord mob, 173.
Concord River (Musketaquid), 161.
Conway, 138.
Cotton Mather, 101, 102, 110, 112, 115, 297.
Craigie House, 41.
Cummington, 20, 21, 31, 90.
Cummington and western Massachusetts, 20-26.

Danvers, 110, 122.
Dover, 122.

Effect of childhood environment on the poet's work, 53.
Eggemoggin Reach, 94.
"Elmwood," 41, 43, 45, 46, 47.
Emerson and the American Revolution, 145, 146-149; and the Civil War, 216-221; and Lincoln in conference, 220; and Nature, 65; and the sea, 68; appreciation of Burns, 236, 238; blossom of New-England spiritual development, 333; compared with Browning, 343-4; described by Holmes, 228-9; described by Longfellow, 228; described by Lowell, 236, 284; aloof, yet friend of all, 278; lack of warmth in his philosophical conceptions, 218, 344; love lifted by him into a rarefied atmosphere, 344; lover of abstract beauty, 339; mystic love of Nature, 342, 346; on Webster, 243; opinion of the office of poet, 339-40; poems mentioned or quoted—"Adirondacks, The," 286, 287; "Boston," 147, 148, 149; "Celestial Love," 344; "Concord Hymn," 145; "Days," 285, 344; "Monadnoc," 66, 67; "Musketaquid," 65, 66, 344, 345; "Poet, The," 345; "Seashore," 69, 70, 344; "Woodnotes," 65, 67, 342, 343; "Snowstorm, The," 308; "Voluntaries," 217, 218; poetry reflects his artistic and philosophical attitude, 340-345; praises "The Washers of the Shroud," 286; thought in, 333-347; Emerson's philosophy not understood by Longfellow, 229.
Everett, 22.

Garrison and Whittier, 175.
Garrison, Wm. Lloyd, 169.
Garrison, mobbed, 172.
Gaspereau, 127.
General Moulton, 115, 116.
Gloucester, 112.
Graylock, 22, 53.
Great Barrington, 23.
Green River, 23.

Hampshire County, 21.
Hampton, 6, 57, 106, 115, 122.
Hampton River, 57.
Harvard, 41, 64, 214, 274.
Haverhill, 6, 8, 9, 11, 114.
Haverhill and New England scenery, 6-20.
Hiawatha legends and their sources, 78-81.
Holmes and the American Revolution, 150-157; and the Civil War, 221, 222; and the Charles River, 36; and the sea, 64; appreciative of Emerson's verse, 282; Atlantic breakfast to, 246, 247; criticises "Vision of Sir Launfal," 268; departu e from the Calvinism of his ancestors, 323, 324; describes Longfellow, 273; home in Pittsfield, 53; lack of sympathy with Emerson's philosophy, 281; letters to Lowell, abroad, 271; in his study, surrounded by reminders of Lowell, 272; modern scientific note in his poems, 324-330; not as great a poet as he was capable of being, 330; poems mentioned or quoted—"Ballad of the Boston Tea Party, A," 150, 154, 156; "At the Saturday Club," 231, 232, 233, 287; "Cambridge," 154; "Farewell to J. R. Lowell," 239-40; "For Whittier's Seventieth Birthday," 244, 245; "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill," 150, 152, 153; "Mind's Diet, The," 325; "Last Leaf, The," 155-156; "Lexington," 154, 157; "Living Temple, The," 324-5, 330; "Modest Request, A," 322-323; "Hymn," 222; "My Aviary," 37; "Memory of Burns, The," 238; "Poet at the Breakfast Table, The," 325; "Picture of Boston Common," 157; "Spring Has Come," 40; "To H. W. Longfellow," 246; "Sweet Little Man," 222; "Under Washington's Elm," 154; "Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts," 325, 326-330; praise of Whittier, 262, 263; recorder of the normal social and public life of New England, 321-323; thought, in, 321-330; use of Indian lore, 77; writes life of Emerson, 281, 282; writes to Norton of the stimulation he had received from Lowell, 267.

Holyoke, 22.
Homes of Longfellow and Lowell, 41-2, 48-9.
Hotel Brunswick, 240.

Ipswich, 6.
Iroquois, 79, 80.
Isle au Haut, 94.
Isles of Shoals, 59, 62.

Kearsarge, 63.

Ladies at an Atlantic dinner, 235.
Lake Superior, 79.
Lexington, 145, 149.
Livermore, Harriet, described in "Snow Bound," 312.
Longfellow and the American Revolution, 150, 151; and the Charles, 36, 42; and the Civil War, 221; and Lowell in the Dante Club, 277; and Lowell, their intimacy, 274-277; and the sea, 54-5; enthusiasm for Emerson's poetic faculty, 280; farewell dinner to, at Field's, 246; feeling for art, 319; feeling for Nature in his letters and diary, 56; festival of school children in his honor, 246; frequent mentions of Lowell in his diary, 276; poems mentioned or quoted—"Christus: A Mystery," 97; "Christus," 317; "Courtship of Miles Standish, The," 136; "Epimetheus," 320; "Evangeline," 126; "Fire of Driftwood," 137; "John Endicott," 98, 121, 122; "Lady Wentworth," 123-26; "Michael Angelo," 320; "New England Tragedies, The," 98; "Paul Revere's Ride," 150; "Prometheus," 320; "Rhyme of St. Christopher, The," 123, 126; "Saint John Wandering Over the Face of the Earth," 318, 319; "Skeleton in Armor," 93, 94; "Songo River," 50; "Sound of the Sea, The," 55; "Summer Day by the Sea, A," 55; "Tales of the Wayside Inn," 123; "Thanksgiving," 248; "Two Angels, The," 276; "Tides, The," 56; "To the River Charles," 42; product of the gentlest New England influences, 321; Quaker persecution and witch persecution in, 97-8; romances of Colonial times, 123-126, 136, 137, 139-41; romantic rather than academic, 316, 317; thought in, 314-321; Unitarianism of, 315, 316; use of Indian lore, 77, 78-81.
Lowell: Akin to Longfellow in his unadventurous religious thought, 332; akin to Whittier in moral fervor, 332; amends to Bryant for early criticism, 252-253; and the American Revolution, 157-168; and the Charles, 45-8; and the sea, 62-4; and Emerson in Concord, 283; and Holmes: fondness for cattle shows, 272; and Holmes, friendly criticisms of each other, 267-271; and Holmes in their relations in the *Atlantic Monthly* 266-7; and Holmes: their religious attitude compared, 331; appreciation of Emerson, 236; appreciation of Longfellow's verse, 277; appreciation of Nature compared with Longfellow's, 43-4; appreciation of Whittier, 185-6; brings forward Holmes as a prose writer, 266, 267; dinner in honor of seventieth birthday, 239-240; farewell dinner, 239; early defense of Longfellow against *The Standard*, 274; enthusiasm over Emerson's speaking, 284; failure fully to appreciate Emerson's poetry, 284-285; fondness for trees, 50-2; good Unitarian, 332; high estimation of Whittier as poet and man, 257; impressed by Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa addresses, 282, 284; meaning for his age, 332-3; poems mentioned or quoted—"Biglow Papers," 192, 193; "Birch, The," 52; "Birdofreedum Sawin" (Biglow Papers), 195, 196, 197, 198, 206; "Cathedral, The," 330, 331, 332; conversation between Concord Bridge and Bunker Hill Monument (Biglow Papers), 207; "Fable for Critics," 251-2, 284, 285; "Graves of the

INDEX

INDEX

British Soldiers, The," 158; Hosea's verses (Biglow Papers), 193, 194, 207, 208, 210, 215; imaginary notices of the press (Biglow Papers), 204, 205; "Indian Summer Reverie, An," 46; "Memorial Odes," 158-168; "Ode," 146, 149; "Ode for July Fourth, 1876," 165, 166, 167, 168; "Ode for the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Concord Fight," 159, 160, 161, 162; "Ode for Washington's Birthday," 154; "On Board the '76," 253, 254; "Pictures from Appledore," 62, 63, 64; "Rallying Cry for New England," 185, 192; "Remarks of Increase D. O'Phase, Esquire" (Biglow Papers), 200; "Remarks of Mr. Wilbur" (Biglow Papers), 202, 203, 204; "Sonnet to Whittier," 257-8; "To a Pine Tree on Mount Katahdin," 50; "Under the Old Elm," 162, 163, 164; "Under the Willows," 44-8; "Voyage to Vinland," 95-7; "Washers of the Shroud, The," 212, 213, 214; "What Mr. Robinson Thinks" (Biglow Papers), 199; praises Emerson's "Days," 285; thought in, 330-333; unveils bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey, 277; use of Indian lore, 77, 78; visits to Whittier, 256, 257; writes Longfellow of his election to La Real Academia Española, 276; youthful criticism of Emerson, 283.
Lowell, Charles Russell, 211.
Lowell, James Jackson, 211.

Mad River, 49.
Marblehead, 118, 137, 138.
Marblehead and the Ireson episode, 137-8.
Merrimac, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 87, 88, 90, 93, 103, 118, 122, 257.
Metawampe, 22.
Mississippi, 56.
Monadnock, 67.
Morton of Merrymount, 126.
Monument Mountain, 23, 53.
Mount Auburn Cemetery, 49.
Mount Auburn Street, 48.
Mount Katahdin, 50, 52.
Musketaquid, 8, 65.

Nantucket, 119.
Newburyport, 6.
New England scenery, 3-5.
New England thought: different elements, 293-295.
New Haven, 112.
Newport, 93, 94.
Norembega, 94.
Norse traditions, 92-7.

Origin of the robin, 77.
Orr's Island, 112, 114.
Ossipee, 63.
Other friends of the poets, 286.

"Parker's," 232, 233.
Passaconaway, 88.
Pemaquid, 6, 127, 129, 133.
Pemaquid: its relation to Acadian history, 127-136.
Penobscot, 94.
Phantom ships, 112.
Philosophy and beauty in poetry, 333-339.
Piscataqua River, 82.
Pittsfield, 53.
Pleasant Valley, 103.
Plainfield, 31.
Plymouth, 136.
Poets at the Atlantic dinners, 233-235.
Poets at the Saturday Club, 230-234.
Portland, 54.
Portsmouth, 62, 124.
Public Garden in spring, 38-40.
Putnam, William Lowell, 211.

Quakers and Unitarians compared, 315.
Quebec, 130.

Revere House, 239.
Rockport, 60.

Saco, 138.
"Saga of Eric the Red," 95.
Salem, 89, 120, 121, 126.
Salisbury, 10, 57, 59, 122.
Sandwich Notch, 14.
Sebago Lake, 49, 81, 82.
Second epoch of American history, 145-168.

Snow Hill, 122.
Songo River, 49.
Sources of New England romance, 75-7.
Squando, 82-7.
St. John, 130.

Thachers Island, 60.
Tom, 22.
Treatment of war subjects by the poets compared, 222-224.

Underwood's account of an Atlantic dinner, 287.
Uplifting influence of the life and work of the elder American poets, 289.

War with Mexico, 192, 193, 200.
Westfield, 21.
Whittier: Admiration of Emerson, 279; admiration of Longfellow's work, 260; and the American Revolution, 146, 150; and the Anti-Slavery movement, 169-191; and Bryant compared, 20; and the Civil War, 188-191; and Garrison: difference of view, 176; and Holmes: special liking between them, 261-265; and Holmes together at the last, 265, 266; and Longfellow praise each other in letters, 260; and Lowell: close relations in the early anti-slavery days, 255, 256; and Lowell: relations in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 256; and the Merrimac 8; and the sea, 57; as a landscape painter, 5; asks Longfellow on the strength of his Anti-Slavery poems to run for Congress, 259; Atlantic dinner in honor of seventieth birthday, 240-242; attitude toward love, 307; belief in immortality, 306, 314; by inheritance and environment affiliated with romantic aspects of New England life, 303; color in, 18; debt to Burns, 237; democracy in, 304-305; glimpses of his own life, 307-314; grief at Emerson's attitude toward immortality, 280; grief at Longfellow's death, 261; political influence on Bryant, 255; homestead at Haverhill described, 310, 314; Quaker influences on his thought, 302-3; Longfellow and the Acadians, 260; Longfellow and Lowell: treatment of early historical traditions, 92; mobbed, 173; on Webster, 243; opposed to the Colonization Society, 170; passion for freedom, 302, 304; personal touch with Nature, 16; poems mentioned or quoted—"Among the Hills," 12, 304; "Anti-Slavery Poems," 221; "Arisen at Last," 188; "Birchbrook Mill," 118; "Banished from Massachusetts," 123; "Burns," 237; "Bridal of Pennacook," 8, 9, 12, 87; "Changeling, The," 104, 105; "Cobbler Keezar's Vision," 117-18; "Dead Ship of Harpswell, The," 114; "Double Headed Snake of Newbury, The," 101-2; "Exiles, The," 118, 119; "First Day Thoughts," 305; "Funeral Fire of the Sokokis, The," 81; "Garrison of Cape Ann," 110-12; "Hampton Beach," 13, 57; "How the Robin Came," 78; "How the Women Went from Dover," 122; "Hunters of Men, The," 184; "In the 'Old South,'" 120-21; "King's Missive, The," 121; "Last Week in Autumn, The," 16; "Lexington," 146; "Mabel Martin," 10, 11, 102, 103, 104; "Marguerite," 127; "Mary Garvin," 138; "Maud Muller," 304; "Memories," 307; "New Wife and the Old, The," 116; "Norembega," 94; "Norsemen, The," 93; "Pageant, The," 17, 18; "Pastoral Letter, The," 177, 178, 179, 180; "Pentucket," 9, 10; "Poems Subjective and Reminiscent," 307; "Questions of Life," 305-6; "Ranger, The," 138, 139; "Rendition," 187, 188; "Response," 242; "Skipper Ireson's Ride," 137, 138; "St. John," 127, 132, 133, 134, 135; "Slave Ships, The," 181, 182, 183, 184; "Snow Bound," 308, 313; "Songs of Labor," 305;

"Songs of Labor and Reform," 304; "Stanzas for the Times," 180, 181; "Prophecy of Samuel Sewall, The," 5; "Summer by the Lakeside," 14, 15; "Tent on the Beach," 57-8; "To William Lloyd Garrison," 175, 176; "Truce of Piscataqua," 82; "Vanishers, The," 306; "Wishing Bridge, The," 118; "Witch of Wenham, The," 107, 108, 109, 110; "Wreck of Rivermouth, The," 59, 60, 61, 106, 107; praise of Holmes, 264; regard for Longfellow, 258; religion, 305-307; romances of Colonial times, 123, 127-136, 137, 138, 139-41; supernaturalism in New England, 89-118; tales of Quaker persecution, 118-123; thought in, 302-314; use of Indian lore, 77, 81-90; value of his poems to the Anti-Slavery movement, 177; "Justice and Expediency," 169; mother described in "Snow Bound," 311; work for the cause of Anti-Slavery, 177.
White Hills, 14, 87, 88.
White Mountains, 49-82.
Windham, 81.
Winnipesaukee, 6.

3 2044 014 800 270

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

AUG -3 1927

BOOK DUE-WID

DEC 10 1979

DUE NOV

WIDENER

MAR 14 1999

BOOK DUE

DEC 9 1929

DUE NOV 18 '33

DUE APR -9 '34

DUE AUG 11 '34

WIDENER

MAR 14 1999

BOOK DUE